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THE EMERALD SET WITH PEARLS

FLORENCE PARBURY



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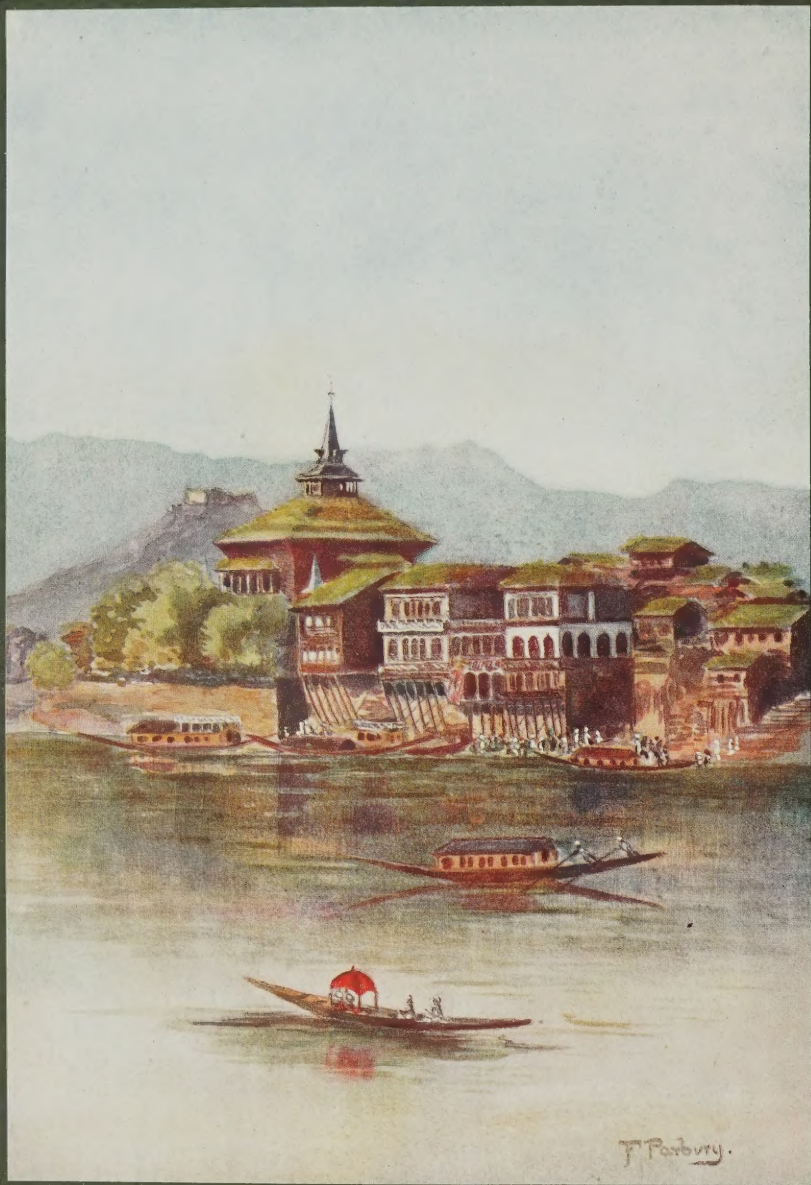
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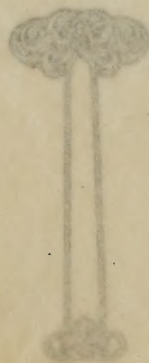
THE
EMERALD SET WITH
PEARLS

*BEING REMINISCENCES OF THE BEAUTIFUL LAND
OF KASHMIR, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS*

BY
FLORENCE PARBURY

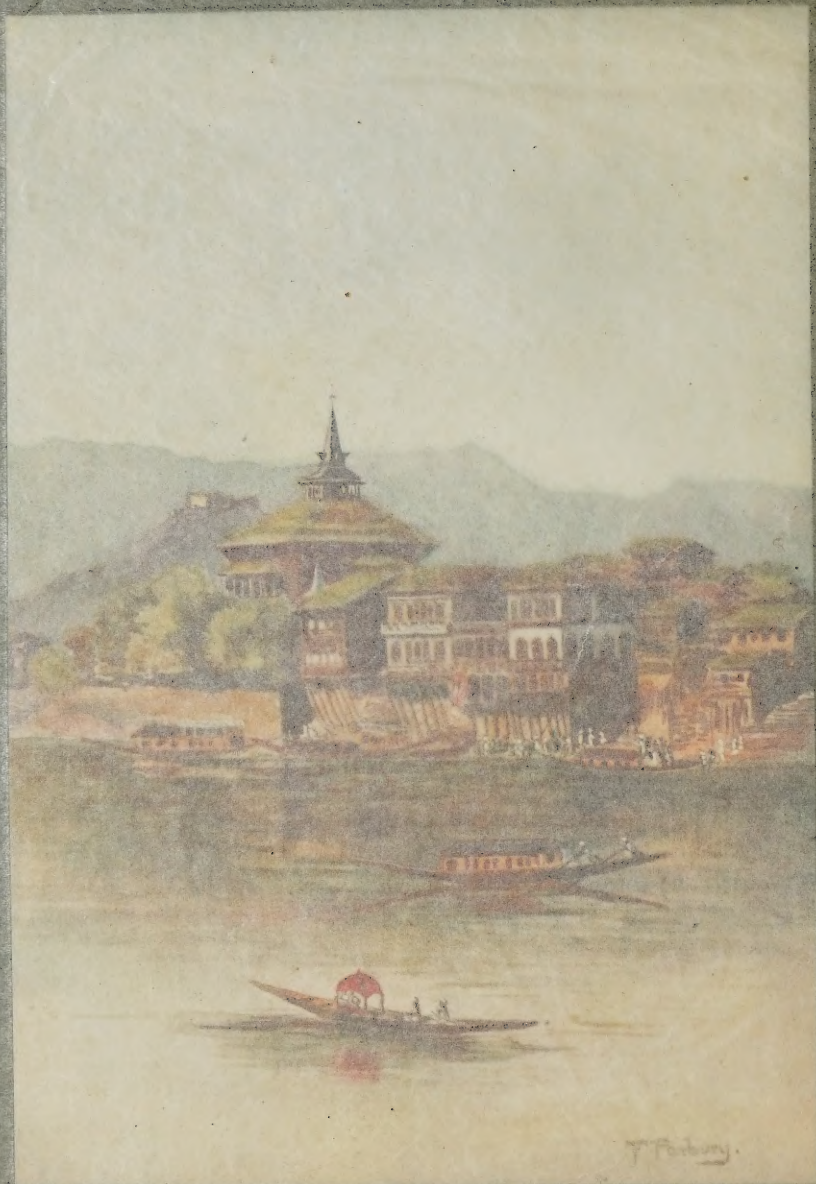
ALSO
THOMAS MOORE'S "LALLA ROOKH"

WITH MUSICAL ADDITIONS by
FLORENCE PARBURY AND GUIDO ZUCCOLI



background
the Fort built by AKBAR in the
mosque of Shah Hamadin, with
Strinagar river scene, showing the

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Srinagar river scene, showing the mosque of Shah Hamadin, with the Fort built by AKBAR, in the background.

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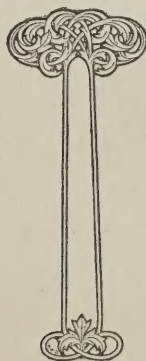
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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF THE
AUNT WHOSE NAME I BEAR
AND WHOSE RING I WEAR
AND WHO DIED AT THE
AGE OF SEVENTY-ONE

Flora
S



Florence
2

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF THE
AUNT WHOSE NAME I BEAR
AND WHOSE RING I WEAR,
AND WHO DIED AT THE
AGE OF SEVENTEEN.

"No pearl ever lay under Oman's green waters
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee."

Moore.

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PART I.

A TRIBUTE TO THOMAS MOORE.

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung,
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan."

—*Luttrell.*



PART I.

A TRIBUTE TO THOMAS MOORE.

of loveliness! The ancient poets of India and Persia wrote of the land tucked away in the Himalayan Range, describing its charms as "Kachemire-bé-Nazeer" or the "Unequalled," the "Garden of the Emerald set with Pearls," because of its rich, fertile rice fields surrounded by the everlasting snows.

Bernier, who went to Kashmir in 1664 with the royal suite, tells us that a bard presented a poem to Aurungzebe, describing the country thus: "The higher and more distant mountains were clothed resplendently and the minor and more contiguous preserved in perpetual verdure, and with stately trees, because it was meet that the mistress of the kingdoms should be crowned with the diamonds on her top and sapphire were diamonds in a base-work of emeralds."

Only those who have seen Kashmir in the beauty of its seasons can appreciate the work of these old-time poets, none of whom however, of *any* nationality, have ever been to this delightful country and immortalised its lakes, flowers, valleys, mountains, and people in their poems. *Even* the Irish poet, *Eden*, in his famous poem, *Wanderers*, and yet *he* never went there.

any one who has read this Eastern romance out there in its native land, marvels at how he could describe so clearly and accurately a land he had never visited. But a person of Oriental extraction, will think he has exaggerated its real beauties. It was a mystery to me also, until I discovered quite recently that he had been in our Western society and gone to live in a Derbyshire cottage near Donington. In the residence of his friend Lord Moira, there to glean a knowledge of the rare books of research in his friend's library. By a curious coincidence, I had collected ideas from the same sources and from the same Derbyshire, and lived in a cottage overlooking the Chatsworth Valley.

...do not trouble to read all the books of research, diaries, or letters from European visitors to the various parts of the Kashinir which he studied so carefully in order to see in his mind's eye, the splendour of their mode of living. The Past as it is to-day, with all its splendour departed and divested, as it were, of its glorious raiment, and forgotten by the modern point of view. Those of us who visit the Kashinir of to-day, might think

view among the snows
The Roof of Asia--



The "Roof of Asia"—a typical
view among the snows.

PART I.

A TRIBUTE TO THOMAS MOORE.

KASHMIR is a dream of loveliness! The ancient poets of India and Persia wrote of this wondrous land tucked away in the Himalayan Range, describing its charms by such names as "Kachemire-bé-Nazeer" or the "Unequalled," the "Garden of Paradise," and the "Emerald set with Pearls," because of its rich, fertile rice fields and pastures, surrounded by the everlasting snows.

François Bernier, who went to Kashmir in 1664 with the royal suite, tells us that on arrival, a bard presented a poem to Aurungzebe, describing the country thus: "The summits of the higher and more distant mountains were clothed resplendently in white, and the minor and more contiguous preserved in perpetual verdure, and embellished with stately trees, because it was meet that the mistress of the kingdoms of the earth should be crowned with the diadem whose top and rays were diamonds issuing from a basework of emeralds."

Those only who have seen Kashmir in the beauty of its seasons can appreciate the truth of these old-time poets, none of whom however, of *any* nationality, have ever done justice to this delightful country and immortalised its lakes, flowers, valleys, streams and fountains as perfectly as Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, did in his famous "Lalla Rookh," and yet *he* never went there.

Everyone who has read this Eastern romance out there in its native land, marvels as to how he could describe so clearly and accurately a land he had never visited; and few, even of Oriental extraction, will think he has exaggerated its real beauties. For years it was a mystery to me also, until I discovered quite recently that he had retired from society and gone to live in a Derbyshire cottage near Donington Hall, the residence of his friend Lord Moira, there to glean a knowledge of the East from the rare books of research in his friend's library. By a curious coincidence, when I wanted to collect ideas from rough sketches and memory notes, I too, had chosen Derbyshire, and lived in a cottage overlooking the Chatsworth Valley.

In these days of travel and the comparative ease of reproduction, no one has thought of paying tribute* to the famous Irish poet or to the glorious country of which he

* It is unfortunate that, because "Lalla Rookh" is almost forgotten, modern critics forget absolutely that the poem was written, with reference only to that period when the Moguls lived and travelled in gorgeousness such as the modern eye can scarce conceive. They apparently do not trouble to read all the books of research, diaries, or letters from European visitors to the various courts of the Moguls, which he studied so carefully in order to *see* in his mind's eye, the splendour of their mode of living. They evidently see the East as it is to-day, with all its splendour departed and divested, as it were, of its glorious raiment, and forget that Thomas Moore did not see it from the modern point of view. Those of us who visit the Kashmir of to-day, might think the poet overrated the beauty of the scenes, attributed to his imagination, did we not know that he wrote only of the progress of the royal suite as described by those present. Had he only regarded the country and methods of travelling from the point of view of the future "globe trotter," who would criticize his poem as "an odd jumble of Orientalism and Irish sentiment," and "drivel," there can be no doubt that he would never have found material for his famous work, and both he and his publishers would have been the poorer by many thousands of pounds, and the world would have been the loser of that brilliant composition of his. However, he wrote "Lalla Rookh," long before the "globe trotter" began to trot, and it is not quite fair, in these coldly critical days, to regard his work from our standpoint, any more than it would be wise to go to the East and expect to see the splendour which predominated during the reigns of the Moguls.

wrote, by illustrating some of the scenery and brilliant colouring of Kashmir,* so I am attempting to show to the world, or rather, to those into whose hands this may chance to stray, Kashmir, as my mother and I saw it. Two artists of great talent we met there, who could have done all this, oh, so much better than I. To one indeed I am greatly indebted, for I was out of practice, and, had it not been for his kind encouragement and that of his charming wife, would have left Kashmir with only memory to aid and very few of the heap of sketches which have been so useful.

Alas! I have neither the pen nor the brush to paint its beauties adequately, but to those who have not had the privilege of seeing this land of Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh" I will try to show in colours and by descriptions of our journey some of the pictures he has shown in words.

No poem has ever had *greater* popularity than "Lalla Rookh," for it has been translated into all European and most Eastern languages, while Rubinstein, Schumann, Felicia David, Sir Sterndale Bennett and many others, have composed operas based upon parts of its romance.

It is not without a good deal of trepidation that I am producing this effort to rouse a fresh interest in the poet's beautiful work, in the form of a souvenir of Kashmir; for a certain publisher told me that poetry does not go down nowadays, and that, as a matter of fact, "Lalla Rookh" is the least popular work *Byron* ever wrote!

Another wrote a nice motherly letter and advised me not to bring it out, and a third man wrote of the drivel of Thomas Moore. In fact, the difficulties and discouragement I have encountered have been enough to make angels weep.

It seems strange that this masterpiece of art and poetry, which has run into hundreds of editions in almost every language, should be so misunderstood by our own countrymen, and yet receive the highest tribute from the royalty of Europe at the Court of Berlin.

I had begun to think our appreciation quite out of date, but when almost in despair, happily found there were still many people in the world who can admire such fine word painting.

A distinguished Scotsman, who has been thirty-two times in Kashmir, recently told us he had taken his copy of "Lalla Rookh" each time and read it, until now the characters are *real* to him, and he sees them as Thomas Moore described them. Such is the power of the poet's description, that it can enthral the imagination of a man whose life has not been spent in day-dreaming, but in war and soldiering.†

Undoubtedly the greatest tribute to Moore's genius was the splendid entertainment given at the Château Royal of Berlin, in honour of the visit of the Grand Duke Nicholas in 1822. We are told that the different stories were represented in tableaux vivants, songs and dances, and all the characters were impersonated by members of the Royal House and Court. Nothing could have been more gorgeous than this pageant, at the close of which the Empress of Russia, who had herself played the part

* Since the above was written the author finds that other works illustrative of Kashmir have been reproduced.

† The late General Sir John Gordon, G.C.B.

of "Lalla Rookh," exclaimed with a sigh, "Is it then all over? Are we at the close of all that has given so much delight? And is there no poet who will impart to others and to future times some notion of the happiness we have enjoyed this evening?"

Upon hearing this, a Knight of Kashmir, who was no other than the poetical Baron Fouqué, came forward and promised to attempt to present to the world a translation of the poem, and it was from this grand fête, it appears, originated the translation of "Lalla Rookh" into German verse by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué.

It was given in the apartments of Frederick I., which occupy the entire wing overlooking the royal garden, down which the long and superbly dressed procession made its way to the Salle-Blanche at the extreme end.

The following programme of the names of the *dramatis personæ* may appear to the reader somewhat lengthy, but the object in reproducing the complete list of names is, not only because so many of them are of interest to those who have studied Continental history, but also to show how much *all* these people appreciated Moore's work.

The most interesting names, however, appear about half-way through, so if it is tedious, the reader might skip the first fifty or so.

* * * * *

LALLA ROÛKH.

DIVERTISSEMENT MÊLÉ DE CHANTS ET DE DANSES

EXÉCUTÉ AU CHÂTEAU ROYAL DE BERLIN

LE 27 JANVIER 1822

PENDANT LE SÉJOUR

DE

L.L. A.A I.I. MSGR. LE GRAND-DUC NICOLAS

ET

MAD. LA GRANDE-DUCHESSE ALEXANDRA FÉODOROWNA.

NOMS DES PERSONNES QUI ONT EXÉCUTÉ LE DIVERTISSEMENT: LALLA ROÛKH.

DEUX MARÉCHAUX.

de Below

Cte. Schlieffen (*aide-de-camp du Prince Guillaume*)

QUELQUES PAGES.

Seigneurs de Bucharie.

Prince Puttbus
Cte. Hardenberg
d' Alderberg
de Knobloch

Cte. Nostitz.
Cte. Meerfeldt.
de Poten.
de Stapleton.

A TRIBUTE TO THOMAS MOORE.

Seigneurs et Dames de Bucharie, dansans.

de Knobelsdorff
de Massow (*aide-de-camp*)
de Bock
de Geusau
Ctsse. Schuwaloff
Mdlle. de Jagow
Ctsse. Moltke
Mdlle. de Brockhausen II.

Cte. Pückler
Cte. Wartensleben.
Cte. Lynar (*Houlan*).
Cte. Blumenthal.
Miss Rose I.
Ctsse. Wartensleben.
Miss Rose II.
Mdlle. de Kamptz.

SEIGNEURS DE CACHEMIRE.

Cte. de Brandenburg
de Perowsky
de Bülow
de Fouqué
Cte. Gneisenau

de German
de Prittwitz.
Cte. Gröben (*Chambellan*).
de Buddenbrock.
Cte. Poninsky.

DAMES DE BUCHARIE ET DE CACHEMIRE.

I. Dames de Bucharie.

Princesse Lynar
Mde. d' Asseburg
Mde. de Witzleben
Mde. de Clausewitz
Mde. de Hedemann

Mde. de Bülow (*née* de Humboldt).
Ctsse. Schlieffen.
Mde. de Fouqué.
Mdlle. de Buddenbrock.
Ctsse. Haack (*Maréchale* de Cour).

Mdlle. de Massow.

II. Dames de Cachemire.

Mde. de Buch
Mde. d'Ompfeda
Ctsse. Hardenberg
Ctsse. Pappenheim
Ctsse. Néale

Mde. de Rochow (*née* de Wartensleben).
Mdlle. de Viereck.
Ctsse. Gröben.
Mdlle. de Tronchin.
Mdlle. de Schuckmann I.

Ctsse. Haesler.

Plusieurs Pages.

Fadladin, Grand Nasir :

Trois Princes de Bucharie.

Morad :
Zingis :
Walli :

Cte. Haack (*Maréchal* de cour).

S. A. R. Le Prince Charles.
S. A. R. Le Prince Auguste.
S. A. R. Le Grand Duc héréditaire de Mecklenbourg.

Aliris, Roi de Bucharie :

S. A. I. Le Grand-Duc.

Enfans d'Aurengzeb.

S. A. R. Le Prince Albert
S. A. R. Le Prince Adalbert.

Les Princes Alexandra et Charles Solms.
Bogislas et Wladislas Radzivil.

DEUX FILS ET UNE FILLE D'AURENGZEB.

Bahadur Schah
Dschehander Schah
Dara

S. A. R. Le Prince Royal.
S. A. R. Le Prince Guillaume *fils du Roi*.
S. A. R. La Princesse Louise.

Trois Sœurs d'Aurengzeb.

Dschehanara (*L'ornement du monde*)
Roschinara (*La lumière d'intelligence*)
Suria Banu (*L'éclatante*)

S. A. R. La Duchesse de Cumberland.
S. A. R. La Princesse Guillaume.
S. A. R. La Princesse Alexandrine.

Lalla Roukh

S. A. I. La Grande-Duchesse.

Aurengzeb, le Grand-Mogol :
Abdallah, père d'Aliris :
La Reine, son épouse :

S. A. R. Le Prince Guillaume, *frère du Roi*
S. A. R. Le Duc de Cumberland.
S. A. R. La Princesse Louise Radzivil.

SEIGNEURS ET DAMES DE L'INDE.

Prince Lynar
de Witzleben
de Tümpling
de l'Estocq
Cte. Arnim
de Kahldan
de Hopfgarten
Cte. Hompesch
de Möllendorff

Princesse Puttbus
Lady Rose
Mde. de Senden
Mdlle. de Zeuner
Ctsse. Voss
Mdlle. d'Arnstedt I.
Mdlle. de Kleist

Cte. Modène
de Röder.
de Tronchin.
de Thun.
de Lucadou.
de Rochow.
de Thilau.
de Studnitz.
Cte. Schieffen (*du rég. Frau.*)

Princesse Partanna.
Princesse Carolath.
Ctsse. de Brandenburg.
Mdlle. de Tümpling.
Ctsse. Schlippenbach.
Mdlle. de Bergh.
Ctsse. Haack (*Dame d'honneur.*)

SEIGNEURS ET DAMES DE L'INDE, DANSANS.

Cte. Moltke
de Heister (*I. Garde*)
de Kaphangst
de Pourtalès

d'Alvensleben.
de Jordan.
de Thümen.
de Meuron.

Mdlle. de Knobelsdorff
Ctsse. Lottum
Mdlle. de Boguslawsky
Mdlle. de Röder

Mdlle. de Hünenbein.
Mde. de Stégemann.
Mdlle. de Schuckmann II.
Mdlle. de Fouqué.

SEIGNEURS ET DAMES DE L'INDE, DANSANT À LA FÊTE DES ROSES.

Prince de Rudolstadt
de Rauchhaupt
Cte. Blücher I.
Cte. Bethusi
Cte. Lynar
d'Ostau
Mdlle. d'Arnstedt
Ctsse. Kalkreuth
Mde. de Martens
Ctsse. Hardenberg I.
Ctsse. Hardenberg II.
Mdlle. de Maltzahn II.

Prince Solms.
Cte. Waldersee.
Cte. Blücher II.
de Schöler.
de Massow (Chambellan).
de Heister.
Mdlle. de Heister I.
Mdlle. de Wildenbruch.
Mdlle. de Miaskowska.
Mdlle. de Maltzahn I.
Mdlle. Senden.
Mdlle. d'Adeleps.

The march was composed of 186 characters and the tableaux vivants of sixteen figures, in which every costume and detail was apparently so realistic that the audience felt itself completely carried away to the gorgeous East. All the principal features of the poem were enacted, embellished with the charms of music, dances and theatrical pomp.

The fête went on till 4 o'clock in the morning, and there was but one opinion upon the taste, elegance and beauty of the entertainment, for it surpassed

by far all that had ever been seen of this kind. Of such splendour and exquisite charm no one has ever seen its equal. The explanation of each tableau was sung by renowned artistes of that period, and M. le Chevalier Spontini, maître de la Chappelle royale, composed special and characteristic music for the occasion. A space was reserved between the audience and the stage for characteristic dances during the intervals between the tableaux.

At the end of the entertainment, all those who had appeared in the "Fête des Roses," came down from the stage into the ball-room and danced together, while all the other characters formed themselves into picturesque groups. The brilliancy of the lights, the beauty and originality of the costumes formed a *coup-d'œil*, both unique and wonderful.

Afterwards *un souper exquis* was prepared for the Imperial and Royal families and the rest of the cortège, while the audience, composed of more than four thousand spectators, found every kind of refreshment awaiting them in the big picture gallery and other rooms.

A souvenir, printed in Berlin in 1822, gives a most brilliant description of the entertainment: Twenty-three coloured plates serve to show the magnificence and splendour of the jewels and costumes, from the latter of which I am happy to be able to reproduce as illustrations in the poem, six of the most important characters as they appeared at the fête in Berlin.

Their jewels and costumes were carried out with the most scrupulous care and utmost precision from studies of the descriptions found in the Royal Library of Berlin, written by travellers to the various Courts of the East.

Though most of the Eastern princes have now adopted a costume which closely resembles an English frock-coat made of velvet, silk, or other brightly coloured materials, over which they wear their precious jewels, there are still some of the old style to be seen upon great occasions. During the visit of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales to Madras in 1906, some of the costumes might well have been copied from the above descriptions, for the brilliance of them could only be equalled by those seen at the courts of the Moguls. Here I must give some of the impressions I wrote at the time to my mother:—

"All the Rajahs and native Princes from the neighbouring States came with all their wealth and splendour; their jewels and costumes were beyond all childhood's dreams of 'Fairy Princes.'

"Their headgears alone were masterpieces of imagination, trimmed with aigrettes, diamond sprays, huge pearls and emeralds, which quite filled one with amazement.

"One celebrity wore red velvet thickly embroidered with gold and a golden turban.

"But the most wonderful almost defied description! His hat was closely covered with gold sequins, with a white aigrette standing straight out in front. A huge badge of jewels was fastened at the right side, from which hung several strings of big pearls, each of which ended with an emerald, and as he walked there was the satisfactory sound which can only come from the clanking of heavy pearls. He wore rows and rows of pearls upon a costume of bright colours, which was tight-fitting to the waist with a full gathered skirt, and appeared to be of cloth of gold

with a diamond-shaped design of all coloured silks and sequins. His kummerbund was studded with priceless jewels which scintillated as he moved."

To Mr. Andrew Gibson of Belfast, an expert on Moore and his works, I am greatly indebted, for he was kind enough to lend me his precious copy of the above souvenir—precious indeed, as it was Thomas Moore's personal copy, without which I should not have been able to reproduce all these interesting details. It is the very copy from which Moore quotes in his preface to his collected edition, and it contains his signature and notes, and also Bessy Moore's book-plate.

It was generally admitted during his lifetime that no poet, either living or dead, had ever known such universal popularity as his. How comes it, then, that so little, comparatively speaking, should be heard of his fame in these days?

PART II.

CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN KASHMIR, DELHI AND AGRA AT THE TIME OF THE GREAT MOGULS.

"Who ruled upon the Peacock Throne and spread
Hands of command from Balkh to Himalay."

Sir Edwin Arnold.

PART II.

CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN KASHMIR,* DELHI AND AGRA AT THE TIME OF THE GREAT MOGULS.

KASHMIR was the health-resort of the Kings and Queens of Delhi, whither they fled from the heat of the plains and burdens of state.

Its early history is long and for the most part shrouded in mystery, but like most other countries, it has been conquered and re-conquered. Its people have known prosperity, poverty, religious strife, wars with invaders, shocks of earthquakes, floods, famines, plagues and pestilences. In historic records, we find that even the royal holiday-makers suffered severely from the above at times, for Shah Jehan was once caught in a terrible flood when leaving Kashmir and had to sleep in a fisherman's boat. Still, at this moment, in spite of all the ravages of time and nature, it remains the most beautiful country in the world.

Of its early history, of which I confess my knowledge is but a mere smattering, I do not intend to write. The subject has been so ably dealt with by Sir Walter Lawrence in his book, "The Valley of Kashmir," while "A Lonely Summer in Kashmir," by Miss Morrison, and Mr. Knight's book, "Where Three Empires Meet," together with many other works by various authors, give the student an excellent idea of the country and its history. But for the benefit of those who have read and loved the poem "Lalla Rookh" for its own charm, yet have never seen Kashmir, and for those who, like ourselves, went to that country more or less ignorant of its history, romantic charm and folk-lore, I have gleaned these facts, which, together with the brief description of our journey, and the reproduction of some sketches, may give some idea of "Fair Kashmir," the land to which "Lalla Rookh" was reputed to have journeyed to meet her betrothed, the Prince of Bucharia.

Hence, with an indifference which will be condemned by historians and archæologists alike, I shall skip all Kashmir's early history and leave its ruined temples to tell their own tale, beginning only from the time of the conquest of the country by Akbar the Great, reputed to be Lalla Rookh's great grandfather.

The advent of the Mogul Emperors brought about great changes and much prosperity to the country. Their love of beautiful surroundings has left so many traces of pleasure gardens ornamented with pavilions, fountains, cascades and groves of chenars, that visitors must ever sing their praises.

Akbar, who was one of the greatest of these Emperors, was held up as a model to Indian Princes, for his kindness and wisdom gained for him the name of Guardian of Mankind. We are told that the memory of his merciful reign remained impressed upon the minds of the Hindus, who, a century after, presented an address

* As the different authorities upon Indian History spell the various titles of the Emperors and the names of countries and cities in so many ways, it is somewhat hard to decide which is the correct method. Hence, the fact that where quotations are given the spelling is given as in the original, whilst elsewhere, the modern, accepted spelling is used, will be understood more readily by those who might otherwise wonder why Kashmir is also written *Cashmere*, etc.

(a habit common in the East upon great occasions) to Aurungzebe, saying, "Your grandfather, Akbar, whose throne is now in Heaven, conducted the affairs of his empire in equity and security, for the space of fifty years. He preserved every tribe of men in ease and happiness, whether they were followers of Jesus or of Moses, of Brahma or Mahomet. Of whatever sect or creed they might be, they all equally enjoyed his countenance and favour, insomuch that his people in gratitude for the indiscriminate protection which he afforded them, distinguished him by the appellation of 'Guardian of Mankind.'"

In 1580 A.D. he annexed Kashmir, which had been already invaded by his predecessors, Baber and Humayun, the latter of whom conquered the country in 1543. Under Akbar's wise rule the Kashmiris, who had hitherto been a crushed and over-taxed nation, enjoyed comparative peace and prosperity. He himself, only visited the valley three times, but he sent Viceroys from Delhi to govern the country.

The latter part of his life was embittered by the conduct of his sons, the younger of whom, Selim, was constantly in rebellion against him. These troubles were so keenly felt by Akbar, that they may have hastened his death, which took place at Agra on October 13th, 1605. He was buried in a magnificent mausoleum near Agra, the city which he had embellished, extended and made his chief dwelling-place, called by the natives Akbarabad, or "The city of Akbar."

In 1605, Selim ascended the throne and thereupon assumed the title of Jehangir or "Lord of the World."

Upon discovering the beauty and freshness of Kashmir he decided, as well he might, to make it a summer resort whither he and his Queen went year by year and created gardens with cascades, fountains, marble terraces and magnificent groves of chenars to be a constant delight to posterity. There is an old Hindu proverb which says, "He that diggeth a well, he that buildeth a fountain, and he that planteth a tree is pleasing to the everlasting." If they can see from the other world, what a joy it must be to them to watch the happy picnic parties revelling in their old time gardens.

In later years Jehangir spent most of his time in Kashmir, in order to be free from the strife and rebellion of his sons, who followed his own example in this direction.

He and his beloved Nur-Mahal are the two characters around whom Thomas Moore has woven the romance of the "Light of the Harem."

As the story of Nur-Mahal is quite one of the most romantic ever recorded in history, perhaps I may be forgiven for repeating it once again:—

She began her life in direst misfortune and poverty and ended it a great and famous Empress. Her father Gheias, a native of Persia, was descended from an ancient and noble family who had fallen into decay by various revolutions of fortune. He fell in love and married a young woman, also of good family, but as poor as himself. As they could not afford the bare necessities of life and were reduced to the last extremity, they decided to leave their native country and seek better luck in India. Their friends and relations, after the manner of their kind all the world over, either could not, or *would* not help them.

They had been living for some days past upon charity, and to crown all their anxieties a little daughter was born while they were upon the journey. It seemed almost that if they escaped the hunger of the wild beasts they would perish by their own, for they were upon the skirts of the Great Solitudes, which separate Persia from India and are the haunt of wild beasts. They were so helpless that it was impossible for them to carry the child with them, and a contest began between humanity and necessity; the latter prevailed, and they agreed to expose the child upon the highway and continue their journey.

When they had gone about a mile from the place, humanity fought against necessity once again, and this time prevailed. The mother threw herself down in a frenzy of grief and cried that she could go no further, and wanted to return for the child, but she had not even sufficient strength to raise herself from the ground. Gheias promised to return for the infant, and no sooner had he reached the child, than he was almost struck dead with horror; a black snake, we are told, was coiled about it, and to the fevered imagination of the father, appeared to be devouring the infant. Upon the father rushing forth, the serpent in alarm, retired into the hollow of a tree. Gheias took up his little daughter, and while telling the mother of her wonderful escape, some travellers came by, and hearing of the sorry plight of the wayfarers, took pity upon them and helped them on their journey. Kindness to little children is one of the great characteristics of the East, and soon the child became a favourite in the caravan. They continued on their way to Lahore, and here Gheias made himself known to a distant relation—one of the principal nobles of Akbar, who gave him employment as private secretary.

He was both clever and diligent, and by these virtues attracted the attention of the Emperor, who gave him the command of a thousand horse. His genius and good luck raised him almost by leaps and bounds.

It seems almost incredible that he who almost died of starvation in the desert but a few years before, should become one of the first subjects in India.

According to history all his nice, kind friends and relations in Persia, upon hearing of his good fortune and exalted position, made haste to come down and claim him, while he generously found good appointments for them and forgot the past.

The little girl born in such utter want and misery grew more and more beautiful. She received the name of Mher-ul-Nissa, or Sun of Women, and is described as excelling in beauty all the ladies of the East, while in music, in dancing, in poetry, in painting she had no equal among her sex.

The mode of preparing the famous "Attar of roses" is generally attributed, in India, either to her or to her mother, and the music of the famous melody, "Tazah-bé-Tazah," which is sung in India to this day, is said by many to be her composition, while much of the modern jewellery is copied from designs of her own invention.

Her disposition was volatile, her wit lively and satirical, and her spirit lofty and uncontrolled.

Selim, the Crown Prince, was seized with a wild infatuation for her the first time he saw her, which, but for an interval of a few years, lasted to the end of his life.

Dow gives the following *extravagant* description of their first meeting :—"The ambition of Mher-ul-Nissa aspired to a conquest of the Prince. She sung, he was in raptures. She danced, he could hardly be restrained by the rules of decency to his place. Her stature, her shape, her gait, had raised his ideas of her beauty to the highest. When his eyes seemed to devour her, she by accident dropt her veil, and shone upon him at once all her charms. The confusion which she could well feign on the occasion, heightened the beauty of her face. Her timid eye fell upon the Prince and kindled his soul with love. Selim, distracted with his passion, knew not what course to take, for Mher-ul-Nissa had been betrothed by her father to Shere Afkun, a Turkomanian nobleman of great renown. He applied to his father Akbar, who sternly refused to commit a piece of injustice, even though in favour of the heir to his throne. The Prince retired abashed, and Mher-ul-Nissa became the wife of Shere Afkun."

This only fanned the flame of his great love to even stronger force, and upon the death of Akbar, when he became Emperor, he flung honour to the winds, and deliberately plotted to rob Shere Afkun of his wife.

After many fruitless attempts to murder his rival in the most polite way possible, his patience gave way, and he sent word to the Governor of Bengal peremptorily commanding that Mher-ul-Nissa should be sent back at once to his palace. It was hardly likely that Shere Afkun would quietly yield to such a demand, and in blind rage he killed the Imperial messenger, and was straightway put to death by the Emperor's soldiers.

Mher-ul-Nissa was conducted back to Delhi with all the state befitting a Princess, but upon arrival there Jehangir declined to see her.

Whether his mind was fixed on another object, or remorse had taken possession of his soul, or her grief over the assassination of her husband and hatred for his murderer were the cause of disillusionment or not, we cannot say, "But whatever was the cause, he gave orders for her to be shut up in one of the worst apartments of the seraglio, and, contrary to his usual munificence to women, he allowed her but four annas per day for the subsistence of herself and some female slaves. This coldness to a woman whom he passionately loved when not in his power, was at once unaccountable and absurd."

After the storm of her grief and humiliation had somewhat abated, pride came to her rescue.

She called forth her inventive genius, and putting all her surprising ability into action, she embroidered elegant tapestries, painted upon silk, and invented feminine jewellery of every kind, which sold like magic among the wives of the officers of the Empire. In fact one historian writes, "Nothing was fashionable among the ladies of Delhi and Agra but the work of her hands."

On finding such a ready sale for her work, she employed some of her slaves in her new "business," and by this means she accumulated a large sum of money. With this, she beautified her apartments and dressed her slaves in gorgeous clothes, while she herself continued to wear the simplest of raiment.

Everyone talked of her, and the Emperor heard her praises from every quarter of the palace, till at last curiosity overcame him, and deciding to tell no one of

his intention, he paid a surprise visit to her apartments and was speechless with astonishment at all the elegance and magnificence of the transformation before him. Naturally, when he only allowed her four annas a day.

Mher-ul-Nissa herself, the centre of the picture, half reclined upon embroidered cushions, in a simple muslin dress while her slaves sat at work under her direction in a circle around her, clad in the richest of tissues and brocades.

Slowly she rose, and in astonished confusion, made her salaams to the Emperor, touching first the ground, then her forehead with her right hand. The first question Jehangir asked, when he at length recovered from his immense surprise, was: "Why this difference between the appearance of Mher-ul-Nissa and her slaves?" She very shrewdly replied, "Those born to servitude must dress as it shall please those whom they serve. These are my servants, and I alleviate the burden of bondage by every indulgence in my power. But I, that am your slave, O Emperor of the Moguls, must dress according to your pleasure, and not my own." . . . "He at once took her in his arms. His former affection returned with all its violence, and the very next day public orders were issued to prepare a magnificent festival for the celebration of his nuptials with Mher-ul-Nissa."

Her name was also changed by an edict to Nur-Mahal, or "Light of the Harem." She was also known as Nur-Jehan, or "Light of the World."

In 1611 they were married, and no Indian Empress has ever held a more exalted position, for no honour seemed to be too great for her, and until his death Jehangir loved her dearly.

To give some idea of the sudden and complete change in his feelings the following from Martin's "Indian Empire" is worthy of consideration:—

"Jehangir states that he assigned for her dowry an amount equal to £7,200,000 sterling, 'which sum' he adds, 'she requested as indispensable for the purchase of jewels, and I granted it without a murmur.' He also gave her a pearl necklace, comprising forty beads, each one of great worth. These statements must, of course, be taken *quantum valeat*, and are only cited to enable the reader to form some idea of the numerous and costly jewels worn at the period, the accumulation of which had been for ages the favourite employment of Hindoo princes, from whom they had been plundered. In evidence of the excessive desire for splendid jewels, may be noticed the testimony of Sir Thomas Roe's chaplain—that one of the courtiers purchased from a merchant a large pear-shaped pearl, which he had brought with him from England, for the sum of £1,200."

Jehangir, in his memoirs, writes:—"The whole concern of my household, whether of gold or jewels, is under her sole and entire management. Of my unreserved confidence indeed this Princess is in entire possession, and I may allege, without fallacy, that the whole fortune of my Empire has been consigned to the disposal of this highly endowed family, the father being my Diwan, the son my Lieutenant-General, with unlimited powers, and the daughter the inseparable companion of all my cares."

Nur-Jehan, apart from all her other accomplishments, was a true amazon, and Jehangir was evidently very pleased with her, for he "records with much pride her having, on a hunting party, killed four tigers with a matchlock from her elephant."

Their happiness would have been complete, had not the two younger sons of Jehangir, Khurram and Shahriyar, rebelled against their father. These two, one would have thought, would have been bound to peace by their family ties, for the wife of the former was Nur-Mahal's niece, while the latter had married her own daughter by her first husband, Shere-Afkun. They, however, fought against their father just as he had rebelled against Akbar.

There seemed to be no chance of reconciliation between them, so the King and Queen practically fled from the persecution of their sons, and spent most of their remaining years in Kashmir.

Here their life seemed to be one long picnic, and they indulged their hobby of creating beautiful surroundings, some of the traces of which remain to this day, though the climatic changes during three hundred years must necessarily have robbed them of their former splendour.

The Shalimar-Bhag and Nishat-Bhag on the Dhal Lake, and Achibal, still show the artistic minds of this royal couple in designing beautiful plantations and gardens.

In 1626 Jehangir was made prisoner when he was on his way to Cabul, and was only rescued after many enterprising attempts of Nur-Jehan. After his restoration to liberty, he left Cabul and returned to Lahore; from there he went on his annual visit in the spring "to the blooming saffron meads" of Kashmir. His health, however, was completely broken, and the autumn being particularly cold, an attempt was made to carry him back to the warmer climate of Lahore, but the keen mountain air proved too strong for him, and increased the attack of asthma from which he died in his sixty-sixth year.

It is said that when he was dying, on his way out of his land of joy, he was asked if he would like anything, and he murmured softly, "Only Kashmir."

His wife survived him more than eighteen years, but took no further part in public affairs. She was granted a handsome income and was content to devote the remainder of her life to his memory. She lies buried in a tomb she herself erected close to that of her husband at Lahore.

* * * * *

SHAH JEHAN, 1628-1659. The death of Jehangir took place in the autumn of 1627, and there was a certain amount of bloodshed and delay before the proclaiming of Khurram or Shah Jehan, Emperor of Hindustan.

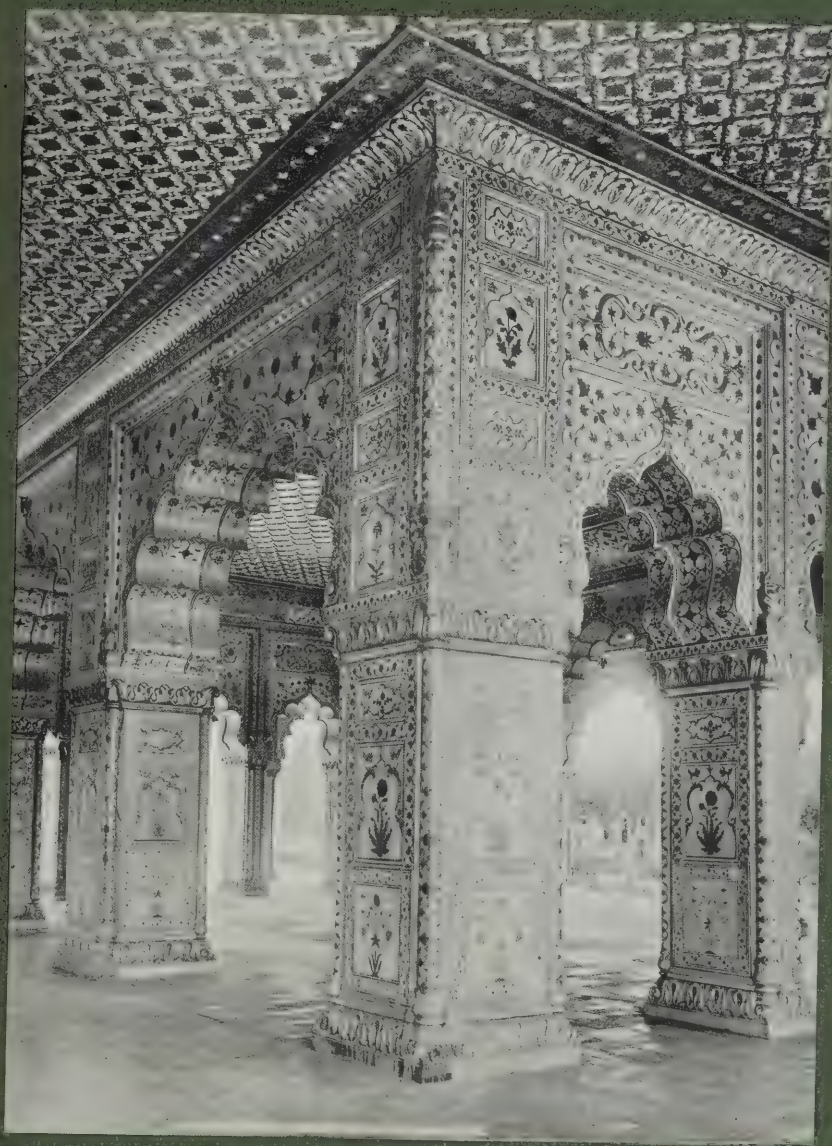
Shah Jehan ascended the throne in 1628, and thereupon somewhat modestly assumed the titles of:—"The True Star of the Faith," "The Second Lord of the Happy Conjunctions," "Mohammed," "The King of the World."

It must be terrible to inflict all those names upon one's self, and have to act up to them. To do him justice, however, he succeeded very well, for his reign is regarded as the period when the Mogul Empire attained the highest point of its magnificence. His genius for design and love of building, has resulted in the erection of some of the most beautiful edifices in the world.



The Dewan-i-Khas or Hall of Justice, built by Shah Jehan—upon the cornice of which are the following lines in letters of gold upon a ground of white marble.

“If there be a Paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this.”



At Delhi, the Rome of Asia, he built the fort which contains the famous Hall of white marble, inlaid with floral designs of precious stones; above its pillars and arches runs the inscription, "If there be a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this."

Here stood the renowned Peacock Throne, afterwards carried away by the Persians when Nadir Shah invaded and plundered Delhi, in 1739.

Nadir Shah, "the Wonderful King," seems to have been very busy when he visited Delhi, for, not only did he carry off the Peacock Throne with all its jewels, but also the famous Koh-i-noor, which plainly proves that—"Thieves there be in great variety, Aye, even in the best society!"

Of the Peacock Throne, there are many descriptions, but as they are all different, it is somewhat hard to be absolutely sure of the accuracy of each.

As the value of money changes so often, it is also quite impossible to estimate the cost according to the present standard, but the magnificence of it seems to go beyond one's wildest dreams of splendour. Formed of solid gold, and studded with precious stones, it must indeed, have been a dazzling sight. Some say the value of the jewels alone must have been £1,250,000, while the general cost is estimated at about £6,000,000.

TAVERNIER, who saw it about the year 1655, describes it thus:—

"This is the largest throne, it is in form like one of our field beds, six foot long and four broad. The cushion at the back is round like a bolster, the cushions on the sides are flat. I counted about a hundred and eight pale rubies in collets about this throne, the least whereof weighed a hundred carats. Emeralds I counted about a hundred and forty. The under part of the canopy is all embroidered with pearls and diamonds, with a fringe of pearls round about.

"Upon the canopy which is made like an arch with four paws, stands a peacock with his tail spread, consisting entirely of sapphires, and other proper coloured stones, the body is of beaten gold enchased with several jewels, and a great ruby upon his breast, to which hangs a pearl that weighs fifty carats. On each side of the peacock stand two nosegays as high as the bird, consisting of various sorts of flowers, all of beaten gold enamelled.

"When the King seats himself upon the throne, there is a transparent jewel with a diamond appendant of eighty or ninety carats weight, encompassed with rubies and emeralds, so hung, that it is always in his eye.

"The twelve pillars also, that uphold the canopy, are set with rows of fair pearl, round and of an excellent water that weigh from six to ten carats apiece.

"At the distance of four feet, upon each side of the throne, are placed two umbrellas, the handles of which are about eight feet high, covered with diamonds, the umbrellas themselves being of crimson velvet, embroidered and fringed with pearl.

"This is the famous throne which Tamerlane started and Shah Jehan finished."

The following is from the description given by Dow:—

"It was called the Peacock Throne, from having the figures of two peacocks standing behind it with their tails spread, which were studded with jewels of various colours to represent life. Between the peacocks stood a parrot of ordinary size, cut

out of one solid emerald. The finest jewel in the throne, was a ruby which had fallen into the hands of Timur when he plundered Delhi in the year 1398.

"Jehangir had however, with peculiar barbarity, diminished the beauty and lustre of the stone by engraving upon it his own name and titles, and when he was reproved for this piece of vanity by the favourite Sultana, he replied, 'This stone will perhaps carry my name down further through time than the Empire of the house of Timur.'"

This jewel is also mentioned by the Ambassador from the Court of James I., Sir Thomas Roe, who was permitted to follow in the suite of the Court, when Jehangir left Delhi in order to be nearer the seat of war. He describes the royal progress as resembling a triumphal procession on a scale of extreme magnificence. Jehangir himself before entering his coach, the model for which had been taken from England by the Ambassador, showed himself to the people literally laden with jewels, from his rich turban with its plume of heron feathers, "whence on one side hung a rubie unset, as bigge as a walnut, on the other side a diamond as great, in the middle an emerald like a heart, much bigger," down to his "embroidered buskins with pearle, the toes turning up."

It has been my good fortune, through the kindness of Lady Carew and the courtesy of the proprietors of the "Throne and Country," to be able to reproduce here in colours this famous and historic ruby, together with its more recent history.

It is now known as the "Great Carew Ruby," and is the most valuable of its kind in existence.

It was purchased some fifty years ago by Lady Carew's great-uncle, Mr. Charles Allison, who, during the sixties, resided in Persia, as British Minister at the Court of the Shah. He bought it from one Richard, a Frenchman, who early in life settled in Persia, became a Mohammedan by faith, and a dealer in precious stones in the city of Teheran, by profession. Of the intermediate history of the ruby until it fell into the hands of M. Richard, nothing is ever likely to be known.

Possibly it was stolen from the royal treasury at Teheran (where the Peacock Throne is said to remain to this day), when Nadir Shah was murdered in 1747, but no one can say really when it actually disappeared.

Mr. Allison, on his return to England about 1870, brought his treasure with him, and ascertained its weight, which is no less than $133\frac{1}{2}$ carats, and had it mounted.

He then gave it to his niece, who in turn, gave it to her daughter—Lady Carew—on her marriage. According to Dow, it was Jehangir who had his name engraved upon it, so that the additional inscriptions in Persian characters, which are the names and titles of the three other great Mogul Emperors, must have been inscribed by the order of one of his successors, whose love of precious stones is world renowned.

Dr. Ball read a paper before the Royal Irish Academy, which enables one to translate the inscriptions. From the "Throne" I give the following details:—"The evidence of the extraordinary value that these four inscriptions afford, proves the great ruby belonged first, to the mighty Akbar (1), the real founder of the



The famous and historic ruby owned by the Moguls and known to-day as the "Great Carew Ruby."

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اکبر شاہ

1

شاہ اکبر
جہانگیر
۱۰۲۱

2.

1. Akbar Shah.
2. Shah Akbar Jehangir Shah,
1021 (A.D. 1612).



۱۰۳۹ شان

صاحبزادہ

3.

۱۰۷۰
عالم لبرشا

4.

3. Sahib Kiran Sani,
1039 (A.D. 1629).
4. Alamgir, Shah,
1070 (A.D. 1659).

Mogul Empire in India, the contemporary of Queen Elizabeth; secondly to his son Jehangir (2); then, again to his son, the Emperor Shah Jehan (3), (indicated by the title Sahib Quiran Sani—Second Lord of the Conjunction), the constructor at Delhi of the celebrated Peacock Throne, and builder of the Marvel of Indian Architecture, the world famed Taj Mahal, at Agra; and last to Aurungzeb—Alamgir (4), Lord of the Earth he entitles himself, who ascended the throne in 1658 and died 1707.”

There can be no doubt of the immense value that the Moguls set upon this stone, for it seems to have held a conspicuous place in the famous throne, and doubtless the successive owners regarded it as a talisman. The engraving of their names upon it, proves that it was to them a highly treasured heirloom, apart from any superstitions they may have held concerning it.

To add to its intrinsic value, was the knowledge that in ancient romances as well as in Eastern legends, a ruby was much revered, and was used as a metaphor by the sacred writers for what was most valuable and excellent in moral attainments. Hence we may safely conjecture the stone was held more in esteem, perhaps even superstitious awe, by its royal owners, than other stones of like value.

Marco Polo states the following :—“The King of Zeilan is said to have the very finest ruby that was ever seen. Kublai-Khan sent and offered the value of a city for it; but the King answered, he would not give it for the treasure of the world.”

A ruby was evidently a royal gift, for in Martin’s “Indian Empire,” one comes across the mention of rubies several times. The following may be interesting in connection with the hailing of Shah Jehan, Emperor of Hindustan. “. Juggut Singh, received from the new Emperor, a ruby of inestimable value, the restoration of five alienated provinces, and a most welcome permission to reconstruct the fortifications of Chittore.”

It is interesting to note that the two most magnificent gems owned by the Moguls and possessing such interesting histories, apart from their intrinsic value, are now in England.

The other famous bijou, the Koh-i-noor, was the largest diamond belonging to the British Crown until the gift of the Cullinan diamond from the Transvaal. Its history is also singularly interesting and from the “Encyclopædia Britannica” I quote the following :—

“The Indian legend tells us that it was found near the Kishna river, and worn five thousand years ago by Karna, one of the heroes celebrated in the Mahabharata. It passed through many hands to Baber, the founder of the Mogul dynasty, 1526, and was shown by his successor in 1665 to Tavernier, the French traveller. ‘In 1739 it passed to Nadir Shah, the Persian invader of India, who gave it the name of Koh-i-noor or ‘Mountain of Light’, and from his successors in 1813 to Runjeet Singh, the ruler of Lahore. In 1849, on the annexation of the Punjaub to British India, the Koh-i-noor was also surrendered and presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in June, 1850. It was exhibited in the Great Exhibition of 1851.”

Shah Jehan also built the Pearl Mosque within the old Fort at Agra. His name, however, will ever be associated more with the wonder of "Indian Architecture and Final Wonder of the World"—the Taj Mahal—the superb tomb he erected to the memory of his beloved wife, Mumtaz-Mahal, niece of Nur-Mahal.

MY BELOVED IS DEAD.

(The Lament of Shah Jehan).

I.

She is dead, for the Mystic All-Seeing
Has bidden Her Soul wing its flight
To His Realm; and the Sun of my Being
Is shrouded in infinite Night.

II.

What are Empery, Riches, or Pleasure,
In a world whence Her Spirit has fled?
What is life, when bereft of its Treasure,
Its Love?—My Belovèd is dead.

III.

All Nations shall come, as of Duty,
To worship the path that She trod;
To gaze on the Shrine of Her beauty,
Who rests in the Garden of God.

IV.

I have pillowed Thy tomb in the Thunders
Of Heaven, mine Arjamand, sweet:
And Earth has unbosomed Her Wonders
To spread them abroad at Thy Feet.

V.

So sleep, loving Heart, for to-morrow
Seràfil his trumpet shall sound,
And Souls that have slumbered in sorrow
Shall break from the desolate ground.

VI.

Then arise through the Domes of Thy Prison,
Outsoar the dominion of Fate;
By the path where Love's incense has risen
Thou shalt meet me at last, in the Gate.

IAN MALCOM.

Reprinted from "Indian Pictures and Problems," by kind permission of the Author.

He loved her dearly through life, and in his inconsolable grief after her death, vowed she should have the most beautiful tomb in the world.

Beautiful? It is like an enchanted palace! No writer has ever been able to do justice to it in description. While there, every remark one makes seems trivial and



The Taj Mahal at Agra. The
resting-place of Shah Jehan and
Mumtaz Mahal.

CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN KASHMIR, DELHI AND AGRA.

The Taj Mahal is the resting-place of Shah Jahan, the last of the great Moghuls.

Shah Jahan, the last of the great Moghuls, is however, will ever be associated more with the wonder of Indian architecture and Final Wonder of the World—the Taj Mahal—the superb tomb of the memory of his beloved wife, Mumtaz-Mahal, niece of Nur-Mahal.

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I have pillowed Thy tomb in the Thunders
Of Heaven, mine Arjamand, sweet:
And Earth has unbosomed Her Wonders
To spread them abroad at Thy Feet.

V.

So sleep, loving Heart, for to-morrow
Serâfil his trumpet shall sound,
And Souls that have slumbered in sorrow
Shall break from the desolate ground.

VI.

Then arise through the Domes of Thy Prison,
Outsoar the dominion of Fate;
By the path where Love's incense has risen
Thou shalt meet me at last, in the Gate.

IAN MALCOM.

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He loved her dearly through life, and in his inconsolable grief after her death, vowed she should have the most beautiful tomb in the world.

It is the most beautiful place. No other has ever been able to do justice to it in description. Within there, every female one makes sacred and



out of place ; and when away, however much one feels inspired to write, the choice of the first words sets one dreaming, dreaming—and after awhile one wakes up to find a dry pen, a clean sheet of paper, and an utter incapacity to describe anything so supremely beautiful.

Built of gleaming white marble, which remains through centuries ashen white through the burning heat of the Indian sun, and embellished with beautiful mosaics in floral designs of precious stones, it stands unrivalled—an architectural masterpiece.

The delicacy of the mosaic design is so superb that it is hard to believe human hands could have inlaid turquoise, lapis-lazuli, jasper, agates, mother-of-pearl, and many kinds of cornelian into the hard cold marble.

How wonderful then would have been the effect had Shah Jehan been allowed to finish the design. It is said he intended to build another Taj of black marble on the other side of the river, and to connect the two with a bridge, some say of silver and others say of marble.

The second time we visited Agra just before leaving India, I felt it was impossible to go away without making a sketch.

With the dazzling brilliancy in front to sting one's eyes, and a scorching sun behind, the difficulties were increased tenfold, and the sketch was not a great success—indeed, it was a failure. Still I am glad of the effort, for it impressed itself upon my memory and gave a keynote of colour to work from.

By daylight the Taj is exquisite and wonderful, but by moonlight it is more, far more beautiful in its ethereal charm, when the pearly designs around the arches shine out like stars in the soft light. Yet, through all subsequent visits, it ever returns to my vision gleaming softly in the clear, calm Indian moonlight, when on lifting my head from the pillow and gazing out of the train window, I saw, bathed in soft moonlight, a beautiful mirage, a group of Fairy Palaces or Dreamland Temples. I looked and *looked* but ere there was time to rub my eyes and see if it was real, solid, or earthly, it had passed out of sight, and for several months it seemed naught but a beautiful dream. Later, we visited Agra, and then, for the first time, knew perfection of beauty and perfection of sound, for the echo of the Taj, which no other writer seems to have described, was as beautiful to the ear as its shell was to the eye—like the living soul of a beautiful creature.

My mother and I softly sang in harmony, "Angels Guard Thee," "Soft Sleep I Woo Thee," and "High in Heaven." At first it seemed as though a full chorus of every tone, from bass to high soprano, had joined us. Then the echo leapt higher and higher, ever growing more soft and bell-like, till our duet ended, and there, in the dome about two hundred feet above our heads, echoed the most wonderful notes I have ever heard. It was, for a moment, as though a chorus of celestial beings were singing a requiem over the sleepers in the sepulchres beneath—over the reputed grandfather and grandmother of Lalla Rookh—and then silence and the dim tomb!

No *earthly* voice could reproduce those echoed tones.

The nearest approach I have ever heard is *dream music*. Upon rare occasions, between waking and sleeping, I hear the most exquisite harmony and strains of melody, and am conscious enough at the time to know that

it is something I have never heard before, and I long to catch it, for I know how strongly it would appeal to musicians. Twice I have awakened myself to make sure of it, but when the morning came it had gone, never to return.

In my dreams I seem to be floating in waves of musical harmony, composed of tones exactly like the echo of the Taj.

Perhaps to others, less foolishly romantic, the moonlight may not appeal so strongly as the dazzling brilliancy of the daylight effect. Maybe, they are fortunate enough to have strong eyes—how I envy them if they have—but to all those who like myself, are governed by sound, I would say “Go and hear the echo of the Taj.”

We could not help thinking of a great writer, who said that “Sound and Music will yet unite Heaven and Earth,” and that music is the “Echo of the invisible world.” How often, too, the last record of beloved ones, as they pass away, is of beautiful strains of music—their welcome into the Infinite.

The aunt, to whom this book is dedicated, as her spirit passed into Eternity, heard these wonderful strains of music, and said, “Oh, what beautiful music! I have never heard such music on earth before.” When they moved the curtains of her bed, she said, “Oh, don’t touch them, it spoils the music.”

She had herself a lovely voice, and was a pupil of Signor Garcia, who only died last year.

Though everyone who visits the Taj tries to describe, in one way or another, the beauty of this miracle of miracles, they all agree that words and art fail to do justice to the tomb erected to the memory of Arjmand Banu—called Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the “Chosen of the Palace”—the beautiful Persian wife of Shah Jehan, known to all as “Emperor and devotee, artist and lover.”

As my own attempts are feeble, I cannot do better than quote some extracts from Steevens’ impressions:—“I raised my eyes, and there, on the edge of the ugly prairie, sat a fair white palace with domes and minarets. So exquisite in symmetry, so softly lustrous in tint, it could hardly be substantial, and I all but cried, ‘Mirage!’ It was the Taj Mahal. . . . In chaste majesty it stands suddenly before you, as if the magical word had called it this moment out of the earth. On a white marble platform it stands exactly four-square, but that the angles are cut off; nothing so rude as a corner could find place in its soft harmonies. Seen through the avenue, it looks high rather than broad; seen from the pavement below, it looks broad rather than high; you doubt, then conclude that its proportions are perfect. Above its centre rises a full white dome, at each corner of whose base nestles a smaller dome, upheld on eight arches. . . . Everywhere it is embellished with elaborate profusion. Moulding, sculpture, inlaid frets and scrolls of coloured marbles, twining branches and garlands of jade and agate and cornelian—here is every point of lavish splendour you saw in the palace combined in one supreme embodiment—superb dignity matched with graceful richness.

“But it is vain to flounder amid epithets; the man who should describe the Taj must own genius equal to his who built it. Description halts between its mass and its fineness. It makes you giddy to look up at it; yet it is so delicate you feel that a brick would lay it in shivers at your feet. It is a rock temple and a Chinese casket together—a giant gem! . . . The cloisters round the garden,

the lordly caravanserai outside the gate, the clustering domes and mosaic texts from the Koran on the great gate itself—all this you hardly notice, but when you do, you find that every point is perfection. As for the garden, with shady trees of every hue, from sprightly yellow to funereal cypress, with purple blossom cascading from the topmost boughs, with roses and lilies, phloxes and carnations—and the channel of clear water, with twenty-four fountains, that runs through the garden, and the basin with the gold-fish. . . . It is pure Arabian Nights!

“Surely man never made such a Paradise; it must be the fabric of a dream wafted through gates of silver and opal. O Shah Jehan. . . . I go in and stand by your tomb. The jewel creepers blossom more luxuriantly than ever in the trellised screen that encloses it, and the two oblong cenotaphs are embowered in gems. But here it is dark and cool: light comes in only through the double lattices of feathery marble. You look up into a dome, obscure and mysterious, but mightily expansive, as if it were the vault of the heaven of the dead. It is very well; it is the fit close. In this breathless twilight, after his battles and buildings, his ecstasies and torments, his love and his loss, Shah Jehan has come to his own again for ever.” Yet Steevens admits—“The man who should describe the Taj must own genius equal to his who built it.”

My grandfather, who visited Agra more than sixty years before our visit, apparently felt equally wonder-struck, for in a book he wrote in 1841 of a tour he made through India, he says that after a week's residence in the city and almost daily excursions to the tomb, at early dawn, during the glare of the noonday heat and by the light of a brilliant moon, he found himself like many others, incompetent, not only to describe it, but even to make the attempt to do so.

All those who have visited Agra will agree with him when he says:—“That may be said of the Taj, which is applicable to but few other of the world's wonders, that, no matter how sanguine may be the expectations formed of it, the result has never yet caused disappointment to those who indulged them; the reality ever exceeding what is looked for.”

With regard to the cost he writes:—“The cost of the Taj has been generally estimated at £750,000, but this must be far below the mark. Nothing less than an expenditure of two millions sterling could have carried out the perfect design of Shah Jehan. The erection of the Taj alone occupied the toil of 22,000 workmen for a space of twenty years. From the lower terrace to the golden crescent which surmounts the principal dome, the height is said to be 'about two hundred and fifty feet; few would perhaps believe this, the proportions of the *tout-ensemble* being so perfect as to make it appear much less lofty.”

He deplored greatly the state of decay into which it had been allowed to fall, with the gardens entirely overgrown with tangled herbage, while natives had their bazaar stalls right up to the very doors of the tomb. To Lord Curzon is entirely due the present state of the beautifully kept gardens. All the same, one is rather sorry to learn that orders are given to replace the picturesque cyprus trees by younger ones as soon as they reach a certain height, lest they interfere with the view.

AURUNGZEBE, 1659-1707. But to return to history, it seems to have been quite fashionable among the Mogul Emperors for the sons to rise up and rebel against their fathers; and Shah Jehan's sons followed the example of their predecessors. They imprisoned their father in the Fort, where, from one room he was permitted to gaze on his life's masterpiece and future tomb. Aurungzebe, the third son, who by treachery and violence, succeeded in overthrowing his brothers, proclaimed himself Emperor in 1659, while Shah Jehan was yet alive, but kept in close confinement.

Feeling some sort of apology was due to his father, he sent his son Mohammed to explain his reasons. "Fathers," replied Shah Jehan, "have been dethroned by their sons; but to insult the misfortunes of a parent was left for Aurungzebe. What reason but his ambition has the rebel for assuming the Empire? To listen to his excuses would be to acknowledge the justice of his conduct, and show by my weakness that I could no longer wield the sceptre which he has struck from my hand."

Aurungzebe frequently endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation by pretending to seek his father's advice upon different affairs of State, which seems rather a case of adding insult to injury. Upon one occasion he proffered a demand for some of the jewels which Shah Jehan still retained, for additional decoration of the throne. The imprisoned King was, needless to say, very indignant, and "bade his son make wisdom and equity the ornaments of his throne, and use no importunity to obtain the coveted gems, since hammers were in readiness, which should, in that case, crush them to powder."

Aurungzebe was a man of stern views, desperately keen on taxes, and said to dislike music and poetry. François Bernier, however, the French traveller who went to Kashmir in 1664 in the royal suite, wrote: "We were no sooner arrived than Aurungzebe received from the bards of both Kashmir and India, poems in praise of this favoured land, which he accepted, and rewarded with kindness." With regard to the music he was less kindly disposed, but more of this hereafter.

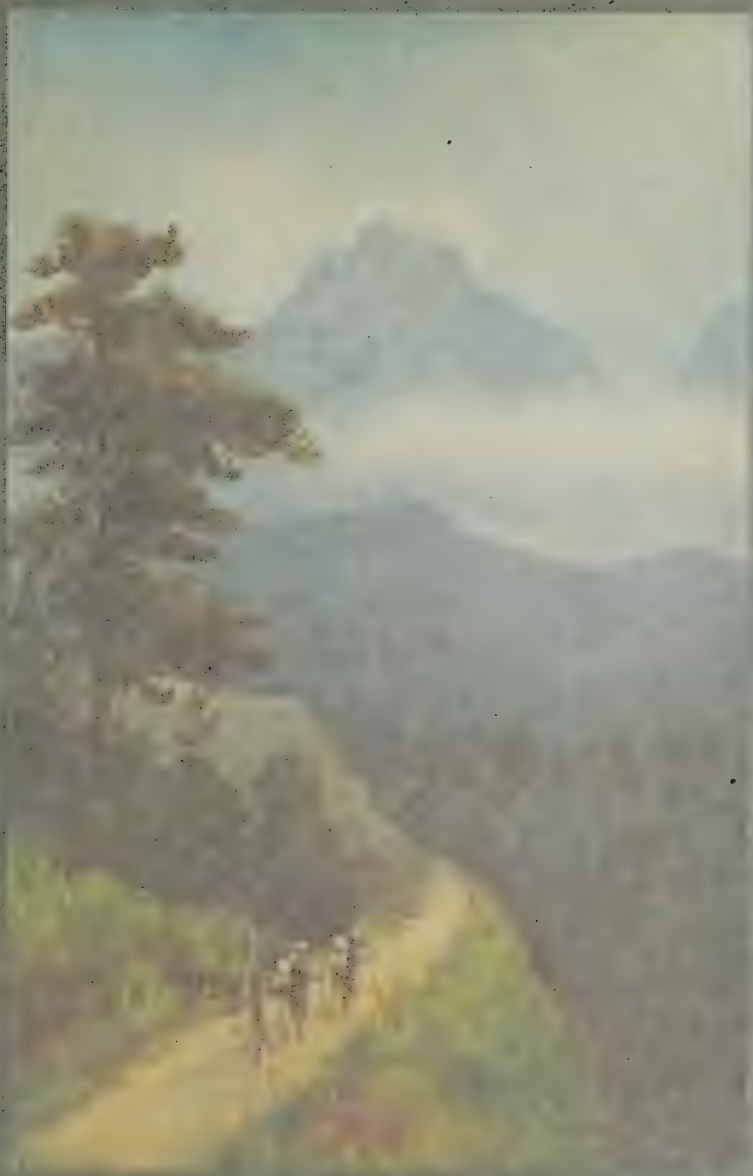
He was very interested in agriculture, which he both understood and encouraged, and when hunting, would study the nature of the soil from this point of view. By way of encouragement to farmers, he issued an edict that the rents should not be raised on those, who by their industry, had improved their farms.

To do so, he rightly considered, was both unjust and impolitic, as it checked the spirit of improvement and impoverished the State. It seems rather a pity that he did not live in these days; he might have settled the disputes on the Irish land question satisfactorily!

These Eastern potentates had some magnificent qualities, and in some cases their administration was superior to our own. It seems, therefore, a pity that they should have been such blood-thirsty ruffians, and gained their succession to the throne by deposing their fathers, and murdering any other relations who had as much, or any more right to the throne than they had. There was apparently no right of seniority; it was just a case of the survival of the fittest, and may the best man win.

I suppose it was the custom of the times, and therefore nothing out of the way. Still, it is rather gruesome to finish off all your relations just because they happen to have more right to the throne than you have.

During his reign other things increased which were distinctly destructive to the



MOUNTAIN BRIDLE PATH,
IN THE LIDDER VALLEY.

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I suppose it was the custom of the times, and therefore nothing out of the way. But it is rather gruesome to finish off all your relations just because they happen to have more right to the throne than you have.

IN THE LATTER PART OF THE 17TH CENTURY, when things increased which were extremely destructive to the



welfare of the nation, not the least of which was the arrangement by which the King inherited all the money, land, and jewels of any deceased subject. The families themselves were provided for out of the estate, but often that provision was omitted. Dilveer Khan, said to be Aurungzebe's ablest officer, who fought loyally for him during twenty-six years died, and according to Martin's "Indian Empire," "The Emperor confiscated the property of the deceased, and being disappointed in its value, vainly strove to extort by torture, from his secretary, a confession of the manner in which the supposed surplus had been employed. The relatives of Dilveer Khan were not, however, more unfortunate than those of Khan Jehan Behadur, foster-brother to the Emperor who visited his death-bed, but appropriated his property, giving the usual order to seek for hidden deposits, and recover all outstanding debts. . . ."

"Among the many letters extant, written by Aurungzebe, are several addressed to Zulfikar Khan, desiring him to search for hidden treasures, and hunt out any that may have fallen into the hands of individuals, that means may be afforded to silence 'the infernal foot soldiers' who were croaking like the tenants of an invaded rookery." (*Martin's Indian Empire.*)

The direct result of confiscation either by despot or State, is inevitably ruin to a country's genius, industry, inventive capacity, and enterprise. Three or four generations living through a period, ruled under confiscatory conditions, will see the end of a nation, no matter how great it is, or of how many centuries it can boast.

Ever since the world began, the good or evil done, is not the thought of the millions but of the individual, and the great majority is not fundamentally responsible for much; but to *individual* effort is due the very mechanism of the progress of the whole universe—in things human, that is to say. The multitude will follow one man's teaching, be it forceful enough, no matter whether it is good or bad, and unfortunately, only the *ultimate* and tangible result will prove whether that one man's theories had an evil or beneficial influence in the world.

Good leads to good, and likewise wrong leads to wrong. Hence the wrong of confiscating the fortunes of individuals, crushed out all ambition and enthusiasm, and ended by producing inertia; for it is only reasonable to suppose that, as human nature is the same all over the world, no man of ingenuity, thrift, or self-denial will think it worth his while to practise those qualities if the produce of his brain is to go to any but his own posterity.

So the individuals gradually gave up the desire to use their fine abilities, and saw no benefit in amassing wealth which they knew would be "grabbed," and the result is to-day only *too* apparent in posterity.

The native of to-day is clever and astute, but his ability is imitative—not creative. He will copy anything marvellously well, but cannot invent it; nay, his own devices are primitive in the extreme, and when he desires to do anything beautiful he promptly copies some of the work produced by the invention of men who have been dust these many centuries. Why? Because all individual initiative lies buried with them.

In France, the fact that to-day, all the beautiful work in designs, architecture,

furniture, fabrics, and so forth, are merely replicas of those produced in the periods before the "Reign of Terror," is a silent testimony of the acknowledgment that the inventive faculty was, more or less, stamped out then. In the history of all countries the downfall has invariably been caused by that evil genius—Discontent—which usually ends in the encouragement of a system of plunder. The danger to a country's fame and safety is not so much the enemy at the gate, but the enemy *within* the gate.

Concerning the reign of Aurungzebe, we know far less than of many of his predecessors; because he not only left no autobiography behind him, but even for a considerable number of years, forbade the ordinary chronicling of events. Probably, his deeds were often not the kind that he cared to have recorded. Some well-authenticated farewell letters to his sons before his death rather lead one to draw this conclusion. The following from Martin's "Indian Empire" is typical of these:—

"Wherever I look," writes the dying Emperor, "I see nothing but the Deity. I know nothing of myself—what I am—and for what I am destined. The instant which passed in power hath left only sorrow behind it. I have not been the guardian and protector of the Empire," he adds, in the same tone of remorse rather than repentance. ". . . I have committed many crimes, and know not with what punishment I may be seized. The agonies of death come upon me fast. Farewell! farewell! farewell!"

The reign of Aurungzebe lasted forty-nine years, and may be regarded as being the culminating point of the Mogul power and the beginning of its decay. He left little or nothing in the way of architecture whereby to commemorate his name, and died in 1707.

Have I lingered too long over the lives of the four Emperors, whose reigns of magnificence and glittering oriental splendour surely gave to India her fame as the "Gorgeous East"?

The graphic descriptions of Sir Thomas Roe, "Ambassador from his Majesty King James I. of England, to Jehan Guire, the mighty Emperor of India," also of Tavernier, Dow, François Bernier, and others who visited the Court of these monarchs, inspired Moore to write "Lalla Rookh" and others to illustrate in *every* possible manner his poetic romance.

My excuse is, that I want to emphasize the connecting link between Kashmir, Delhi and Agra, as it was in the days of the Moguls. And now that we have traced them down to the illustrious Aurungzebe, the reputed father of Lalla Rookh, I will proceed to give a few descriptions of our journey, which I humbly trust may interest some of my readers.

PART III.

REMINISCENCES OF OUR JOURNEY IN THE LAND OF LALLA ROOKH

"I'll sing thee songs of Araby,
And tales of fair Kashmir,
Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh,
Or charm thee to a tear."

H. C. Wills.



CAMP LIFE.

CAMP LIFE



1891
Campbell

PART III.

REMINISCENCES OF OUR JOURNEY IN THE LAND OF LALLA ROOKH.

It is said that those who have once tasted the waters of the Nile, will not rest until they revisit Egypt, and those who throw a *solde* into the Fontano-di-Trevano at Rome, will surely return to look for it. Such trivial excuses for making one return !

Nevertheless, the legends have proved true in my own case, for since risking enteric, with the irresponsibility which comes at the age of sixteen, in order to fall in with the native Nile drinking superstition, I have visited Egypt several times. That is to say, I have landed four times, and ridden round the Bazaars on donkeys—one at a time—which rejoiced in energetic names such as Whisky and Soda, Flying Dutchman, Scotch Express, and so forth, all of which seemed most unsuitable considering the lack of energy in the animals. Others were christened after our distinguished generals and politicians, and the wily owners were willing to change the political views of their donkeys every time they announced their names, in order to give satisfaction all round. Smiling Arabs have induced me to buy sola topies, lace, Turkish delight, and loads of other things I did not want, at exorbitant prices. Alexandria and Port Said are certainly only pieces of the fringe, but they are Egypt; so the prophecy came true.

To Rome I have returned three times, but never found the coin so extravagantly thrown into the fountain upon former occasions.

And what of Kashmir? Is there no superstition that those will return, who have been bitten by the Jhelum River mosquitoes, or known the excitement of colliding with a tonga or other vehicle of transport, while dashing helter-skelter along a road with a sheer drop of several thousand feet on one side, and a precipitous cliff above them on the other? I suppose not, or we would have heard it. But the longing to return will come without one. The memory of being in the ice world of the "Roof of Asia" among those great silent giants of nature with their snowy crests, and of being surrounded by magnificent scenery, and the keen bracing air, will make one return some day. I am waiting patiently for an aeroplane, as another voyage through the Red Sea would kill me, ere I could return to this Lotus Land.

Just think how splendid it will be to fly through the air from London to Kashmir as the crow flies, and land quietly at Kolohoi—of course aeroplane liners will be running in the course of a few years.

* * * * *

The Kings and Queens of Delhi used to enter the valley by the Pir Punjal route, and those brilliant cavalcades, winding along the mountain road, must have looked and *felt* very different to the present mode of travelling in the inartistic and comfortless tonga.

Bernier's description of the procession in 1664 with Rauchenara-Begum, sister of Aurungzebe, mounted on a stupendous elephant, and seated in a "Mikdember" blazing with gold and azure, gives one the idea that everything in those days was covered with gold and crusted with jewels—even to the elephants. He gives the reader full permission to let his imagination run unbridled, for he says:—"I cannot avoid dwelling on this pompous procession of the seraglio. It strongly arrested my attention during the late march, and I feel delighted in recalling it to my memory. Stretch imagination to its utmost limits, and you can conceive no exhibition more grand or imposing."

Further on he gives a heart-breaking description of how, in a dangerous part of the road, one elephant took fright, and in its turn frightened those behind, till fifteen of these splendid creatures with their gorgeous trappings, in a wild stampede upon the narrow road, precipitated themselves, and sad to relate, some of the women over the brink.

However, Bernier's description of the royal progress pales into insignificance before the one found in "The Life and Exploits of Alexander the Great," translated by E. A. Wallis Budge, Litt.D., F.S.A., Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum.

In the year 325 B.C. when Alexander invaded India he visited the palace of the Indian Queen Candace, and the following is his description of her abode;—

"Now the pavement of the chamber was [made] of red gold in which there was no alloy; and its walls were ornamented with all kinds of precious stones, and the cushions were likewise worked with gold, and the couches were of gold [set] with precious stones. And there were in this house pillars of stone which seemed to the beholder to emit rays of light—because they were decorated with a light green stone like unto crystal, wrought with gold and set with precious stones, many of which were of great price; and the beholder saw himself reflected in them."

When Alexander saw these things he marvelled at what he saw, for he had never before seen such royal state maintained by any king.

"Now there was in that house a chamber which was built of stone like unto the heavens, the splendour of which dazzled whosoever entered therein, and a man would imagine that the rising sun was shining in it, and the floor of the chamber was made of red wood which fire could not burn, nor rain make to rot, nor the wood-worm bore through. Now the chamber was very large, and it sent forth rays of light and sparkled like a mirror.

"And the house had foundations [laid] upon [beams of] wood, covered with . . . iron, and these were [fixed] upon wheels made of iron and brass. And when the Queen went forth on a journey she sat in the house, and elephants drew it along, and the wheels turned whithersoever she pleased.

"Now when I had seen this I marvelled both at her own splendid form and beauty, and at the magnificent state in which she lived, for it was truly wonderful

and I had neither seen nor heard that such existed among kings. And as for the queen herself, there is no man living who could sing her praises sufficiently; glory be to God Almighty the King, the Maker, the Mighty One, the Great, the Creator of such a race of women who have brought forth children unto the mighty.

"Now as concerning the raiment of Candace. It was made of gold and of precious stones, and the scent which was about her was of musk, and of camphire and of ambergris, and of the woods of India, and the odour which exhaled everywhere from round about her was like unto the scent from a garden of flowers."

* * * * *

We, however, went in the useful tonga, which, by-the-bye, is a heavily built two-wheeled car, covered with a canvas awning, and drawn by two horses, which are changed every five or six miles. It is well suited to the roads, but singularly uncomfortable, and remarkably ugly.

The new road by which we went from Murree to Srinagar, was opened in 1892, and is generally considered the most wonderful mountain road in the world. The first few miles lay through rocky colourless scenery, where bright flowering pink oleander-bushes relieved the monotony, and seemed to flourish in their rough environment.

After a while, the scenery became a brilliant panorama, as the road took us now close to the dashing, foaming River Jhelum, then up, up, till we were careering along what seemed to be a mere ledge hewn in the side of the rock. High mountains towered above, and precipices yawned beneath. Far below, when we dared to look down, we saw the river hurling itself over rough boulders, till it looked like a river of foam.

Our driver apparently knew no fear, and the horses knew the road by instinct; two advantages for which we envied them, as we dashed recklessly round corners, and in our excited imaginations saw ourselves whirled into space and eternity. We clung to the sides of the tonga and held our breath, though if we had gone over, clinging would not have done much good, and breathing would speedily have ceased for ever. Ahead we could see a narrow white ribbon taking turns and bends in the side of the mountain, and when our driver cheerfully pointed it out as the road, we thought of codicils we could have added to our wills, but it was too late.

The racing instinct so strongly marked in our driver was equally prominent in the other members of his profession, whom we usually encountered on the wrong side of the sharp turns. (Why is it that unpleasant surprises always come when you can least bear them?) They yelled remarks to each other, which, probably it is fortunate, we did not understand, and readjusting themselves, sped on without apparently profiting by the experience. While we were there one tonga did go over the precipice, killing the driver and horses.

To add to our excitement, when we were in a very dizzy part of the road one of our steeds took a keen pleasure in shying at everything and nothing, and made us think he was making salaams to the ghosts of his departed friends. The driver, however, carefully explained exactly what was the matter, which, needless to say,

was quite incomprehensible, though I tried hard to look intelligently interested in his jargon.

Presently, around the corner, at the usual top speed, came another tonga containing friends, and at once our respective drivers hailed each other, and we did likewise. We then changed one of their horses for our turbulent nerve-shatterer, for it appeared that tonga horses go backwards and forwards on the same piece of road, and as the fellow to our pair had died, they put one into our tonga which did not belong to this particular span of road. He naturally resented being taken off his own beat, and was probably as glad to return as we were to say good-bye to him,

Our friends gave us news of Srinagar, and seemed very distressed that they were returning to India. As we climbed into our respective bone-shakers, they both called out, "Good-bye, how I envy you your first glimpse of Kashmir."

The Dak bungalows, or Government rest-houses, were always a welcome sight. After a long day of bumping along the hard road for about sixty miles, the first view of the gables of our "Home, sweet home," for the next few hours revived us wonderfully, for honestly, a tonga is not the most comfortable thing in the world. These bungalows are of the greatest use, and save the necessity of carrying a camp kit. They are to be found all over the beaten tracks of India, usually about fifteen to twenty miles apart. We never learnt quite when or how they originated, but the following I found in an old history.

"Jehangir, fond of making progress through his extensive dominions, made this year great additions to the convenience of travelling. Considerable sums were issued from the Treasury for mending the great roads of the Empire. Wells were dug at the end of every two miles, and a building for the reception of wayfarers was erected near each well. This improvement began on the road to Kashmir, where Jehangir arrived in 1619. He was highly pleased with that most beautiful province, and remained there many months."

Jehangir used to say, "A monarch should even feel for the beasts of the field," and that "the birds of heaven ought to receive their due at the foot of the throne."

Some of the modern bungalows are very pretty. One, indeed, is so charming that it was called "Honeymoon Cottage" by Lady Ripon. Servants are kept to attend to the wants of the travellers and provide meals, and a Government book is kept for the settlement of accounts, signatures, addresses, and remarks, some of the latter being quite amusing. It kills time after dinner to call for the book and see what your friends wrote on previous occasions; for instance, we were always given eggs for breakfast, and someone wrote, "Same old breakfast; nothing new."

On arriving we asked what we could have for dinner, and nearly always ended by getting what was politely called *chicken*, but whether they were boiled, roast, grilled, or curried, they had all one great characteristic in common, *i.e.* they were all "passive resisters" where knives and forks were concerned.

When I first began to give orders in Hindustani, I remember telling the cook to boil a fowl for two weeks in order to make it tender. He evidently understood that I meant *hours*, for a native is wonderfully clever in understanding the feeble



ON THE ROAD TO
KASHMIR.

quite unimpaired, though I tried hard to look intelligently interested in his jargon.

Presently, around the corner, at the usual top speed, came another tonga containing friends, and at once our respective drivers hailed each other, and we did likewise. We then changed one of their horses for our turbulent nerve-shatterer, for it appeared that tonga horses go backwards and forwards on the same piece of road, and as the fellow to our pair had died, they put one into our tonga which did not belong to this particular span of road. He naturally resented being taken off his own beat, and was probably as glad to return as we were to say good-bye to him,

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When I first began to give orders in Hindustani, I remember telling the cook to boil a fowl for two weeks in order to make it tender. He evidently understood the *idea*, and was wonderfully clever in understanding the feeble



efforts of beginners in his language; at any rate we had dinner at the usual time. During the repast we rather wished he had taken the order literally, for that chicken somewhat reminded us of the village blacksmith, the muscles of whose brawny limbs were strong as iron bands.

One thing that is always a great trial for sensitive people is to hear the scurrying of feet, then the excited cackles and dying gurgles, probably under one's very window, of the unfortunate fowl which half an hour later is to appear in another form on the dinner table.

By 6 A.M. we were usually ready to start on the road again, and were surrounded by a large crowd of natives, whom to our best belief we had never seen before, but who all claimed to have done something for us and wanted a "Baksheesh"—or a present—in consequence.

When we began to descend from the dizzy heights we passed through beautiful pine forests and natural ferneries with exquisite mosses among the rocks, and a profusion of many kinds of ferns, including maiden-hair fern, growing in tropical luxuriance. We drove by groves of peach, apricot, pear and almond trees, while around the poplar-trees the vine climbed as in Italy. Nature seemed to have concentrated all her force in making the road to Kashmir a panorama of ever-changing and beautiful effects. Here and there out of a cluster of trees, glittering in the sunlight, arose the silver pinnacles of temples, which upon closer inspection proved to be covered with layers of opened-out kerosene oil tins.

In the spring the iris grows like our English bluebell in great sweeps of brilliant colour; but unfortunately we arrived too late in the season to see this delightful flower in perfection. Tales had, however, reached us of the impassibility of the roads during the early spring, owing to the long hard winter and lateness of the thaw. Bits of the road were missing, and everywhere dangerous rocks were likely to dislodge themselves and roll down the cliff side into the road. Of course if they fell into the road every time it would not have mattered, but no one could be sure that they would not fall upon *them*, and a rock weighing several tons is rather a serious obstacle to encounter. So we postponed our journey, and arrived too late for the first beauty of the iris.

It is a land of every possibility, in which everything seems to flourish, and where there seems to be everything for everybody. The fruits are both magnificent and delicious. Peaches, apples, pears, apricots, walnuts, and vegetables of all kinds abound. Wine, equal to that of France, is made from the grapes. The fine growth of the mulberry-trees facilitates the cultivation of silkworms, and from the silk works we were told £30,000 clear profit was made the year previous to our visit.

Everything English seems to flourish there and grow to perfection. The old-world gardens of the English residents are perfectly beautiful, and are simply a blaze of colour; for all English flowers grow there to perfection, seeming to unite their efforts in creating a gorgeous effect. Hollyhocks of every species and colour grow particularly well.

There are many kinds of game, including fox, pine martin, ibex, wild duck, snipe, &c., while the big game consists chiefly of black and red bear, leopard, snow leopard, and also the beautiful stag, the king of the forest. We ourselves did not go big game shooting, but we slew quite a lot of mosquitoes.

There is good fishing for the angler, and every possible interest and amusement for the mountaineer, geologist, botanist, and frivolist.

Food is very cheap, though the growing popularity of the country has caused the prices to rise during the past few years. One could get a chicken for fourpence, a duck for the same price, a dozen eggs for twopence, a fine leg of mutton for 1s. 4d. Some time ago a whole sheep could be bought for the same price.

One of the drawbacks of the country from the English point of view, is that a cow is a very holy and sacred creature; therefore it cannot be killed to provide the "Roast Beef of Old England" for the hungry traveller. It is a privation with which only visitors to Kashmir can sympathize and understand. I have heard of people ordering thick steaks of mutton for dinner, vainly hoping that their imagination, with the addition of a large supply of mustard, would make them believe they were eating beef-steak; and of others who mixed a sauce of horse-radish powder and cream, and tried their luck at "roast-beef-mutton." We were so tired of mutton that we wired on to the hotel in Murree before our return journey to have beef of any kind ready for us upon our arrival.

Once after choosing a nice tree under which to shelter from the sun and make point lace, I went to fetch a chair from the house-boat, but lo! upon returning, I found a large motherly looking cow had also discovered what a nice shady tree it was. I am not particularly fond of cows as shelter-sharers, so told the boatman to drive it away, but he looked thoroughly shocked, and indicated that he could not dream of doing such a thing even for me, as the sacred cow had more right to the tree than I had. Fortunately the precedence of cows is not customary in most countries.

Once upon a time, in this country, if a man killed a cow, either by accident or to stay the starvation of himself and family, even if she belonged to him, he answered for it with his life. That law, however, has been repealed in favour of imprisonment for life. Justice tempered with mercy!

On the road to Kashmir we met processions of camels, five-and-twenty and thirty at one time, tethered together, marching in single file, carrying the commerce of the land to and fro, some of them with bells and large blue beads round their necks. The blue beads are supposed to keep away the "evil eye." I seem to hear yet the "tinkle-tinkle" of those passing camel bells, and think of the words in Sir Richard Burton's life:—

"To seek the true, to glad the heart,
Such is of life the higher law;
All other life is living death.
A world where none but phantoms dwell;
A breath, a wind, a sound, a voice!
A tinkling of the camel bell."

Sir Richard Burton was a friend of my grandfather, who was a sincere admirer of this great oriental scholar.

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ENGLISH FLOWERS
FLOURISHING IN KASHMIR.

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TEMPORA MUTANTUR, NOS ET MUTAMUR IN ILLIS.

One wonders why the English sold this beautiful fertile land of 60,000 square miles for £750,000 to Maharajah Ghulab Singh, the Dogra Rajput. At that time, however, the Punjaub had not been annexed, and it was not under British rule until after the Sikh War of 1849. It would, therefore, have been difficult to hold Kashmir when it was surrounded by hostile territories, with the Punjaub still unconquered.

It was thought advisable then to make friendly advances to the Rajah of Jammu, which resulted in the signing of the Treaty of Amritsar on March 16th, 1846; by which he was confirmed in his possessions of those territories which he already held of the Sikhs, and also obtained Kashmir, on payment of seventy-five lakhs of rupees, which before the depreciation in the value of silver was equivalent to three quarters of a million sterling. By this arrangement neutrality was also secured upon his part during the Sikh war three years later.

In those days little was known of the country, and Kipling's "Paget, M.P." had not started exploring, so the British Government did not realise they were letting go the Riviera of India, and perhaps, the healthiest sanatorium in the world, for an old song.

It must have been a repetition of George du Maurier's story of the little boy, who said, "I think Hampstead Heath is far lovelier than Switzerland;" and when his sister replied, "Why, Bobby, you've never been to Switzerland," he answered, "No! but I have seen it on the map." The Government must have thought Kashmir looked very dull on the map, and so decided to let it go for this ridiculous sum.

The accompanying map is a portion of the oldest I possess (1842), and serves to show how vague our notion of the country was prior to its sale. It is also interesting, as it shows Bucharra, Delhi, Surat, and Mecca, all of which places are of interest to the readers of "Lalla Rookh."

The map in question was made for my grandfather's book on India. He was a member of the Royal Asiatic Society, and when he toured across India, visiting places which the globe-trotter of to-day "does" as a natural course of events, it was considered quite an original thing to do.

He followed the suggestion of a friend and noted down observations upon the scenes he passed, as well as his impressions during the journey, and later, recollecting that he was the *first* to take that route from Calcutta to England, wrote a book to show how much could be done in little more than four months, or in less time than the dull voyage by sea frequently occupied.

One of his favourite expressions was, *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*; and surely if he could compare the speed and luxury of modern travel with that of the "Cleopatra" and other boats upon which he travelled, he would be startled with the march of time and progress of locomotion.

Here I cannot refrain from commenting upon the vast difference between his experiences of steamers and our own.

It is, perhaps, an unpardonable digression, but it will show how much *times have*

changed. Just as we look back on their experiences and wonder how our grandparents lived without all our comforts and conveniences, so in all probability, fifty years hence, humanity will wonder in round-eyed astonishment how we managed to exist without flying machines, and, who knows perhaps even round tours to the other planets?

In all probability we shall be able to transmit our thoughts to each other by a system of brain power and human magnetism, and to see into each other's mind.

My grandfather left Bombay in the "Cleopatra." Her engines were two hundred and twenty horse-power; the average expenditure being, of coal, fifteen tons; tallow, twenty-five pounds; oil, two and a half gallons; and oakum, three pounds per day.

From Suez he went, with the rest of the fellow passengers—about a dozen—across the desert to Cairo, and I cannot resist a comparison between their method of leaving Suez and the calm dignity of our experience, of steaming through the Canal in the P. & O. s.s. "Mongolia;" though needless to confess, theirs was by far the more exciting experience.

In the belief that the reign of Mohammed Ali would speedily be at an end, many parties of Bedouin Arabs had spread over the desert and committed various depredations, occasionally accompanied with violence and murder. His Highness, unable effectively to repress these acts, provided an escort consisting of twenty of his cavalry to be in attendance upon the passengers and mails.

The cavalcade consisted of about two hundred people with almost as many camels, horses, and donkeys. Almost everyone was armed with a carbine or pistol, while all the travellers were assured it was equally necessary to assume the costume of brigands, and divest themselves of the peaceful appearance which would have been more appropriate to the greater part of them. It was quite disappointing to find that nothing happened to them after all these preparations.

With all due respect, they must have looked very funny with their body-guard, baggage, costumes, and motley group of steeds and conveyances, not the least curious of which was probably "the covered cart or van, styled *par excellence* a carriage, with its novel team of two horses preceded by a camel."

From the Port of Bulak, two miles from Cairo, he started for Alexandria on the little steamer "Jack-o'-Lantern," said to be of six horse-power, but described by others as of three Cairo donkey-power.

After arriving at Alexandria the travellers soon found themselves on board the *splendid steamer* "Great Liverpool," the largest steam-ship ever built at Liverpool. At that date she was the only steam vessel in this country with two funnels, and her extreme length was 235 feet. Think of it! Oh ye builders of the Cunard liners, with your flower shops, electric lifts, Carlton restaurants, royal suites, state rooms, and engines of twenty-five thousand horse-power!

The "Great Liverpool," among other wonders, was capable of dining sixty people, and a great attraction seemed to be the ladies' cabin, arranged for the accommodation of eight ladies, and *family cabins*!

However, in those days people were not so much spoilt as now, judging by the accompanying description:—"No person who has ever made a voyage in that splendid vessel, the "Great Liverpool," can do otherwise than bear willing testimony

Map
of the Continents
BETWEEN
ENGLAND AND INDIA.
for the use of overland travellers.
in illustration of
The Hand-Book for India & Egypt.
BY GEO. FAIRBURY ESQ. M.A. &c.
1842.

—M. Forbes has engraved onto

Second edition

One thousand printed



THE PRESIDENCIES

1 Bengal, 2 Madras, 3 Bombay

—M. Forbes has engraved onto

Second edition

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to her excellent qualities as to sea accommodations and internal arrangements. To parties coming from India some of these points must be particularly striking, and they cannot but look upon their life after passing Alexandria as one of pure luxury, compared with that which adverse circumstances compelled them to lead during the previous voyage."

Yet, in these days a *privately* owned yacht, recently christened by a friend, exceeds all one's visions of romance and splendour, with its motor launches, laundry worked by electric motors, steam heat, refrigerating plant, arrangements for the transmission and reception of wireless telegraphic messages, drawing and dining rooms, library, smoking-room, and other saloons.

Her length is 375 feet, and her engines three thousand to four thousand horsepower, and she can go twice across the Atlantic without stopping to re-coal. Doubtless, fifty years ago everyone would have jeered at the idea of a yacht of such proportions being owned by one man!

It is not so very long ago since somebody wrote a startling book to show what could be done with £10,000 a year. Nowadays, one hears people complain of poverty with that income, and a millionaire is no longer the exciting theme for pantomime jingle such as:—"The man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo," who, so the song tells us, created such a stir among the feminine hearts as he strolled in the Bois-de-Boulogne, that they were heard to declare in awe-struck tones, "He must be a millionaire," and were heard to sigh and wish to die, while others attempted to attract his attention by a slight flickering of one eyelid.

Millionaires are just ordinary unstared-at people in these days, and their progress through thoroughfares is not to the accompaniment of hushed whispers, fainting girls, and forward minxes. An income of, say, ten millions is still capable of startling the ordinary mortal.

* * * * *

"HE WHO PLANTS A GROVE OF TREES, MAY GOD DO SO TO HIM, AND
HE WHO CUTS THE GROVE, MAY GOD DO SO TO HIM."

Old Kashmir Proverb.

The road from Baramulla to Srinagar runs between an avenue of fine poplars twenty-eight miles long.

Though it becomes somewhat monotonous to dash for miles along a road between these giant poplars, everyone must feel grateful for their shade, and heap blessings upon the planter of the avenue. They, like most other trees in this wonderful country, grow to an immense height. When we thought of the slender poplar and plain trees in England, it was hard to imagine that in Kashmir the former will measure as much as 127 feet in height and 14½ feet in girth, while the trunk of one plain tree—known as a *chenar*—measured over 63 ft. in circumference at five feet above the ground.

For some time we never recognised that the tree from which we saw natives stripping the bark in such large quantities and packing on to the backs of

mules and ponies to be forwarded to the town and used as paper, was no other than a giant species of the silver birch. Each layer of this is so fine that it can be separated, one piece of bark forming quite a little book.

Most travellers prefer to do the distance from Baramulla by boat rather than continue by road. We chose to go one way and return the other; and as we drove down the avenue in the autumn, the golden tints of the poplars were wonderful to behold. The leaves had not shrivelled, and the trees seemed to have donned the clothing of a second youth, a golden youth rather than the pall of death. There is much talk of the construction of a railway into the valley, which will make a wonderful change in the transit, and likewise in the number of trippers.

Yes! It *was* a great joy for us to arrive at Baramulla, and know that there we should see the last of our tonga. After covering 125 miles in it, and discovering what an unsympathetic kind of thing it was, we felt that absence would make the heart grow fonder. Apart from its own private discomforts, was added a huge hamper of mangoes, addressed to His Highness the Maharajah, which before seeing we had been asked to take under the seat. It appropriated all the space intended for our feet, which perforce we dangled over into the road, and wondered why children seem to enjoy sitting on walls and dangling their legs. Perhaps if we had known that the sending of mangoes from Bombay for the royal table was an old-time custom, or that the Rajah would send a large tray full directly we arrived, we should have been more resigned to our fate and discomfort.

By the river-side we found our house-boat and cook-boat waiting, with the boatman and his family salaaming us to the ground.

It was idyllic to sit in front of the house-boat and glide silently through many miles of beautiful white and yellow water-lilies, which grow so plentifully that they are gathered in boat-loads to feed the cattle.

At Sopor we tied up by the river-bank for a meal, and about eight wild dogs came and watched us hungrily. They were very different to the wretched specimens of half-starved creatures commonly called pi-dogs, which one sees so often in the Indian bazaars and Kashmiri villages.

Our uninvited visitors were frightened at the slightest movement, and though they would not make friends, they trusted us enough to eat the food we gave them. I cannot say of what they reminded us most, for in colour and build they were like the sable collie, with the sharp face and bushy tale of the fox, and the sneaking cowardice of the jackal.

They are capable of great devotion, and before we left Kashmir, one, rather like a sheep-dog, grew very attached to my syce and horse; the latter rejoiced in the name of Bā-Sunumé-chó, which I vaguely believed was the Persian for "Beautiful Sweetheart," but discovered that it was only part of a line in the song "Tazah-bā-Tazah," and conveys no sensible meaning at all—but it did not worry him. He was a little country-bred, and when purchasing him, I was told that he had no vice except that of bolting. He was an ugly but very lovable animal, and was sure-footed, good-tempered, and *most* comfortable, and as for bolting—well, I really enjoyed it. Everybody gave me hints on how to break him of his habits, lent special bits, scolded and laughed at me for letting the horse ride me, said



Autumn tints upon the avenue of poplars which runs direct from Baramulla to Srinagar and is twenty-eight miles long.

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it was my fault, but when they rode him just to show me *how*, they said, "You should take the reins like this, and if he attempts to ——" but away went Bà-Sunumé-chó, and all scientific bits and physical efforts to stop him were of no avail. When he was tired or his wind gave out, he slackened down into a trot, and gave me a chance to catch them up, only to be met with such remarks as, "He's absolutely mad! What a *fool* of a horse yours is! It's not safe for a lady to ride him in the hills," and so on. Several men had tried him at polo, and he loved the speed of it, and the polo ground, but thought the rules of the game a nuisance and the ball quite superfluous.

However, he became an ideal hill pony, and did his duty in Kashmir splendidly, and my greatest regret is that in a weak moment I sold him instead of having him destroyed, and naturally dread to think into whose hands he may have fallen.

To return to the subject, however, we called upon the new canine attaché and found him so shy and frightened of us, that he curtailed the interview by sneaking away, so we christened him "Sneaker," which after a while he seemed to thoroughly appreciate, and evidently regarded it as a great compliment. At any rate he quite made friends, ate the food we offered him, and every evening went out with us, dividing his energies between keeping pace with Bà-Sunumé-chó's gallop and seeing that mother did not get lost. But in spite of the dainty food we gave him, the charming names we called him, and the hundred and one other attentions we paid him, he never forgot that it was the syce whom he originally adopted, or *vice-versâ*. How many fair-weather friends among human beings, I wonder, are capable of affection so faithful and utterly devoid of fickleness as that poor Kashmir mongrel?

One night he crossed the river in our boat, but was apparently so frightened at the experience that he jumped out before we reached the other side, scrambled to the bank, and rushed about like something mad. For days we caught glimpses of him rushing about and barking wildly, but by the time we crossed the river he was further up the bank still barking. Sometimes the boatmen said they got quite near him, but there the jackal timidity came out in him, for they could neither catch him or entice him into the boat.

About a week later when the water was very low down, he apparently waded across, and arrived covered with mud, only to find that the horse, syce and tent had moved off during his absence, as they had started on the return journey.

Nothing would comfort him! He would not eat, but sobbed and cried like a little child, with his head resting on a torn piece of the horse's puttee which had been left behind. If we persuaded him to go for a little walk, he would leave us and return to the scent of the souvenir of his departed friends.

* * * * *

FROM A BURIED CITY TO THE VENICE OF THE EAST.

The Wular Lake through which the river runs was quite rough as we began to skirt the lower end of it,

It is thirty miles in circumference, and has an interesting old legend to the effect that it was formed by an earthquake, and swallowed up a wicked city of which Sudrasen was the Rajah, but by reason of the enormity of his crimes the waters of the lake rose up and drowned him and all his subjects.

The Kashmiris told me that God destroyed the city because of the sins of the people, and that on a still calm day, they can see the remains of the ruined architecture at the bottom of the lake, as they do at Port Royal, Jamaica, which was engulfed by an earthquake in 1692.

That a city lies beneath the waters is proved by the recorded fact that images of gods made in solid gold were found near the submerged ruins of a temple, by a diver and brought up.

The natives are terrified of the Wular Lake, and dread the thought of having to cross it. The fact that it is the largest lake in Kashmir—in India for that matter—being seven or eight miles wide in places, and is capable of allowing its placid surface to be ruffled with a storm, added to the legend of the way it rose up without any warning and drowned a wicked city, together with a secret fear that it may take upon itself to vindictively remind them of their own misdeeds, reduces the Kashmiri to a terrible condition of fright.

Sometimes squalls spring up, and fishermen have been known to be blown with their frail flat-bottomed crafts out into the middle of the lake and never heard of again!

When we passed and were punted through, it was done to the accompaniment of wild shouting and what seemed to be fearful language, but was really a frenzied entreaty to the saints to help them safely across. A stormy effect in the evening sky impressed the gruesome story upon my mind, and I took a rough sketch as a memento.

Higher up the river we came to the Manasbal Lake, which is an ideal place for picnics. It is quite small, and every view is charming. At one end is a curious white hill of what seemed to be limestone, which was the only one of its kind I saw in Kashmir.

Later I went upon a delightful sketching expedition with some friends.

A fisherman interested me very much with his method of fishing. He had his boat in the middle of the lake, and sat or stood quietly on the end, holding a long stick with a spike at one end, with which he stabbed any unfortunate fish which happened to be passing on its way to lunch with friends over by the lotus-lily patch. Of course, the fisherman's interference did not prevent it from arriving in time for lunch; the only fortunate part being that it was for somebody else's lunch. Bright blue kingfishers flew over the water and caused sad bereavements among the fish families, as they dived with lightning speed and unerring aim and brought out a slippery victim from the clear water.

The lotus-lilies were splendid, with their great pink blooms and lovely leaves spangled with drops of water shimmering like crystals. I tried to paint them and started out with a stout heart, which one needs to cope with all the difficulties, but I came back grieved and disappointed. Was it the difficulty of the subject, or the thousand and one attractions which stole my attention, or the heat of the



STORMY SCENE FROM THE
WULAR LAKE.

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blazing sun, which was so hot that it positively sent cold shivers through me, or the fact that my host was going ahead without any apparent trouble, which daunted me? I cannot say, but when we arrived under the cool trees for tiffin I felt inclined to cry, when my hostess—one of the sweetest women I ever met—tried to encourage me with kind criticisms. To my crestfallen gaze, those lilies and their mass of leaves looked like anything else in the world but what they were intended to be, but suddenly an innocent compliment came from an unexpected quarter, Her baby grandson pointed with his wee finger at my attempted foreground and said, "Patte" which is the Hindustani for leaves. Joy! O rapture! I at once took a new lease of life and decided not to tear the sketch up after all, for I remembered that Sir Joshua Reynolds often asked the opinion of a little child upon his pictures, as he thought their judgment was neither clouded by policy or prejudice.

After three days we arrived at Srinagar—the Venice of the East. The first view is hardly inviting, for upon a high rock one is confronted with the old fort—Hari Purbat, the Bastille of Kashmir—built by the famous Akbar.

Everything was new to us, and consequently most interesting. The brown wooden houses, propped up with poles and rafters, with their quaint unglazed windows, with sliding blinds or shutters of wooden fretwork, over some of which printed newspapers were pasted to form a useful, if inartistic, screen from the draught, were quite different to anything we had yet seen. The thickly coated mud roofs which afford cool shelter from the heat in summer and warmth from the cold snow in winter, were covered with long grass and flowering weeds.

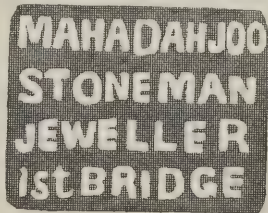
Our progress was heralded by loud shouting from the boatmen, coolies and merchants, and, without doubt, the shouting, dirt, and smells of certain stretches of the river are unequalled and are infinitely more pleasant in retrospect than in actual experience.

Just as the scenery and charm of Kashmir is "unequalled," so the streets and by-ways of Srinagar are unrivalled for smells. Oh, those smells! They were so overpowering that I believe one could both hear and see them.

There is no medical officer of health with unlimited powers to condemn property in this "city of smells." If there were such a being, he would condemn every house right away, then all the owners of the said houses would rise up in a body and condemn him, and he would be no more.

On the right bank we passed the Mosque containing the Shrine erected to the memory of Shah Hamadin, and said to contain his soul. It made rather an effective break among the somewhat ramshackle buildings surrounding it.

All the way through by processions of merchants, their wares, and thrust characters into our hands with their business cards. and whispered into our ears side of the boat was a inferior to their own, which see, how nice," and buy he



KASHMIRI JEWELLER'S BUSINESS CARD.

the city we were pursued who invited us to inspect books full of chits or to read, and presented us. They clung to the windows that the man on the other scamp, and his work was we were invited to "Look! adds to himself. One would

say, "Buy from me, Mem-Sahib, I am cheap John," and another would say, "No, Mem Sahib, he is cheat John." Some boarded the boat, laying out tempting embroideries which made us quite weak-minded, and before our boat had actually stopped we had given orders for embroidery and silver right and left.

We passed beneath several solid-looking wooden bridges, constructed with innumerable huge beams which, despite their solidity, are no match for the occasional torrential floods which, so to speak, sweep all before them. Doubtless all those bridges have now been substituted for metal ones, after the pattern of the first one built near the Maharajah's Palace.

Apart from their ordinary duties they serve to indicate the business localities on the river, which, so far as I remember, did not boast of special names, so that instead of getting mixed up with half a dozen names as one can between Piccadilly Circus and South Kensington, one finds the localities follow in a sequence of numbers.

If a merchant wished you to visit his shop, or "esharp" as he pronounced it, which was beyond the first or second bridge as the case might be, all you had to do was to tell your boatmen to take you in that direction, and the shop-keeper did the rest by rushing down to the water's edge, gesticulating and calling to attract your attention, and incidentally, scrimmaging with a crowd of would-be rivals.

Beyond the city on the left bank is the Munshi Bagh, or Henley of the River Jhelum, and there we tied up our boats and remained for some weeks, just opposite the club. The following year the said club was washed away by a great flood, which caused unutterable suffering and loss of life to the poor natives. Hundreds of their houses crumbled into the water, starvation and sickness following as the natural course of events.

There is another more beautiful and shady place called the "Chenar Bagh," or "Chenar Gardens," which the guide-book tells us is reserved exclusively for a bachelors' camping-ground, and, however much tempted by its beauty, ladies are not expected to tie up their boats there, which shows that the bachelors are both selfish and unsociable.

Once, on returning from a picnic in the Dhal Lake, we had to go through the Chenar Bagh, as the canal was dried up owing to the dry season. I do not quite know what we expected to see, but we imagined it would be very gay, and would ring with shouts of merriment; instead of which we saw dismal-looking bachelors sitting in gloomy solitude in their boats and looking bored to death. So bored indeed did they appear with their own society, that the sight of a picnic party enjoying itself seemed to quite cheer them up and give them something to think about.

The last time we saw it was in the beginning of November, when the autumn tints were at the height of their brilliance. The chenars turn bright red like the maple-trees of Canada, while the poplars become golden. It is well worth while for anyone to stay late in the season in order to see these bright colours against the blue sky, with peaks of snow mountains shining through the gaps in the trees.

The leaf of the chenar-tree is the national emblem for Kashmir, and the



THE MANASBAL LAKE.

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Kashmiris copy it in their artistic designs for embroidery, silver, wood carving, &c. The trees themselves are enormous, affording dense shade from the blazing sun which is a wonderful example of the law of compensation, as, during the summer months the heat of the mid-day sun is terrific.

* * * * *

REMINISCENCES—PLEASANT AND OTHERWISE.

Beyond the city on the left bank stands the Maharajah's Palace, a rambling building of no particular style of architecture, but nothing else would look to better advantage than it does, with its glittering temple dome covered with copper gilt, like the famous Golden Temple of Amritsar.

Before leaving Murree, we were given a kind introduction to His Highness Sir Pratab Singh, G.C.S.I., the Maharajah of Kashmir, who was very kind and invited us to the Palace. We were received in a long room which overlooked the river, and extended almost the entire length of the new building. His Highness seemed most interested in a large Italian cameo my mother was wearing, and at length asked the interpreter to find out if it was the family coat of arms, and when he was told it was a carved sea-shell he was *most* surprised.

He had sent us an invitation to the fête given to commemorate the Coronation of King Edward VII., but owing to the sudden illness of his Majesty, this was of course postponed.

He also lent me a beautiful white Arab, the delight of riding which I shall never forget. The same was afterwards lent to the late Lady Curzon, whose death was as sudden as it was sad. She was the most lovely woman I have ever seen, and of her one can truly say, "She was a woman of beautiful countenance and good understanding."

We were much impressed by the courtesy of these oriental Princes. Both the Maharajah and his brother, General Rajah Sir Amar Singh, K.C.S.I., heartily welcome all comers, and are keenly interested in all Western civilisation, science, and, in fact, anything for the advancement of the welfare of the country. It is quite startling to see electric light in the Rajah's grounds.

The little 'Mian-Sahib—son of Rajah Sir Amar Singh—had an English governess, who gave him kindergarten lessons, and though he had only been learning English for six months, he both wrote and spoke well. I have a little letter of his now, and some paintings, which are astonishingly good for a child of his years. He used often to come and see us in our house-boat, and we became quite good friends.

Whenever the shikara passed our house-boat the boatmen gave us a royal salute, which consisted of clanking their heart-shaped paddles in unison against the edge of the boat. The shikara, by-the-bye, is the "gondola" of Srinagar, though by no means so artistic in appearance. According to the rank of the owner the number of oarsmen increases, the highest number so far as I remember being twenty-five for the Maharajah's boat.

One day I went to the Palace for a Hindu tiffin. The table groaned (that is the usual word I believe) with all kinds of sweetmeats, and before me, in about a dozen little silver pots, were different kinds of vegetables mixed with dhal, or stock from vegetables. The Mian-Sahib, who had asked permission to be in the room, watched me with great interest. He seemed bewildered, and regarded me very much as a child watches the feeding of the parrots at the Zoo.

At length he said, "Oh, Miss Parbury, why don't you eat it with your fingers? It is *so* much nicer."

He was a typical child and very intelligent, and was interested in everything. One day, while calling with his governess upon us in the house-boat, he asked what was in some cupboards. "Stores," I said. "Oh! bring them all out," he implored. This we did, but alas! we came across some cakes covered with pink sugar, just the very thing to delight the soul of a boy of seven. His eyes danced, and after wrestling with his shyness, he gasped out "Oh! I *should* like one!" I told him I should like to give him one, but it would never do for a little Hindu boy to eat a Miss Sahib's cakes for fear of the "Evil Eye." After a moment's hesitation, he said, "But couldn't we draw the curtains?" However, we put the cakes away, and he soon forgot them in the joy of his first experience of a paint-box.

The "Evil Eye" seems to be a thing not to be trifled with, and though he was allowed to see me eat I was not permitted to watch him, but fortunately I had learned the seriousness of it on one of my visits from his governess, otherwise I might have committed a great crime.

As my shikara was pulled up near the steps, a childish voice hailed me from an upper window, and, looking up, I saw the little Mian-Sahib apparently eating something. When later he bounded into the verandah, I asked if he had enjoyed his tiffin. The governess at once appeared shocked, and asked if he was not afraid of the "Evil Eye," but he replied, "I was so far above that I did not think it could reach me all that way up."

He came specially to tell me what he would wear as Lord Curzon's (or was it Lady Curzon's?) train-bearer at the Delhi Durbar. A blue satin coat, white satin trousers, and pearls worth three lakhs of rupees, or about £20,000. How lucky there were no Nadir Shahs about!

These visits caused all the merchants to ask exorbitant prices for their wares, as they argued that we must be Bura-Memsahibs, because we knew the Rajah Sahib and received visits from Mian-Sahib.

As salesmen they are quite remarkable. Time is no object to them, and they will sit down outside your window for a whole afternoon calmly waiting your sanction to undo their bundles. They will not take "no" for an answer, and usually succeed in making you buy something, either to get rid of them, or because you cannot resist their fascinating merchandise.

We often used to think how weird it would be if every merchant in London were to carry on his business in this way. Fancy drawing up your blinds one morning to find that Maple had already deposited a van load of furniture outside your very house, and was sitting patiently awaiting your appearance.



The Maharajah's Palace in the
"Venice of the East."

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He was a typical child and very intelligent, and was interested in everything. I saw him sitting with his governess upon us in the house, but he asked what was in some cupboards. "Stores," I said. "Oh! bring them all out," he implored. This we did, but alas! we came across some cakes covered with pink sugar, just the very thing to delight the soul of a boy of seven. His eyes danced, and after wrestling with his shyness, he gasped out "Oh! I *should* like one!" I told him I should like to give him one, but it would never do for a little Hindu boy to eat a Miss Sahib's cakes for fear of the "Evil Eye." After a moment's hesitation, he said, "But couldn't we draw the curtains?" However, we put the cakes away, and he soon forgot them in the joy of his first experience of a paint-box.

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We often used to think how weird it would be if every merchant in London were to carry on his business in this way. Fancy drawing up your blinds one morning and finding your window already deposited with a great load of merchandise, and your very house, and was sitting patiently awaiting your appearance.



Upon opening the door you would find the threshold strewn with modern jewellery and precious stones which a Bond Street jeweller was carefully laying out for your benefit. Looking over his shoulder scornfully would be Christie with some real old curiosities for the Mem-Sahib; while hurrying along to the same spot emissaries from all the other shops were bringing their respective wares and handicrafts.

They arrange their goods on the river-bank and wait for hours, even days, for the possibility of seeing your stern attitude waver. If once they see the slightest flicker of interest in your eye, it is fatal, for they wait much as a lion waits for a sign of fear in the tamer's eye in order to pounce upon him.

They fail utterly to see what reason you can possibly have for not wishing to buy things for which you have no use.

They regard you in wonderment and decide to treat you with long-suffering patience, for they feel convinced that whether you are mean or merely mad, you must be coaxed and humoured out of your present mood.

In one respect at least are they superior to our Western salesmen. They never raise their eyebrows and say, "Oh, we *never* keep it now, it is quite out of date," if you ask them for something new, of which they have never heard. No, there's a chance of doing business and getting a new idea.

Their work is very artistic, as they copy nature in their art, and use chenar-leaves, iris and lotus flowers in their designs, which are *perfect*. There were days when we were made perfectly ill with these tradesmen, some of them invading our dining-room, and the only way to get rid of them was to buy something. After we had paid them they would clamour for baksheesh, and were particularly delighted with a tablet of Sunlight soap, which was a matter for wonderment, for they certainly do not use it in the ordinary way so we rather wondered if they ate it.

They generally carry chits written by former visitors, expressing their opinion of the merchandise and the vendor. One of them passed me a chit without having the least idea what it contained. A dissatisfied purchaser had written, "This is the greatest thief and scoundrel generally that I have ever met." Another recommended himself highly, and ended by saying, "All Sahibs buy from me, my name is 'Suffering Moses.'" I felt inclined to call myself "Suffering Florence" by the time he had finally packed up his things and left me the dazed possessor of several things I did not want.

One man who sold curios, said to come from Ladakh, recommended one piece by saying, "Buy this, Mem-Sahib, it is real imitation."

The great scheme is to wheedle you into letting them show you their goods, for they know you will buy; but remember that "He who hesitates is lost," and if you hover between accepting and declining their generous offer to "Only look—see, *don't* buy Mem-Sahib, then perhaps 'nother time Mem-Sahib give order," you will wish you had taken heed of the Kashmir proverb, "To say 'yes' is worth fifty rupees, but to say 'no' is worth a lakh of rupees."

The moral of it is excellent, and with regard to Kashmir tradesmen is equally truthful when reversed.

ALAS ! ALACK-A-DAY.

When he was sure that *no* meant *no*,
The salesman sadly turned to go ;
For he had set himself to seize
Quite fifty of my good rupees.

I found him on the river-bank,
Oh, then my heart within me sank !
For well I knew his plea would be,
“ Don’t *buy*, Miss-Sahib, but only *see* ! ”

He haunted me for many days,
Till I was weary of his ways :
Said he, “ ’Tis worth my while to try
To make the Miss-Sahib *see* and *buy*. ”

At length I yielded and said “ Yes,”
His cleverness you ne’er could guess !
He coaxed and teased until I bought
The things, the sale of which he sought.

Though anger did my thoughts disturb,
Un jeu de mots I could not curb ;
Though of rupees I *had* no lakh,
I found he left me *with* a lack.

F. P.

The Kashmir shawls or “esharle” as they call them, are a great feature of the country. The soft fabrics are made from the long silky fur of the goats, which are very large and of various colours, black, white, brown, fawn, and grey. We used to meet them in the hills and valleys in flocks of a hundred or so. Their ears were very long and gave them a highly respectable appearance. The expression of their curious eyes made them look very *blasé*, and as we passed they looked at each other with a look of infinite boredom, and appeared to be saying, “ Dear, dear, what a lot of globe-trotters there are this summer ! ”

* * * * *

“ Not to-day ! When then ?
To-morrow is no day. ”

Old Kashmir Proverb.

To-morrow ! Oh, that will-o’-the-wisp of a word ! How it fools and misleads us, and what thousands of opportunities are lost, promises unfulfilled and hearts broken through that elusive word.

Every day we put off a visit to the Shalimar Bagh, because it was too hot, or the distance too far, or for some other trivial excuse. There was always “ to-morrow ” ahead of us, but upon one occasion we nearly succeeded in fulfilling the promise of the day before, and got half-way across the lake, when suddenly our boatmen said they could not do the distance without extra assistance, as it was too hot.



THE RAJASTHANI SHIKARA.

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There was not much chance of getting extra aid where we were, so once again the certainty of to-day was swamped in the possibility of to-morrow.

I well remember, however, a picnic at the Nishat Bagh, where everything was delightfully arranged; but with an unfortunate memory for both faces and names, alas, I cannot remember who was the host, but where the memory fails hopelessly in one place, even to the extent of provoking indignation among those into whose faces I stare without the vaguest recognition, still it is bright to a marvellous degree in other ways. For while I forget faces and names, I remember every act of kindness, even the characteristics, voices, and conversations of people I meet.

It was so hard to talk in such surroundings! The glamour of the place sent one's mind a few centuries back into the past; imaginary figures seemed to flit across the sweeping lawns, and in fancy one heard the jingle of anklets and bangles, the sound of light laughter, and distant music, and then a voice quite near would say, "Two lumps or one?" and one would return with a jerk to the picnic and tea.

As we left the pleasure gardens, both sky and water seemed ablaze with golden splendour in a most wonderful sunset across the lotus lake.

"Oh! to see it at sunset, when warm o'er the lake
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws."

Moore.

There always seemed to be something missing in that most beautiful and romantic place in the world, the Dhal Lake, on the shores of which are the gardens and summer-houses, with all their cascades and grottoes, of those royal picnic makers of three hundred years ago.

While marvelling at their marble tombs and palaces which stand in Agra, Delhi, and Lahore, we never dreamt of coupling those unrivalled architectural masterpieces with ought save history, in which fair romance is ever scouted, and we never realised that these were the living and resting places of Lalla Rookh's reputed ancestors. I admit I was ignorant—but then the others must have been equally so—or far less romantic, or else surely they would have enlightened us?

To be sure, though we heard her name mentioned once or twice in an off-hand way, and an occasional remark such as, "Oh, Kashmir? That's the place Thomas Moore wrote about in 'Lalla Rookh,' isn't it?" but we never met anyone who talked of it there or carried a copy of the poem, even though native people know and sing the romance of "Lalla Rookh."

In these days of hard cold facts, the folk-lore and romantic legends of our childhood are all swept away, either by learned people, or the scoffers of life, who believe only in what they see, and leave no room for romance.

But where is the interest of old ruined forts unless one can picture a battle, deeds of heroism, and scenes of gallant rescues outside its walls? What is the use of being shown the secret doors and hiding-places in old country houses, unless the story of the thrilling escape of a fugitive Cavalier from the Roundheads or *vice-versâ*, can give colour to the scene? Surely half the charm of Haddon

Hall would be gone if one could not imagine Dorothy Vernon slipping away from the crowded ballroom, stealing across the terrace and lawns to the appointed spot, where John Manners was waiting with the steed to carry her off to Gretna Green! The catacombs outside Rome would be just a series of subterranean passages, but for all the stories of the Christians living there for safety from their cruel persecutors.

To have pictured Nur Mahal, "The Light of the Harem," on the lake and in the pleasure gardens she and her beloved Jehangir had taken such joy in laying out, adds a note of romance which in these days seems lacking.

For the same reason we would like very much to have pictured the meeting of Aurungzebe and the King of Bokhara in Kashmir, just as history describes their visit, and added Moore's romance of the wedding of their son and daughter, Aliris and Lalla Rookh, as a final touch of colour to the gorgeous picture.

I tremble to think what *some* clever people will say to this confession, but, just as they cannot appreciate the addition of unreliable romance to historic facts, I cannot appreciate mere history, cold and hard, without a pretty romance attached.

Therefore we are doubly sorry to have missed seeing, both for its historic and romantic interest, the Shalimar Bagh. *Of all things* we ought not to have missed seeing this Trianon of the Moguls, which derives its name from Shále, the house or abode, and Már the name of the Hindu goddess of love, while Bagh means garden.

Talking of gardens reminds me of another disappointment. One so often spoils a reality by anticipation, and we had looked forward so much to the "floating gardens" in the Dhal Lake, that we were bound to get a severe blow. I had a notion that they would be lovely flower-plots skimming about the lake, having picnic parties of their own, and that one could have no end of fun chasing a squadron of them across the lake as they were caught by a breeze and carried off unawares. We thought that we should be able to boat-hook a passing garden, land and have tea, while it sailed about on its own account.

The "floating gardens" do not float, hence the name! As a matter of fact it is just as well they do not; they are usually composed of dank herbage which is too putrid to sink. The native nurserymen keep it stationary by securely pinning it with large stakes into the mud at the side of the lake. Upon this they grow vegetable marrows, chillis, cabbages and so forth. Isn't that a prosaic awakening to one's dreams?

As we skimmed over the lake and drank into our minds its rare beauties, so calm was its surface that it was like a mirror, reflecting the hills around till the reflection appeared stronger than the reality.

Under the clear still water, now close to the surface, now far beneath us, was a veritable fairyland of aquatic plants. There seemed to be two worlds—one above the lake and one below—and I used to find myself thinking of fairies. Yes! think of it!

The romance of the lake had enwound my imagination, yet there was a missing link, and I suppose I began thinking of fairies just as an Irishman at Glendalough told me he often saw them at night. We were both "old enough to know better," but we let fancy leave reason behind just as little children do.



Autumn tints in the "Chenar Bagh" or "Chenar Garden."

REMINISCENCES OF OUR JOURNEY IN THE LAND OF LALLA ROOKH.

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Since writing the above confession it has been comforting to find other people have found fairylands in Kashmir. One traveller, a grown up man, too, wrote:—

“ . . . It was the season of spring, when the trees, the apple, pear, peach, apricot, cherry, and mulberry, bore a variegated load of blossom. The clusters also of the red and white rose, with an infinite class of flowering shrubs, presented a view so gaily decked, that no extraordinary warmth of imagination was required to fancy that I stood at least on a province of fairyland.”

We passed through miles of pink lotus-lilies, and while gathering armfuls of them, their great leaves formed a perfect ambush for our shikara.

The heavy scent seemed to create a drowsiness, and one could well believe that lotus-eaters might sleep and dream their lives away with nought save happy dreams.

Sir Edwin Arnold describes this beautiful plant thus:—

“Wandering through the country in the fierce heat of the mid-day sun, I stumbled unexpectedly on a bed of lotus, and I gazed for the first time on this lovely flower growing in black mud, as a symbol of purity, like ‘a man of stainless honour in a wicked world;’ such exquisite tender colours, such perfection of form, such stately grace of growth, set round with mighty and shapely leaves, with their under colouring pale blue, which seems in the sunlight to reflect the heavens. It is no wonder that religion has placed the lotus on the highest pinnacle of its symbolism. The beautiful pencilling of the veins on the petals seems to have been a fount of inspiration for the old Buddhist artists. In the early morning the rising sun receives a royal salute of welcome from a hundred and one opening buds.”

They raise their proud, beautiful heads high above their leaves, as though to proclaim to the world their historic fame, and reminded us of Thomas Moore’s words:—

“The lake, too, like a garden breathes,
With the rich buds that o’er it lie,
As if a shower of fairy wreaths
Had fallen upon ‘it from the sky.”

The blue variety of this lovely flower, the most revered in all the world, was the national and religious emblem for ancient Egypt; while her blushing sister, the pink lotus, is to-day the national emblem for India, and is to be found upon the rupee blended with the English Rose.

It was revered by the Japanese, Assyrians, and Persians; and for hundreds of years has figured in art, tradition and mythology.

Its uses are many, for it is both useful and ornamental, and unlike any other vegetable can be eaten at four different stages of its growth.

At feasts, whilst the flowers are used for decorations, the leaves are used as plates, and the natives have a neat way of winding the stem around the leaf, thus forming a drinking cup.

When very young it can be cut and cooked like asparagus, and when in bloom the flower is sometimes fried in butter like an artichoke.

When the seeds begin to form in the pod they become a delicious kind of scented nut, and when ripened they are ground into flour for cakes. The ancient Egyptians, when planting the lotus, placed the seed, which resembles an acorn, in

chopped straw or mud and cast it into the Nile. Perhaps it is from this old-time custom we get the proverb, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." The number of ways in which it can be utilised gives some idea of the quantities in which it grows.

The Takht-i-Suleiman, or Throne of Solomon, standing a thousand feet high, is a wonderful landmark, and for many miles in all directions can be seen, with its ancient Temple upon the summit, looking like a sentinel keeping silent watch over Srinagar by night and day.

On the summit is a Buddhist Temple, built by Jaloka, the son of Asoka, who reigned about 220 B.C. Part of it was turned into a mosque at the time of the first invasion of Kashmir by the Mohammedans about 1015 A.D., at least so Bernier says.

We asked a native, who spoke English well, if there was any interesting legend in connection with it. He straightway rolled off the following romance, but whether it is commonly known, or invented on the spur of the moment for our benefit, I cannot say.

The story ran thus :—

Long years ago, a Prince of Kashmir, who was renowned for beauty and wealth, was anxious to be married. However, it was not so easy a thing to do as one might imagine, for there were so many suitable brides that he could not make up his mind which to select. Their charms seemed equal, and, poor youth, he was susceptible. Yet, for some reason or other, he could not, or would not, marry them all. When almost in despair over the matter, a great idea dawned upon him. He decided to sit at the top of the Takht-i-Suleiman and let them all race up to him. The winner of this "Grand National" would at least exceed in one quality her rivals—she would have stronger lungs. Thus his difficulty was solved. I should like to have heard that they "got married and lived happily ever after, and the band played," but my story-teller did not seem very sure over the result of the experiment. This annoyed me. But, after all, he was not an eye-witness, so it was perhaps rather trying of me to be so exacting with regard to details.

This Prince seems to have been much like the modern youth who wrote :—

"Of all the lovely girls I've seen,
You are the beauteous Queen ;
But there are so many others, dear,
That I have never seen !"

Forster describes the Takht-i-Suleiman thus :—

"A detached hill on which some devout Mohammedan had dedicated a temple to the great King Solomon, whose memory in Kashmir is held in profound veneration. The legends of the country assert that Solomon visited this valley, and finding it covered, except the eminence now mentioned, with noxious water which had no outlet, he opened a passage in the mountains and gave to Kashmir its beautiful fertile plains."

Baramulla is said by the Kashmiris to be the place where he rent the mountains



The Takht-i-Suleiman or Throne of
Solomon. Seen from the Lake,

"The lake, too, like a garden breathes,
With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—
As if a shower of fairy wreaths
Had fallen upon it from the sky!"



and made a passage for the water which had from the beginning of time floated on their plains.

In Major James Rennell's "Memoir of a Map of Hindoostan, or the Mogul Empire," I found the following:—

"The Cashmerian History named the lake Satty-Sirr, and adds that Kushup led a colony of Bramins to inhabit the valley after the waters had subsided."

* * * * *

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE AND THEIR METHODS.

Dow's "History of Hindostan," vol. 1, page 41.

"The Kingdom of Cashmere may be reckoned as a terrestrial paradise. It is entirely enclosed with high mountains which separate India from Tartary; insomuch, that there is no entrance on any side, but over rocks of a prodigious height. It consists, in a manner, of one valley of surprising fertility and beauty. The air is temperate and charming, it is neither visited with scorching heat nor the vicissitude of extreme cold. A thousand little springs which issue on all sides from the mountains form there a fine river, which, after watering the plains of this delightful country, falls down rocks of an astonishing height into the river Indus. The inhabitants are astonishingly handsome, and the women especially, enchantingly beautiful. The Cashmerians, moreover, are extremely ingenious, and carry the arts of civil life to high perfection. Their beauty, in short, says a Persian author, makes them appear to be of divine race, and their charming country furnishes them with the life of gods."

As regards the appearance of the Kashmiris of to-day, some are possessed of finely chiselled features and a somewhat Grecian type of face. Some indeed are very handsome; but the astonishingly handsome and enchantingly beautiful national type is apparently as dead as the Persian author in question. Of course after reading some of the descriptions of the inhabitants one is apt to forget that the lapse of a few centuries, the ravages of invasions, pestilences, and terrible oppression and poverty, must needs alter the physical characteristics of nations. If one expects on arriving in Srinagar, to find the odiferous banks of the river lined with divine creatures, one is liable to get a shock.

At school we learned that when the Romans, after their invasion of our country, took some English children over to sell as slaves in the market-place in Rome, everyone was struck with their extreme beauty, fair skins and golden hair, and said, upon hearing that they were called Angles—"Angels, not Angles."

Yet, if a Roman of to-day read that description and landed in a London Dock hoping to see on every side people of angelic fairness, I am thinking he would doubt the veracity of the statements of his forefathers.

A foreigner describes the typical Englishman thus:—"Big, broad-shouldered, fair-haired, and blue-eyed"; but the average bottle-shouldered, weedy, cigarette-smoking, sickly youth one so often sees, would disappoint anyone who arrived in the anticipation of finding every Englishman a healthy young giant.

A propos, a cousin of mine married a Frenchman, whose six feet five inches made him conspicuous in Paris, but he looked forward with great enthusiasm to his first visit to London, where he felt he would pass unnoticed in the streets.

Imagine therefore his intense surprise on finding, while searching for the huge physiques he had expected to see everywhere, that everyone turned to look at him!

Is it a question of the type having died out, or that the standard of the type was created from a few perfect specimens?

It is surprising to see how quickly types will alter. We have only need to look at the pictures of our great-grandmothers to notice the vast change among ourselves. Those sweet, little ultra-refined women would have doubtless fainted right away in spite of the ever-handly "Vinegarettes," burnt feathers, and so forth, had they been permitted a glimpse into the future and seen their great-granddaughters riding bicycles, playing hockey, or sitting with cigarettes between their lips in the smoking-rooms of their clubs, instead of making samplers by day and eloping to Gretna Green by night, as they did in the "good old days."

Ah, me! Those dear, loving little creatures and veritable Empire builders are becoming extinct, and more is the pity of it. Of course, most of us would not wish to change our freedom for their somewhat dull existence, but for all that, is the change an improvement?

The men and women of Kashmir wear a universal costume; it is a kind of loose frock, which hangs straight from the shoulders and reaches to about five to six inches above the ankles. The legendary origin of the dressing alike of both sexes is a quaint one. When Akbar conquered Kashmir, the inhabitants were not a trained, military people themselves, and left the towns and villages unprotected against the invading army. Akbar, who was a great fighter, despised them for showing the white feather, and said that men who showed such cowardice were not fit to wear the clothes of men, and issued a command that they were henceforth to don the garb of women. Ever since then their costumes have apparently never changed.

The same story is told in connection with the invasion of Alexander the Great, though history does not, I believe, record Kashmir as one of his conquered provinces. There is rather a big lapse of years between the reigns of Alexander and Akbar, but as they both were great warriors and mighty Emperors, I thought I would credit them both with the very masculine, and for that matter, feminine sentiment against cowards.

The natives of India and Kashmir are noted for their extravagant compliments, and address their letters in wonderful language. My syce addressed me as "Honnnnnored Sir." On one occasion they presented a petition to a judge, which concluded with, "If your Lordship will grant us our petition we will for ever pray for you to Almighty God—a gentleman whom your honour very much resembles."

Another Indian wrote, "You have been very good and kind to me; may God Almighty give you tit-for-tat."

On one occasion they presented a petition to my brother, which concluded with, "To-morrow we will prostrate ourselves at your Lordship's golden feet."

My mother, who has a reverence for those who inherit the sublime instincts of an ancient race, and in our travels gleans all that she can of the people we meet,

often expressed admiration for the Northern Indians with their picturesque appearance, natural quiet dignity and salaams. We seemed to be meeting daily the old-world people of the Bible—Boaz with the reapers, Joseph and his brethren, and Joseph with Mary and the child riding upon an ass.

It is said these Indian people have stood still for a thousand years and never progressed. They use the same old yokes of oxen, implements, and plough-shares.

Yet they are most interesting. Here I will quote some of their oldest Hindu proverbs, translated from the Sanscrit :—

“Bow only to truth. Truth is the final way. Truth is eternal. Truth is the highest sacrifice, for all is founded on and upheld by truth. Truth is the name of that which is unperishing, unchanging, eternal.”

The Sikhs have also a proverb—“Truth is like the turban, it is beautiful upon the head.”

There are several Kashmir proverbs also, which exhort one to cultivate the finer instincts :—

“O, good man, do good, the wicked will receive his deserts.”

“God is pleased with good people.”

“A deceiver deceives himself.”

There are two more proverbs of this country which are applicable to all other nations :—

“All men show the blind man the way, but nobody can show the man without understanding.”

“He who is gentle is a gentleman.”

Some of these proverbs have also been gleaned by the Rev. J. Hinton Knowles, F.R.G.S., M.R.A.S., who was a missionary to the Kashmiris, and collected the folk-lore of the valley. His book is full of interesting details, and those who care for old-world ideas cannot do better than read his “Kashmiri Proverbs—from the Folk-lore of the Valley.”

I must not forget to mention the noble and good work of Dr. Neve, with his hospital for the poor Kashmiris. The following amusing story was told to us of a Kashmiri who was ill in the hospital for several weeks, and during that time Dr. Neve provided for the sick man's wife and family. When the man recovered and had to leave, he wept because he was not paid for the *time* that he was lying ill in the hospital. There is also Mr. Biscoes' good school for the young men.

It is said that “Good men's deeds shall live beyond our ken.”

* * * * *

CHIVALRY—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

It is very sad to see the women so oppressed; they work harder than the men and are like slaves. At Mohammedan religious functions the men only take part, as, according to the teachings of Mohammed, the women have no souls.

There is an Arab story of a caravan crossing the desert when the heat was so great that both man and beast collapsed, and could not muster up enough energy to cover the extra two miles to the place where they would find water and shade. Without the former they could not continue their journey, and without the latter they could not remain where they were. They discussed the matter languidly, and

then—to continue in the words of the story—"One of them which was wise arose and said, 'Shall we not send the women that are tethered with the camels to fetch the water?'" This is typical of the treatment of women all over India.

A baby girl is very much in the way, and as in our own country for some unknown reason, the birth of a son is always heralded with joy, though no one ever seems to know why this should be the case. Perhaps it began through sympathy, who knows?

The prayer of a North American Indian woman was, "Let not my child be a girl, for very sad is the life of a woman."

Maybe, the women of the East felt so sorry for themselves that they, too, did not wish their children to be girls. And so for generations the desire has continued until now the baby girl is of no account.

In some parts of India, Madras especially, women are simply beasts of burden, and it is pitiful to see them carrying great loads on their heads.

The following will show how little is thought of the weaker sex in Madras.

One day we went out to choose a piano, and as it was a full-size grand, quite naturally expected it would be sent out by a bullock waggon, more especially as the distance was about six miles. However, the following day, in the full glare of the mid-day sun, round the bend of the drive appeared the piano carried upon the heads of women. To be sure, there were two men, but they came to superintend, give orders and shout.

When I exhibited sympathy for these unfortunate women coolies and paid double their due, they accepted with avidity, but stared with astonishment at what they evidently thought to be a mad Miss-Sahib. The bearer looked annoyed, and the ayah said, "What for Missie giving so much to coolie women? Missie, done give it too much."

We were particularly struck, during the first few weeks of our visit, by seeing men walking empty-handed along the road, while their wives followed, carrying all the necessary burdens for the journey. Of course, there are gilded exceptions here and there.

Little girls of two or three years are made to work in various way. We saw one little girl, not more than *four* years old, take a shikara across the river to meet her father. Mid-way it stuck on a mud-bank; she lifted her little skirt, stepped into the water, and after great efforts got the boat off, jumped in again, and continued her journey, amid cheers from her family.

In studying different nations, it is interesting to note that in every case where the women are crushed, the nation falls and never progresses. When the woman's soul is crushed the "spirit" of a nation is dead. It still goes on existing, but attains nothing. Of course, many of the Eastern nations were in the zenith of their fame long before ours was ever heard of, but with their success and grandeur, came in nearly all cases, a contempt for women and a laxity of that high moral standing which had, in most cases, built the fine characters who carried these Empires through times of distress, war, and famine to ultimate success.

Some of the old Hindu proverbs in favour of women are very good, and here I will quote some extracts from the translation of the "Mahabharata"—an ancient epic.



KASHMIRI WOMEN OF
TO-DAY.

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Some of the old Hindu proverbs in favour of women are very good. The translation of the "Matsya Purana" is as follows:



"Women must be honoured and adorned by their fathers, brothers, husbands, and brothers-in-law, who desire welfare."

"When the female relatives live in grief, the family perishes utterly, but that family in which they are happy, prospers ever."

"The house in which female relatives, not being duly honoured, pronounce a curse, perishes completely, as if destroyed by magic."

Napoleon's saying, that "The hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world," has a vast amount of truth in it. When in the East, one realises how important a part in the welfare of a nation the mothers play, or *ought* to play. But if they are trained from their earliest childhood to regard themselves practically as slaves and of no importance, how can they train their sons to have respect for women, without which they can have no ideals?

It is true that ideals are often shattered to pieces, and lie scattered at one's feet, but it is the ardent desire to attain them be they of religion, love, patriotism, victory in war, or in any other state of life, that has made men do, dare, or die in accomplishing great deeds.

Man is woman's superior mentally and physically. The Creator of all things built man with the strength to fight and the physique to be brave and face the stern conflict of life, and to do the rough and heavy duties thereof without danger. Woman's physical weakness and suffering accentuate her spirituality and intuition, which, being her strongest characteristics, were evidently intended to assist men in their enterprise.

* * * * *

The natives are very fond of a Timasha or fête, where they wear gorgeous clothes and sprinkle scent upon each other, and in Kashmir they often celebrate great occasions by a trip on the river.

On one occasion we heard the beating of drums and strains of music skimming past our house-boat, and on looking out saw a boat-load of men in brilliant costumes. Our bearer told us it was a wedding party going up the river for three days, and pointed out the young bridegroom, sitting in state in the middle of the boat, dressed in orange silk. We asked where the bride was, and he told us she was left at home. It seems rather a one-sided sort of a honeymoon, when the bridegroom goes away and thoroughly enjoys himself with his friends, while the bride remains at home. It must be so very cheerful for her! As a rule the man does not see his future wife before the marriage, all arrangements being made by the parents, but as it is more of a business affair than a love-match, probably this does not matter much.

One evening, while out for a ramble, we came upon a kind of mud building lighted up with little lamps to look like Earl's Court, and found a wedding was about to take place.

Further on we met the blind-folded bridegroom being led by his mother and father. He appeared to be objecting strongly, and kept stopping and crying in the road, until his mother boxed his ears soundly, and then he went like a lamb. A few minutes later we heard the piercing shrieks of a girl who evidently was not at all keen to be married, so we came to the conclusion that his parents had

some cows, while hers owned the fields in which the cows grazed, and they could not come to terms, so married off their children in order to amalgamate and settle everything to everybody's satisfaction, except unfortunately, the principal characters.

The music at these gay scenes usually goes on for hours into the early morning, and consists of much thrumming of drums. I remember our ayah down country, asked us to write to the hotel manager to get permission for native musicians to play in the compound to celebrate her daughter's wedding, and upon being asked how long it would go on, she replied, "Only till four in the morning, Miss Sahib." Only!

In Indian music there is much beating of time upon the drum, especially at wedding-feasts. We often thought that the bride received brass cooking-pots as gifts, and these were solemnly beaten for half the night to celebrate the joyous event.

* * * * *

"A SOUL WITHOUT MUSIC IS AS A BIRD WITHOUT WINGS,"

Plato.

Quite the best native band we heard in India was the Maharajah's own. It was under the direction of an English bandmaster, and was excellent. The last time we heard it, was, as it was leaving Kashmir on its way to the Delhi Durbar, and as it went, we heard, fading away into the distance, the famous Indian March, "Zuk-men-dil" (Within my heart). We found it very difficult, to glean any national music, because only the paid musicians sing or play. The ordinary people never seem to dream of singing and it is considered very wrong for a woman to raise her voice in song; in fact, no self-respecting woman would ever think of doing anything so improper and forward.

The dearth of music nowadays is most probably due to the tyranny of Aurungzebe, who, as already has been stated, hated music, and regarded it as a nasty noise. He commanded all musicians to cease their efforts and ordered rigorous punishment for those who broke this rule. It is said, that upon hearing they were forbidden to sing, the musicians formed a long procession and marched under the window, and Aurungzebe, looking out, asked what all the fuss was about. Thinking to touch his hard nature to some sense of feeling for their grief at being deprived of their joy and solace, they cried out, "Music is dead, and we bring her funeral procession for you to see." Aurungzebe's reply was heartless to a degree, for he said, "Then bury her deep that she may make no more noise."

This throws more significance into the following words written by Captain Willard, in 1834, "In Hindustan, music arrived at its greatest height during the flourishing period of the native princes before the Mohamedan Conquest."

The most ancient Hindu music is found in the Vedas, and dates from about 1500 B.C., though opinions as to this date vary. It is said to have been systematic and refined, as they regarded music as an immediate gift from God.

There is an old record of a certain foolish King of Kashmir, who annoyed his people because he "gave two elephants to a musician who played charmingly upon the drum, and not content with doing this, he actually gave him a whole lakh of rupees without flinching."

For a King to give a present without making a fuss, is apparently rather a matter to be remarked upon, for Jehangir says he gave Nur-Mahal seven millions without a *murmur*.

The music of "Tázah-ba-Tázah" attributed to this famous Empress, I have tried to reproduce with an English accompaniment. The Persian words, in Latin characters, were kindly written out by Sirdar Ali Ahmed Khan, whose mother and sister we were taken to call upon in Pindi, where they lived for political reasons. If I remember rightly, his mother was aunt of the present Amir of Afghanistan, and her son was in consequence a cousin, with a cousinly claim to the throne, which so far as I recollect caused much friction, and bore out the old Kashmir proverb:—

"There is no love lost between cousins."

They were very kind and after our visit often sent us flowers, fruit, and game.

* Diwan-i-Hafiz, the Persian poet, employed the use of the theme of "Woman and Wine" as a religious metaphor, and if the symbolical interpretation and not the literal one is correct, the "beloved" is *God*, and "wine" is *communion with Him*.

Modern Indian music, as everyone knows, consists chiefly of a series of turns, and cadenzas, and quarter-tones, which are said to be so fine as to be indistinguishable to European ears. An educated native once explained to us, that Europeans cannot understand Eastern music because their ears are not trained to it, and as an instance said, "Some of our music is so fine, that there are many tunes which so resemble each other, that only an expert can tell the difference." To the ordinary mortal that sounds like plagiarism.

Upon reading old records, one is inclined to think that Indian music has not progressed but is resting upon the laurels gained in bygone ages. Some of the more popular airs we managed to glean, and as they are charming, catchy little tunes and may be of interest to some, I have endeavoured to set them to an English accompaniment (with apologies to the East), though the melody remains as we heard it. Two of them the ayahs sing to the babies, and are repeated over and over again, one to send them to sleep and the other to wake them up apparently.

There is usually an immense amount of repetition, and one song down country was most exasperating in this respect, for it never seemed to change and took three whole weeks to sing. The man who did this dreadful deed was a gardener, who beguiled his moments of drawing water by singing about a young man, who, being in love with a lovely girl, was annoyed that she preferred to marry a rich old man for the sake of mere wealth. The first verse, or week, of the song was devoted to the hero and his opinion of himself, the second to the young lady and her wealthy admirer's wily ways, and the last week was devoted to the regrets and reproaches of the hero, who seemed profoundly grieved at her want of taste in not choosing himself.

The Hindus believe that music has a power over the animal kingdom as well as over the human race, and will attract wild animals and draw them around the musician. Snakes, birds, antelopes and jackals are all affected by music. With horses, snakes, cats, dogs and jackals I have found music to have a wonderful effect, and upon several occasions had rather a quaint experience with the latter. But let me explain here how it came about.

* Diwan-i-Hafiz composed the verses of "Tázah-ba-Tázah."

To be musical is comforting, but at the same time heart-breaking when travelling or living in hotels, for one never has a chance of practising. If you feel inclined to sing and choose the room when it is empty, people who had apparently no intention of going there, promptly come in and sit down, and you cannot turn them out, because it is as much their room as yours. Waiters, hotel-porters, and pages suddenly become conscientious and think of duties in the drawing-room which must be performed then and there, and when *they* are not opening and shutting the door, other people come in and out just to see who is singing. I have known as many as seven people come into the room to attend to the mending or stirring of the fire during one song.

I cannot pretend for one instant that my voice is so pleasant as to attract all these kind people for its own charm, so must, therefore, conclude that they burst into the room out of sheer curiosity, which is rather unkind, for it spoils a song when the singer is startled eight or ten times by the sudden opening and shutting of doors, just as much as a photographic negative would be spoilt by the sudden letting in of daylight the same number of times during the process of development. Why, then, cannot those who would understand enough not to spoil a sensitive plate, also feel the same with regard to the sensitive voice?

Then, again, if you get a piano into your own room, it just happens that someone in the next room has just had, or is thinking of having, a serious operation, and must, therefore, have absolute quiet. If you engage a room at a music shop and feel that there at least you are safe and can let out all your soul and feeling in song, some charmingly irresponsible person, who has seen you go there upon one or two occasions, circulates a report that they know for a fact you are giving lessons at a music shop in — street, which story others feel it their heaven-sent duty to spread, with a few additions of their own.

All this, needless to say, is written to prove that there *is* method in my madness, and to explain that going into the jungle to practise is not so mad as it may appear.

Down country I used often to ride to a very jungly and dusty place called "The Park," and when far enough from humanity to feel safe, would commence to sing. Ba-sumimé-Chó would put his ears down as though to say, "She's at it again!" Several owls grew quite friendly and we conversed in their "Oo-a-oo" language. One evening, however, I heard the soft pattering of feet behind, together with a whispering sound, and upon looking round saw in the dim light about eight pairs of bright green eyes shining out like green electric lights, owned by jackals. They timidly stopped when we stopped, and followed again when we moved on. This experience always happened upon these singing expeditions, and though they did not explain whether they liked it or not, undoubtedly it affected them in some way or other; maybe they thought I was another jackal, though I sincerely hope my singing was not quite so painful as their terrifying cry of:—

"I smell the blood of a dead Hindu. Where? Where? Here! Here!"

* * * * *

Before our departure for the valleys the Rajah kindly sent a messenger to inquire if anything could be done for our assistance and comfort, and gave us a

بجس بدت منو من نهته کول جت منو من

سکندریه و ماردر دلدی

سیم جبهه پاری جبهه کو جو ط سیر دلدی

چسباتی من سیم جبهه ط سیر دلدی

سکندریه من سیم جبهه ط سیر دلدی

سیم

5757

At the Office of Pandit Manmohan Nāth Kām, Governor of the Province of Kashmir.

To the Tahsildārs and Kārpardāzes (Agents) of Lidder Valley.

Whereas Mrs. Parbury is going to the Lidder Valley for travel and journey, it is ordered that provisions and baggage animals shall be provided for her.

Dated 7 Sawan [19]59. Sambat Era.

No. (of order) 5757.

Translation of Passport.

"FIRMĀN."

"firmān," which we were told would be of great use to us; upon showing this to the kotwal or chief man of every village, we should get the best possible attention, and be served first in everything, and considering the number of people travelling at the time this was something for which to be glad. We started off in great glee up the river, and three days later arrived at Islamabad.

However, there we found our "Open Sesame" not quite such a success as we had imagined it would be.

The kotwal seized it, and a crowd gathered round. They said much that we did not understand, but their faces spoke volumes. Then the chiefest among them came forward and told us we should have the necessary ponies and coolies *ek dum*. I put "*ek dum*," not because I want to show that I understood, but because it sounds so satisfactory and decisive. We had not to wait very long before they arrived, but after the luggage was packed and ready to start, we were told it would cost us twice as much as the usual price for hiring. When we declined to be taken in, the kotwal settled the matter by implying that if we were not willing to pay, the ponies would go to another Sahib. Here was a fix! We did not want to stay in a stuffy village, nor did we want to over-pay, for fear of making things hard for other tourists and, incidentally, diminishing our few rupees. The only thing to be done was to dip our hands among the said coins and "Do it with the motion of the hand. The kotwal never failed to understand."

At first, wherever we went, we found that chickens were twice as dear for us as for other people, and when we rested a few days at any place the coolies fixed their own prices, which we had to agree to pay, or be stranded with our luggage. After a few such experiences we discovered that our much-prized "firmān" was at the bottom of it all. The fact of possessing it having proved that we were acquaintances of the Rajah, and could therefore afford to pay double in all cases! We hid it away and felt like the mighty that had fallen.

Islamabad, or Anant Nag, the "Place of countless springs," was once the capital of Kashmir, but at this date there is nothing very interesting. There are shops for sweetmeats, metal work, embroidered carpets, and caps; indeed, every other shop seems to be a cap shop, filled with cone-shaped caps of all colours. For whom were they made we asked ourselves, and how did the shops manage to keep from going bankrupt? No one ever seemed to be wearing a new one; in fact, nearly all the poorer natives looked as though their clothes were old family heirlooms, so how did the shops pay?

Just at the end of the town is a temple, with a sacred fish tank, and that was decidedly interesting. The carp is sacred in Kashmir, because long years ago one of them saved the soul of a dying Maharajah, and for this valiant deed all its posterity have enjoyed the privileges of sacred tanks. Doubtless, this brave creature did not know at the time what a noble deed he was performing when he leapt out of the river and swallowed a passing butterfly for lunch, and he must have been intensely surprised to find himself rewarded for appeasing his appetite; but the truth is, while the Maharajah was very ill, dying in fact, a butterfly flew in at the window, and after hovering over the sufferer's head a moment, flew out again, and, at that instant, the patient died. Of course, there could be no doubt whatever in the

matter—the butterfly had stolen the Maharajah's soul and was flying off with it to perdition!

Then a great race began, but the butterfly, as is the common custom of the wicked, gained all the time, and when he came to the river and decided to cross, it looked as though his escape was an accomplished fact. But no! Merciful Providence intervened in the form of a hungry carp, who seized the butterfly-thief and devoured him, justice thus following quickly upon the heels of iniquity. What happened next does not seem to be very clear. Some say that a stalk swallowed the carp, and therefore is also sacred, while others say the carp was straightway caught, and, so to speak, given a Royal Humane Society's reward in the form of a sacred dwelling-place.

For the date and authenticity of this story I cannot vouch, but I give it just as I heard it.

The tanks are crowded with these fish, and, like their immortal brother, they are always ready for anything to eat, so of course we bought "chupatties" (flat cakes) from the priests, and threw them—the chupatties—into the water. From all four corners the fish came like lightning, or as if drawn by a magnet, and became a scrambling mass of slipperiness, while those underneath, in their anxiety to obtain a morsel, forced those on the top right out of the water. In a second or two the cake disappeared just as the butterfly did. I believe it is death to anyone who dares to kill a carp, so most people refrain from so doing.

After an hour spent at the temple tanks, we continued our way, and arrived later at Bawan, a most delightful and shady camping-ground. This was our first experience of living under canvas, and we found it very delightful though naturally it had its drawbacks, such as tent-ropes for instance. When leaving the dining-room tent after dinner the first night I fell headlong over a tent-rope, and on turning quickly out of our sleeping tent ran my eye straight into another of them. These experiences soon make one grasp the fact that a tent is not a house.

From Martund there is a magnificent view over the vale of Kashmir, reaching to the Himalayan Range. For miles in every direction one sees nothing but expansive plains stretching away to the distant mountains; and, though one may scoff at the idea of King Solomon obligingly making a rent in the mountain single handed, in order to let out the waters which once floated over this land, the theory of the existence of a prehistoric lake is self-evident from a geological point of view.

It is a fitting place for the colossal "Temple of the Sun," which stands in solemn grandeur with its history shrouded in mystery. The natives can give little or no information as to its origin and seem to believe it was the work of Buddhists, though it looks far more like Grecian architecture.

The stones are so massive, that earthquakes seem to have done little harm to the ruins.

There is an interesting story told by a traveller who, upon wondering how the men of the past ages moved such tremendous stones, was told by his guide that the men of those days were nine feet high. He replied, "But even men of nine feet could not move those stones," and the guide answered solemnly, "Sahib, they



Pahlgam, or Shepherd's Village
—a woodland path.

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were eighteen feet high, but I said nine feet because I did not think the Sahib would believe me if I said eighteen feet." A nice expansive kind of conscience!

Eishmakaum, if I remember rightly, was our next resting-place. We pitched our camp under huge walnut-trees, the branches of which were thickly covered with mistletoe.

The kotwal of this village brought us some sour green apples for a *present*, and had a heated argument with us as to how much we ought to give him in return.

We marched from five to fifteen, and sometimes twenty, miles a day up the Lidder Valley, following all the while the course of the Lidder River, a tributary of the Jhelum. Words fail to describe the beauty of the scenery; each snowy peak seemed more splendid, if possible, than the last. Some even appeared too superbly grand for this world.

At Pahlgam, or "the shepherd's village," about seven thousand feet above the sea, and twenty-seven miles from Islamabad, is the largest camping-ground in the whole valley.

Here we rested several days and lived in a pine forest. One could live a whole summer there and then be unacquainted with many of its beautiful walks among the blue pines. The atmosphere is wonderful and no matter how much exercise one takes one is never tired.

Pahlgam, being quite a flourishing ground, where many parties can camp without getting in each other's way, boasts of two excitements of which the other camps are devoid—a post-office and a store! The latter is about as big as a bathing machine, and everything you can want seems to be there; that is to say, everything that might be needed during the journey, provided one does not hanker after pianos or motor cars.

The post-office is larger outside than inside, which must have been the logical excuse the postman had for conducting all his duties outside. Everybody waited excitedly for the post, and everybody knew just how many letters everybody else received, as they saw them sorted out in little alphabetical heaps on the ground outside the post-office. Just imagine what excitement it would cause if the General Post Office conducted their affairs in this way.

Another original experience awaited us when one morning a man arrived, carrying a small clock and a document, which proved on further inspection to be an announcement to the effect that Church service would take place outside the minister's tent. As there was no bell to toll the hour, a request that we would set our watches by the accompanying clock was coupled with the advice to bring our own chairs.

The next camp was Aru, about seven miles beyond Pahlgam, and was quite one of the prettiest of the whole valley. It reminded one of a huge park bounded by snow-mountains instead of park palings.

From Aru the bridle-path lay through pine-woods, up hills, down dales, by the river, then high above it. Sometimes we had to cross the noisy foaming river on bridges made of pine-trees thrown from one bank to the other. Horses dislike these intensely; and if the first makes up his mind it is not safe, then the others become unaccountably shy, and turn their heads away bashfully, preferring to look

anywhere but at the bridge, while they get an idea that they have suddenly been converted into crabs, and run sideways in consequence. Some of the bridges used by the natives are not even made of pine-trees, but merely of twisted rope which sways about in the breeze, and makes one quite dizzy to watch, much less think of crossing. These, however, are not usually recommended to riders as "good bridges," though they have about as much right to be called such as some of the "good roads" have to their honorary title.

As we went along the valley, scenes lovely and entrancing bewildered us with their ever-changing effects. When, on emerging from a forest glade, we came full upon glorious views of wondrous blue mountains arising from atmospheric depths to the towering heights, where their snow-covered glittering crests seemed to pierce the sky, words failed to express human admiration of the work of the Unseen. Were there *ever* mountains or pine forests so blue?

Often I would find my mother enraptured with the beauty of some fresh scene, dreamily murmuring, "Beautiful, oh! beautiful;" and I, too, would gasp out "Beautiful," much to the astonishment of the coolies who carried her dandy, and were usually too intent upon finding a sure foothold to notice mere scenery.

By degrees they grew to understand that charming views called forth that ecstatic expression, so they got in the way of carrying the dandy to a delightful spot, where some surprising charm stretched itself away to the distant hills, then they would solemnly lower it to the ground, wave their hands to the view, and say, "Wooffool! wooffool!" which was the nearest intimation they could get to our exclamation.

It is said that they do not realise how beautiful their country is, and truth to tell, the sight of an extra four anna piece is much more thrilling to them than the whole of the Himalayan Range, about which so many people write books and travel thousands of miles to see. The coolies carry tremendous loads, and will cover a distance of twenty miles for four annas; formerly it was two annas, but the advent of the Rajah's friends with the firmāns has made them more extortionate.

Everything is on a gigantic scale in Kashmir, and the rarified atmosphere creates the most extraordinary effects which completely baffle the vision of the traveller. For instance, in the morning one may spy out a delightful tree, and think that a walk there and back would be just a gentle appetiser before tiffin, but after walking for a couple of hours one would be immensely surprised to find the goal no nearer than when first sighted. It is simply the fact that the air is so clear that it positively magnifies any distant object. In some parts of the high mountain passes travellers are requested to make as little noise as possible, as the air is so rarified, that any unusual noise would bring down a rainstorm.

There was a story told of either Shah Jehan or Jehangir, who, on being cautioned by an old fakir, who lived high up on the Pir-Punjal route, to make as little noise as possible, laughed his notions to scorn and made merry. Whereupon a terrific storm broke over the mountains, and the entire cortège had a very narrow escape of being washed down into the ravines below, while the fakir probably said with great satisfaction, "I told you so!"

On our return journey a terrific storm almost washed us away, and made the



BRIDGE OVER RIVER
LIDDER.

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road very dangerous for the ponies and coolies. The rainstorms cause matter for much complaint, for though the monsoon does not affect Kashmir quite so much as the rest of India, it gets a series of rain and thunderstorms of its own. No one really knows what lightning looks like till they have been in a storm in the Himalayas during a monsoon, with lightning playing round their feet and deafening thunder crashing away for all it is worth, apparently a few inches above their heads, followed by hailstones, which are neither more nor less than lumps of ice, varying from one to two inches in diameter.

However, it was a particularly fine summer when we were in the Garden of Paradise, and we thus escaped any of the thrilling experiences of the flood which behaved in such an unruly manner the following year. Nevertheless, we had a goodly share of rain from time to time, but what does it matter when your clothes are eminently suited for rough weather. Except that my mother dislikes rain, I feel sorry we did not have more of it, for I dearly love a short skirt, long boots, an unspoilable hat, and a long walk in a rainstorm.

It is eccentric, no doubt, but then, the weather is not an essential factor in everyone's existence. Besides, when all is said and done, is there any element in the universe so changeable or unreliable as the human element? Surely everyone has felt, or will feel, sometime in their life, that the fiercest storm on land or sea,—when the wind has buffeted them, and the hail lashed their faces, the thunder and lightning terrified them,—could not wound them so much, even at its worst, as the scar left for all time, either thoughtlessly or deliberately, by someone they once called "friend."

Shakespeare must have fully realised this when he wrote :—

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou are not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Yet thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not."

* * * * *

Every morning by 6 o'clock we were up, and while we sat out in the open air for breakfast, our "houses" were pulled down and packed upon the backs of the coolies and ponies.

This primitive roaming life is delightful to everyone possessed of the artistic temperament. Moving about from place to place at will, among the most magnificent scenery and garden-like valleys, and pitching our camp where we chose, gave a glorious sense of freedom. The cooks are perfect magicians, and half an hour after

one's arrival, serve up a hot four-course dinner, though their kitchen range is nothing more up-to-date than three stones with a smoky fire in the middle.

There are many drawbacks and trials, which to a certain extent, mar Kashmir, as is the case with most other countries. If, for example, you cannot decide to leave Srinagar before June or July, the mosquitoes will make up your mind for you. They hold large receptions and public meetings upon your ankles, and "free feeding," as among socialists, seems to be the common subject among them. The quarrelling of the servants and coolies, and the stealing of your garments and jewellery, which everybody except yourself seems to regard as a natural course of events, are all very annoying. To see the over-loading of some of the poor ponies and their long-suffering little faces, is a constant source of pain, and the sudden and unexpected sitting down on a slippery path of the coolie who carries the crockery, makes the jingle of broken pots sound unpleasantly to the ear. Most wise people carry enamel ware, but we were both unwise and faddy and suffered in consequence.

The cook's preference for the cooking of your food with river-water is exasperating, as are also the petty thefts and a hundred and one other annoyances. But after a while, all these and many others fade away into insignificance, and one remembers only the glorious scenery with its hills, streams, woodland scenes and flowered dells.

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd !
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd--
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Thomas Moore.

Ever ahead of us was Kolohoi, seventeen thousand feet high, the glacier, where rises the River Lidder, a tributary of the Jhelum. We never seemed to get any nearer, but at last to our great joy we found ourselves one morning within ten miles of it, and soon covered the first few miles of rough broken ground, and then came upon miles of nature's garden ;—

"And what a wilderness of flowers !
It seemed as though from all the bowers
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoils were scatter'd here."

Thomas Moore.

Thomas Moore though he never saw it, described it more accurately than any modern writer can. All the English wild-flowers were growing there in giant form. It was a paradise of flowers—royal blue forget-me-nots reached to our knees, wild pinks, wild geraniums, orchids of red and yellow, tall blue-bells, clusters



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REMINISCENCES OF OUR JOURNEY IN THE LAND OF LALIA

more up-to-date than three stones with a smoky fire in the middle. There are many drawbacks and trials, which to a certain extent, mar Kashmir, in common with most other countries. If, for example, you cannot decide to start your journey before June or July, the mosquitoes will make up your mind for you. They will bite you in the most annoying manner, and "free" as among socialists, seems to be the common subject among them. The stealing of the servants and coolies, and the stealing of your garments and other things, which everybody except yourself seems to regard as a natural course of events, are all very annoying. To see the over-loading of some of the poor ponies and their long-suffering little faces, is a constant source of pain, and the sudden and unexpected sitting down on a slippery path of the coolie who carries the baggage, making the journey of broken pots sound unpleasantly to the ear. Most of the people carry enamel ware, but we were both unwise and faddy and suffered in consequence.

The cook's preference for the cooking of your food with river-water is exasperating, as are also the petty thefts and a hundred and one other annoyances. But after a while, all these and many others fade away into insignificance, and one remembers only the glorious scenery with its hills, streams, woodland scenes and flowered dells.

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
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of clematis, fox-gloves, edelweiss and blue and purple columbine grew there, while above us Kolohoi, with its double peaks, seemed to smile down the valley and say, "Monte de Alto."

To find ourselves in such a garden of glowing colour, with wondrous scenes above, and the keen air bracing our nerves, is to feel to the fullest extent that it is "good to be alive" among those creations of God, unspoiled by the hand of man, the "peace which passeth all understanding" seems to come upon one, and the littleness of life falls away, leaving one with a great ray of happiness, that I believe all the sordidness of the world could never blot out.

In one of the marches on the return journey we came upon an ideal spot, shaded by walnut-trees; a tiny stream ran silently through a garden-like lawn, and all around was a magnificent expanse of scenery, stretching away to the blue distance, and mingling with the soft white clouds, and thence into the blue vault of Eternity. It was perfect! We felt so much in touch with Nature that, as there⁷ was no one in sight, we took out our guitar and sang some of our old songs.

Silently, and apparently from nowhere, there crept an audience of seventy-five Kashmiris, who listened to us with a kind of superior sympathy, for it is well known that the natives say we can build railways, conquer countries, and such things, but we cannot sing!

After we had finished, they intimated to us that we were in great luck, as one of the greatest Kashmir musicians was in our midst.

He sang in his own tongue a song which held his audience spell-bound, and even charmed a snake about a yard and a half long out of its hiding-place.

We were so enraptured with the originality of the experience that we asked for a translation of the song, and little by little, as the translation was told, we recognised the romance of "Lalla Rookh."

Ever since then, whether it is the spirit of "Lalla Rookh" or of Thomas Moore I cannot say, but certain it is that I have been haunted with a desire to illustrate this land of romance, for now that the missing link in its history and romance is found, I can close my eyes and see the panorama of wondrous scenes and say—"Contentez-vous mes yeux, vous ne verez jamais chose plus belle."

* * * * *



J. L. V. Moore

LALLA ROOKH :
AN ORIENTAL ROMANCE.

1817.

TO
SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.,
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED
BY
HIS VERY GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,
THOMAS MOORE.



Aurengzeb, le Grand Mogol—
 S.A.R. Le Prince Guillaume, frère
 du Roi.
 Abdallah, père d'Aliris—
 S.A.R. Le Duc de Cumberland.

As they appeared in the Fête, "Lalla
 Koukh," at the Château Royal of Berlin, on
 January 27th, 1822.

January 27th, 1822.
As they appeared in the Fête, "Lalla
Rokh," at the Chateau Royal of Berlin, on
S.A.R. Le Duc de Cumberland.
Abdallah, père d'Aliris—
du Roi.
S.A.R. Le Prince Guillaume, frère
Aurengzeb, le Grand Mogol—



LALLA ROOKH.

IN the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharia, a lineal descendant from the great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet; and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia.¹ During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, Lalla Rookh;² a princess described by the poets of her time as more beautiful than Leila,³ Shirine,⁴ Dewildé,⁵ or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young King, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharia.

The day of Lalla Rookh's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated, with their banners shining in the water; while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses;⁶ till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The Princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran,—and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her; and, while Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajas and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favour,⁷ the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettle-drums at the bows of their saddles;—the costly armour of their cavaliers, who vied, on this occasion, with the guards of the great Keder Khan,⁸ in the brightness of their silver battle-axes and the massiness of their maces of gold;—the glittering of the gilt pine-apples⁹ on the tops of the palankeens;—the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the ladies of Lalla Rookh lay, as it were, enshrined;—the rose-coloured veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter,¹⁰ at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing; and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honour, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses;—all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious Fadladeen, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

Fadladeen was a judge of everything,—from the pencilling of a Circassian's eyelids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem; and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon

that line of Sadi—"Should the Prince at noon-day say, 'It is night,' declare that you behold the moon and stars." And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector,¹ was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghermaut.²

During the first days of their journey, Lalla Rookh, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the Royal Gardens of Delhi, found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind and delight her imagination; and when, at evening or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments—sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl;³ sometimes under the sacred shade of a banyan-tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West⁴ as "places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves;"—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But Lalla Rookh was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her Ladies and the Great Chamberlain, Fadladeen (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion), sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who, now and then, lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra,⁵ the fair-haired Zal and his mistress, Rodahver,⁶ not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon.⁷ At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Brahmins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman Fadladeen, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets was an abomination.⁸

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noondays were beginning to move heavily, when, at length, it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the valley for his manner of reciting the stories of the East, on whom his Royal Master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet, Fadladeen elevated his critical eyebrows, and, having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium⁹ which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the caste, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined, however, to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of Feramorz. He was a youth about Lalla Rookh's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Crishna¹⁰—such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness, and the Ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth which encircled his high Tartarian cap was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet¹¹ supply. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girde of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence;—nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics; who, however they might give way to Fadladeen upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in everything relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the young Cashmerian held in his hand a kitar—such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra,—and, having premised, with much humility, that the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan¹² who, in the year of the Hegira 163, created such alarm throughout the Eastern Empire, made an obeisance to the Princess, and thus began:—



Aliris, Roi de Bucharie—

S.A.I. Le Grand-Duc.

Lalla Roûkh—

S.A.I. La Grande-Duchesse.

As they appeared in the Fête, "Lalla Roûkh," at the Château Royal of Berlin, on January 27th, 1822.

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During the progress of their journey, Lalla Rookh, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the Royal Gardens of Delhi, found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind and delight her imagination; and when, at evening or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her enjoyment, sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl;³ sometimes under the sacred shade of a banyan-tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West⁴ as "places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves;"—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But Lalla Rookh was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her Ladies and the Great Chamberlain, Fadladeen (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion), sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who, now and then, lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra,⁵ the fair-haired Zal and his mistress, Rodahver,⁶ not forgetting the combat of Rostam with the terrible White Demon.⁷ At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Brahmins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman Fadladeen, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets was an abomination.⁸

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Lalla Rookh—
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THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.¹

IN that delightful Province of the Sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
Where, all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flowerets and fruits blush over every stream,²
And, fairest of all streams, the Murga roves
Among Merou's³ bright palaces and groves ;—
There, on that throne to which the blind belief
Of millions raised him, sat the Prophet-Chief,
The Great Mokanna. O'er his features hung
The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung
In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light.
For far less luminous,⁴ his votaries said,
Were e'en the gleams miraculously shed
O'er Moussa's⁵ cheek, when down the Mount he trod,
All glowing from the presence of his God !

On either side, with ready hearts and hands,
His chosen guard of bold believers stands ;
Young fire-eyed disputants, who deem their swords,
On points of faith, more eloquent than words ;
And such their zeal, there's not a youth with brand
Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command,
Would make his own devoted heart its sheath,
And bless the lips that bloom'd so dear a death !
In hatred to the caliph's hue of night,⁶
Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy white ;
Their weapons various—some, equipp'd for speed,
With javelins of the light Kathaian reed ;⁷
Or bows of buffalo horn, and shining quivers
Fill'd with the stems⁸ that bloom on Iran's rivers ;
While some, for war's more terrible attacks,
Wield the huge mace and ponderous battle-axe ;
And, as they wave aloft in morning's beam
The milk-white plumage of their helms, they seem
Like a chenar-tree grove,⁹ when winter throws
O'er all its tufted heads his feathering snows.

Between the porphyry pillars, that uphold
The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold,
Aloft the haram's curtain'd galleries rise,
Where, through the silken network, glancing eyes,
From time to time, like sudden gleams that glow
Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below.—
What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would dare
To hint that ought but Heaven hath placed you there ?
Or that the loves of this light world could bind,
In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring mind ?

No—wrongful thought :—commission'd from above
 To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love
 (Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes
 They wear on earth will serve in Paradise),
 There to recline among heaven's native maids,
 And crown th' elect with bliss that never fades—
 Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done ;
 And every beauteous race beneath the sun,
 From those who kneel at Brahma's burning founts,¹
 To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er Yemen's mounts ;
 From Persia's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,
 To the small, half-shut glances of Kathay ;²
 And Georgia's bloom, and Azab's darker smiles,
 And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles ;
 All, all are there :—each land its flower hath given,
 To form that fair young Nursery for Heaven !

But why this pageant now ? this arm'd array ?
 What triumph crowds the rich divan to-day
 With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,
 Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,
 Like tulip-beds,³ of different shape and dyes,
 Bending beneath th' invisible west-wind's sighs !
 What new-made mystery now, for Faith to sign,
 And blood to seal, as genuine and divine ?—
 What dazzling mimicry of God's own power
 Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this hour ?
 Not such the pageant now, though not less proud,—
 Yon warrior youth, advancing from the crowd,
 With silver bow, with belt of broider'd crape,
 And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape,⁴
 So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
 Like war's wild planet in a summer sky ;—
 That youth to-day,—a proselyte worth hordes
 Of cooler spirits and less practised swords,—
 Is come to join, all bravery and belief,
 The creed and standard of the heaven-sent Chief.

Though few his years, the west already knows
 Young Azim's fame ;—beyond th' Olympian snows,
 Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,
 O'erwhelm'd in fight, and captive to the Greek,⁵
 He linger'd there, till peace dissolved his chains ;—
 Oh ! who could, e'en in bondage, tread the plains
 Of glorious Greece, nor feel his spirit rise
 Kindling within him ? who, with heart and eyes,
 Could walk where Liberty had been, nor see
 The shining footprints of her Deity ;
 Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air,
 Which mutely told her spirit had been there ?
 Not he, that youthful warrior,—no, too well
 For his soul's quiet work'd th' awakened spell !
 And now, returning to his own dear land,
 Full of those dreams of good that, vainly grand,

Haunt the young heart ;—proud views of human-kind,
 Of men to gods exalted and refined ;—
 False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
 Where earth and heaven but *seem*, alas ! to meet ;—
 Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was raised
 To right the nations, and beheld, emblazed
 On the white flag Mokanna's host unfurl'd,
 Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the World,"
 At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd
 Th' inspiring summons : every chosen blade,
 That fought beneath that banner's sacred text,
 Seem'd doubly edged, for this world and the next ;
 And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind
 Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind
 In virtue's cause :—never was soul inspired
 With livelier trust in what it most desired,
 Than his, th' enthusiast there, who kneeling, pale
 With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,
 Believes the form, to which he bends his knee,
 Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free
 This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,
 And bring its primal glories back again !

Low as young Azim knelt, that motley crowd
 Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd,
 With shouts of "Alla !" echoing long and loud ;
 While high in air, above the Prophet's head,
 Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread,
 Waved, like the wings of the white birds that fan
 The flying throne of star-taught Soliman !¹
 Then thus he spoke :—"Stranger, though new the frame
 Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its flame
 For many an age,² in every chance and change,
 Of that existence, through whose varied range—
 As through a torch-race, where from hand to hand,
 The flying youths transmit their shining brand—
 From frame to frame th' unextinguish'd soul
 Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal !

"Nor think 'tis only the gross spirits, warm'd
 With duskier fire and for earth's medium form'd,
 That run this course ;—beings, the most divine,
 Thus deign through dark mortality to shine.
 Such was the essence that in Adam dwelt,
 To which all heaven, except the Proud One, knelt ;³
 Such the refined intelligence that glow'd
 In Moussa's frame ;—and, thence descending, flow'd
 Through many a Prophet's breast ;⁴—in Issa⁵ shone,
 And in Mohammed burn'd ; till, hastening on,
 (As a bright river that, from fall to fall
 In many a maze descending, bright through all,
 Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth past,
 In one full lake of light it rests at last !)

That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free
From lapse or shadow, centres all in me !”

Again, throughout th’ assembly, at these words,
Thousands of voices rung ; the warriors’ swords
Were pointed up to heaven ; a sudden wind
In th’ open banners play’d, and from behind
Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen
The haram’s loveliness, white hands were seen
Waving embroider’d scarves, whose motion gave
A perfume forth ;—like those the Houris wave
When beckoning to their bowers th’ Immortal Brave.

“ But these,” pursued the Chief, “ are truths sublime
That claim a holier mood and calmer time
Than earth allows us now ;—this sword must first
The darkling prison-house of mankind burst,
Ere peace can visit them, or truth let in
Her wakening daylight on a world of sin !
But then, celestial warriors, then, when all
Earth’s shrines and thrones before our banner fall ;
When the glad slave shall at these feet lay down
His broken chain, the tyrant lord his crown,
The priest his book, the conqueror his wreath,
And from the lips of Truth one mighty breath
Shall like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
That whole dark pile of human mockeries ;—
Then shall the reign of Mind commence on earth.
And starting fresh, as from a second birth,
Man, in the sunshine of the world’s new spring,
Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing !
Then, too, your prophet from his angel brow
Shall cast the Veil, that hides its splendours now,
And gladden’d earth shall, through her wide expanse,
Bask in the glories of this countenance !

“ For thee, young warrior, welcome ;—thou hast yet
Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget,
Ere the white war-plume o’er thy brow can wave ;—
But, once my own, mine all till in the grave ! ”

The pomp is at an end,—the crowds are gone—
Each ear and heart still haunted by the tone
Of that deep voice, which thrill’d like Alla’s own !
The young all dazzled by the plumes and lances,
The glittering throne, and haram’s half-caught glances ;
The old deep pondering on the promised reign
Of peace and truth ; and all the female train
Ready to risk their eyes, could they but gaze
A moment on that brow’s miraculous blaze !

But there was one, among the chosen maids,
Who blush’d behind the gallery’s silken shades,
One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day
Has been like death ;—you saw her pale dismay,

Ye wondering sisterhood, and heard the burst
Of exclamation from her lips, when first
She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,
Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah, Zelica ! there *was* a time, when bliss
Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his ;
When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air
In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer !
When round him hung such a perpetual spell,
Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.
Too happy days ! when, if he touch'd a flower
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour ;
When thou didst study him, till every tone
And gesture and dear look became thy own,—
Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught
With twice th' aerial sweetness it had brought !
Yet now he comes—brighter than even he
E'er beam'd before,—but ah ! not bright for thee :
No—dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant
From th' other world, he comes as if to haunt
Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,
Long lost to all but mem'ry's aching sight :—
Sad dreams ! as when the Spirit of our youth
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth
And innocence once ours, and leads us back,
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track
Of our young life, and points out every ray
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way !

Once happy pair !—in proud Bokhara's groves,
Who had not heard of their first youthful loves ?
Born by that ancient flood,¹ which from its spring
In the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering.
Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shines
With relics from Bucharía's ruby mines,
And, lending to the Caspian half its strength,
In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length ;—
There, on the banks of that bright river born,
The flowers, that hung above its wave at morn,
Bless'd not the waters, as they murmur'd by,
With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh
And virgin glance of first affection cast
Upon their youth's smooth current, as it pass'd !
But war disturb'd this vision—far away
From her fond eyes, summon'd to join th' array
Of Persia's warriors on the hills of Thrace,
The youth exchanged his sylvan dwelling-place
For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash ;
His Zelica's sweet glances for the flash
Of Grecian wild-fire, and Love's gentle chains
For bleeding bondage on Byzantium's plains.

Month after month, in widowhood of soul
 Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll
 Their suns away—but, ah ! how cold and dim
 Even summer suns, when not beheld with him !
 From time to time ill-omen'd rumours came,
 (Like spirit tongues, muttering the sick man's name,
 Just ere he dies),—at length, those sounds of dread
 Fell withering on her soul, "Azim is dead !"
 O grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
 First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
 In the wide world, without that only tie
 * For which it loved to live or fear'd to die ;—
 Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken
 Since the sad day its master-chord was broken !

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,
 E'en reason sunk blighted beneath its touch ;
 And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit rose
 Above the first dead pressure of its woes,
 Though health and bloom return'd, the delicate chain
 Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.
 Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,
 The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray ;—
 A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone
 All stars of heaven, except the guiding one !
 Again she smiled, nay, much and brightly smiled,
 But 'twas a lustre strange, unreal, wild ;
 And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,
 'Twas like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,
 The bulbul¹ utters, ere her soul depart,
 When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful art,
 She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart !

Such was the mood in which that mission found
 Young Zelica,—that mission, which around
 The eastern world, in every region blest
 With woman's smile, sought out its loveliest,
 To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes,
 Which the Veil'd Prophet destined for the skies !—
 And such quick welcome as a spark receives
 Dropp'd on a bed of autumn's wither'd leaves,
 Did every tale of these enthusiasts find
 In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind
 All fire at once the maddening zeal she caught ;—
 Elect of Paradise ! blest, rapturous thought ;
 Predestined bride, in heaven's eternal dome,
 Of some brave youth—ha ! durst they say "of some" ?
 No—of the one, one only object traced
 In her heart's core too deep to be effaced ;
 The one whose memory, fresh as life, is twined
 With every broken link of her lost mind ;
 Whose image lives, though reason's self be wreck'd,
 Safe 'mid the ruins of her intellect !

* See Music.

Alas, poor Zelica ! it needed all
 The fantasy, which held thy mind in thrall,
 To see in that gay haram's glowing maids
 A sainted colony for Eden's shades ;
 Or dream that he,—of whose unholy flame
 Thou wert too soon the victim,—shining came
 From Paradise, to people its pure sphere
 With souls like thine, which he hath ruined here !
 No—had not reason's light totally set,
 And left thee dark, thou hadst an amulet
 In the loved image, graven on thy heart,
 Which would have saved thee from the tempter's art,
 And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,
 That purity, whose fading is love's death !—
 But lost, inflamed,—a restless zeal took place
 Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace ;—
 First of the Prophet's favourites, proudly first
 In zeal and charms,—too well th' impostor nursed
 Her soul's delirium, in whose active flame,
 Thus lighting up a young, luxuriant frame,
 He saw more potent sorceries to bind
 To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,
 More subtle chains than hell itself e'er twined.
 No art was spared, no witchery ;—all the skill
 His demons taught him was employ'd to fill
 Her mind with gloom and ecstasy by turns—
 That gloom, through which frenzy but fiercer burns ;
 That ecstasy, which from the depth of sadness
 Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness !

'Twas from a brilliant banquet, where the sound
 Of poesy and music breathed around,
 Together picturing to her mind and ear
 The glories of that heaven, her destined sphere,
 Where all was pure, where every stain that lay
 Upon the spirit's light should pass away,
 And, realising more than youthful love
 E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should for ever rove
 Through fields of fragrance by her Azim's side
 His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride !—
 'Twas from a scene, a witching trance like this,
 He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,
 To the dim charnel-house ;—through all its steams
 Of damp and death, led only by those gleams
 Which foul Corruption lights, as with design
 To show the gay and proud *she* too can shine !—
 And, passing on through upright ranks of dead,
 Which to the maiden, doubly crazed by dread,
 Seem'd, through the bluish death-light round them cast,
 To move their lips in mutterings as she pass'd—
 There, in that awful place, when each had quaff'd
 And pledged in silence such a fearful draught,
 Such—oh ! the look and taste of that red bowl
 Will haunt her till she dies—he bound her soul

LALLA ROOKH.

By a dark oath, in hell's own language framed,
 Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,
 While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,
 Never, by that all-imprecating oath,
 In joy or sorrow from his side to sever.—
 She swore, and the wide charnel echo'd, "never, never!"

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly given
 To him and—she believed, lost maid!—to Heaven;
 Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflamed,
 How proud she stood, when in full haram named
 The Priestess of the Faith!—how flash'd her eyes
 With light, alas! that was not of the skies,
 When round in trances only less than hers,
 She saw the haram kneel, her prostrate worshippers!
 Well might Mokanna think that form alone
 Had spells enough to make the world his own:—
 Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play
 Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,
 When from its stem the small bird wings away!
 Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smiled,
 The soul was lost; and blushes, swift and wild
 As are the momentary meteors sent
 Across th' uncalm but beauteous firmament.
 And then her look!—oh! where's the heart so wise,
 Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless eyes?
 Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,
 Like those of angels, just before their fall;
 Now shadow'd with the shames of earth—now cross'd
 By glimpses of the heaven her heart had lost;
 In every glance there broke, without control,
 The flashes of a bright but troubled soul,
 Where sensibility still wildly play'd,
 Like lightning, round the ruins it had made!

And such was now young Zelica—so changed
 From her who, some years since, delighted ranged
 The almond groves, that shade Bokhara's tide,
 All life and bliss, with Azim by her side!
 So alter'd was she now, this festal day,
 When, 'mid the proud divan's dazzling array,
 The vision of that youth, whom she had loved,
 And wept as dead, before her breathed and moved:—
 When—bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track
 But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back
 Again to earth, glistening with Eden's light—
 Her beauteous Azim shone before her sight.

O Reason! who shall say what spells renew,
 When least we look for it, thy broken clue?
 Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain
 Thy intellectual daybeam bursts again?
 And how, like forts, to which beleaguers win
 Unhoped-for entrance through some friend within,

One clear idea, waken'd in the breast
 By memory's magic, lets in all the rest?
 Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee!
 But, though light came, it came but partially;
 Enough to show the maze, in which thy sense
 Wander'd about,—but not to guide it thence;
 Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
 But not to point the harbour which might save.
 Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,
 With that dear form came rushing o'er her mind;
 But oh! to think how deep her soul had gone
 In shame and falsehood since those moments shone;
 And, then, her oath—*there* madness lay again,
 And, shuddering, back she sunk into her chain
 Of mental darkness, as if blest to flee
 From light, whose every glimpse was agony!
 Yet, *one* relief this glance of former years
 Brought, mingled with its pain,—tears, floods of tears,
 Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills
 Let loose in spring-time from the snowy hills,
 And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,
 Through valleys where their flow had long been lost!

Sad and subdued, for the first time her frame
 Trembled with horror, when the summons came
 (A summons proud and rare, which all but she,
 And she, till now, had heard with ecstasy),
 To meet Mokanna at his place of prayer,
 A garden oratory, cool and fair,
 By the stream's side, where still at close of day
 The Prophet of the Veil retired to pray;
 Sometimes alone—but oftener far with one,
 One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favour in his sight
 As the young Priestess; and though, since that night
 When the death-caverns echo'd every tone
 Of the dire oath that made her all his own,
 Th' imposter, sure of his infatuate prize,
 Had, more than once, thrown off his soul's disguise,
 And utter'd such unheavenly, monstrous things,
 As e'en across the desperate wanderings
 Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,
 Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt;—
 Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,
 The thought still haunting her, of that bright brow
 Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye conceal'd,
 Would soon, proud triumph! be to her reveal'd,
 To her alone;—and then the hope, most dear
 Most wild of all, that her transgression here
 Was but a passage through earth's grosser fire,
 From which the spirit would at last aspire,
 Even purer than before,—as perfumes rise
 Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the skies—

And that when Azim's fond, divine embrace
 Should circle her in heaven, no darkening trace
 Would on that bosom he once loved remain,
 But all be bright, be pure, be *his* again!—
 These were the wildering dreams, whose curst deceit
 Had chain'd her soul beneath the tempter's feet,
 And made her think even damning falsehood sweet.
 But now that Shape, which had appall'd her view,
 That Semblance—oh, how terrible, if true!
 Which came across her frenzy's full career
 With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,
 As when in northern seas, at midnight dark,
 An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,
 And, startling all its wretches from their sleep,
 By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep;—
 So came that shock not frenzy's self could bear,
 And waking up each long-lull'd image there,
 But check'd her headlong soul, to sink it in despair!

Wan and dejected, through the evening dusk,
 She now went slowly to that small kiosk,
 Where, pondering alone his impious schemes,
 Mokanna waited her—too wrapt in dreams
 Of the fair-ripening future's rich success,
 To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,
 That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,
 Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd now
 From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose light bound
 Came like a spirit's o'er th' unechoing ground,—
 From that wild Zelica, whose every glance
 Was thrilling fire, whose every thought a trance!

Upon his couch the Veil'd Mokanna lay,
 While lamps around—not such as lend their ray,
 Glimmering and cold, to those who nightly pray
 In holy Koom,¹ or Mecca's dim arcades,—
 But brilliant, soft, such lights as lovely maids
 Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious glow
 Upon his mystic Veil's white glittering flow.
 Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of prayer,
 Which the world fondly thought he mused on there,
 Stood vases, filled with Kishmee's² golden wine,
 And the red weepings of the Shiraz vine;
 Of which his curtain'd lips full many a draught
 Took zealously, as if each drop they quaff'd,
 Like Zemzem's Spring of Holiness,³ had power
 To freshen the soul's virtues into flower!
 And still he drank and ponder'd—nor could see
 Th' approaching maid, so deep his reverie;
 At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which broke
 From Eblis at the Fall of Man, he spoke:—
 "Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given,
 Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with Heaven;

God's images, forsooth!—such gods as he
 Whom India serves, the monkey deity ;—¹
 Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,²
 To whom if Lucifer, as grandams say,
 Refused, though at the forfeit of Heaven's light,
 To bend in worship, Lucifer was right!—
 Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck
 Of your foul race, and without fear or check,
 Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,
 My deep-felt, long-nurst loathing of man's name!—
 Soon, at the head of myriads, blind and fierce
 As hooded falcons, through the universe
 I'll sweep my darkening, desolating way,
 Weak man my instrument, curst man my prey!

“Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your dull way on
 By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,
 Like superstitious thieves, who think the light
 From dead men's marrow guides them best at night—³
 Ye shall have honours—wealth,—yes, sages, yes—
 I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothingness ;
 Undazzled it can track yon starry sphere,
 But a gilt stick, a bauble, blinds it here.
 How I shall laugh, when trumpeted along,
 In lying speech, and still more lying song,
 By these learn'd slaves, the meanest of the throng ;
 Their wits brought up, their wisdom shrunk so small,
 A sceptre's puny point can wield it all!

“Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,
 Whose faith enshrines the monsters which it breeds ;
 Who, bolder even than Nimrod, think to rise,
 By nonsense heap'd on nonsense to the skies ;
 Ye shall have miracles, aye, sound ones too,
 Seen, heard, attested, everything—but true.
 Your preaching zealots, too inspired to seek
 One grace of meaning for the things they speak ;
 Your martyrs, ready to shed out their blood,
 For truths too heavenly to be understood ;
 And your state priests, sole vendors of the lore,
 That works salvation ;—as on Ava's shore,
 Where none *but* priests are privileged to trade
 In that best marble of which Gods are made ;—⁴
 They shall have mysteries—aye, precious stuff
 For knaves to thrive by—mysteries enough ;
 Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave,
 Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,
 While craftier feign belief, till they believe.
 A heaven too ye must have, ye lords of dust,—
 A splendid Paradise,—pure souls, ye must ;
 That prophet ill sustains his holy call,
 Who finds not heavens to suit the tastes of all ;
 Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,
 And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.

Vain things !—as lust or vanity inspires,
 The heaven of each is but what each desires,
 And, soul or sense, whate'er the object be,
 Man would be man to all eternity !
 So let him—Eblis ! grant this crowning curse,
 But keep him what he is, no hell were worse.”—

“O my lost soul !” exclaim’d the shuddering maid,
 Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said :—
 Mokanna started—not abash’d, afraid,—
 He knew no more of fear than one who dwells
 Beneath the tropics knows of icicles !
 But, in those dismal words that reach’d his ear,
 “O my lost soul !” there was a sound so drear,
 So like that voice, among the sinful dead,
 In which the legend o’er hell’s gate is read,
 That, new as ’twas from her, whom nought could dim
 Or sink till now, it startled even him.

“Ha, my fair Priestess !”—thus, with ready wile,
 Th’ impostor turn’d to greet her—“thou, whose smile
 Hath inspiration in its rosy beam
 Beyond th’ enthusiast’s hope or prophet’s dream !
 Light of the faith ! who twin’st religion’s zeal
 So close with love’s, men know not which they feel,
 Nor which to sigh for, in their trance of heart,
 The heaven thou preachest or the heaven thou art !
 What should I be without thee ? without thee
 How dull were power, how joyless victory !
 Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine
 Bless’d not my banner, ’twere but half divine.
 But—why so mournful, child ? those eyes that shone
 All life last night—what !—is their glory gone ?
 Come, come,—this morn’s fatigue hath made them pale,
 They want rekindling—suns themselves would fail,
 Did not their comets bring, as I to thee,
 From Light’s own fount supplies of brilliancy !
 Thou seest this cup—no juice of earth is here,
 But the pure waters of that upper sphere,
 Whose rills o’er ruby beds and topaz flow,
 Catching the gem’s bright colour as they go.
 Nightly my Genii come and fill these urns—
 Nay, drink—in every drop life’s essence burns ;
 ’Twill make that soul all fire, those eyes all light—
 Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-night :
 There is a youth—why start ?—thou saw’st him then
 Look’d he not nobly ? such the god-like men
 Thou’lt have to woo thee in the bowers above ;—
 Though *he*, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for love,
 Too ruled by that cold enemy of bliss
 The world calls virtue—we must conquer this ;—
 Nay, shrink not, pretty sage ; ’tis not for thee
 To scan the maze of heaven’s mystery.

The steel must pass through fire, ere it can yield
 Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.
 This very night I mean to try the art
 Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart.
 All that my haram boasts of bloom and wit,
 Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,
 Shall tempt the boy ; young Mirzala's blue eyes,
 Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies ;
 Arouya's cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,
 And lips that, like the seal of Solomon,
 Have magic in their pressure ; Zeba's lute,
 And Lilla's dancing feet, that gleam and shoot
 Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep !—
 All shall combine their witching powers to steep
 My convert's spirit in that softening trance,
 From which to heaven is but the next advance—
 That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast,
 On which Religion stamps her image best.
 But hear me, Priestess !—though each nymph of these
 Hath some peculiar, practised power to please,
 Some glance or step, which at the mirror tried,
 First charms herself, then all the world beside ;
 There still wants *one* to make the victory sure,
 One who in every look joins every lure ;
 Through whom all beauty's beams concentrated pass,
 Dazzling and warm, as through love's burning glass ;
 Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,
 Whose words, even when unmeaning, are adored,
 Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,
 Which our faith takes for granted are divine !
 Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and light,
 To crown the rich temptations of to-night ;
 Such the refined enchantress that must be
 This hero's vanquisher,—and thou art she !”

With her hands clasp'd, her lips apart and pale,
 The maid had stood, gazing upon the veil
 From which these words, like south-winds through a fence
 Of Kerzrah flowers, came filled with pestilence :¹
 So boldly utter'd too ! as if all dread
 Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns, were fled,
 And the wretch felt assured that, once plunged in,
 Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin !

At first, though mute she listen'd, like a dream
 Seem'd all he said ; nor could her mind, whose beam
 As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme.
 But when, at length, he utter'd “Thou art she !”
 All flash'd at once, and shrieking piteously,
 “Oh, not for worlds !” she cried—“Great God ! to whom
 I once knelt innocent, is this my doom ?
 Are all my dreams, my hopes of heavenly bliss,
 My purity, my pride, then come to this ?—

To live, the wanton of a fiend ! to be
 The pander of his guilt—O infamy !
 And sunk, myself, as low as hell can steep
 In its hot flood, drag others down as deep !
 Others?—ha ! yes—that youth who came to-day—
Not him I loved—not him—oh, do but say,
 But swear to me this moment 'tis not he,
 And I will serve, dark fiend ! will worship even thee !”

“Beware, young raving thing !—in time beware,
 Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear
 Even from *thy* lips. Go—try thy lute, thy voice ;
 The boy must feel their magic—I rejoice
 To see those fires, no matter whence they rise,
 Once more illuming my fair Priestess' eyes ;
 And should the youth, whom soon those eyes shall warm,
Indeed resemble thy dead lover's form,
 So much the happier wilt thou find thy doom,
 As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,
 Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.
 Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet !—those eyes were made
 For love, not anger—I must be obey'd.”

“Obey'd !—'tis well—yes, I deserve it all—
 On me, on me Heaven's vengeance cannot fall
 Too heavily—but Azim, brave and true
 And beautiful—must *he* be ruin'd too ?
 Must *he*, too, glorious as he is, be driven,
 A renegade, like me, from love and heaven ?
 Like me?—weak wretch, I wrong him—not like me ;
 No—he's all truth and strength and purity !
 Fill up your maddening hell-cup to the brim,
 Its witchery, fiends, will have no charm for him.
 Let loose your glowing wantons from their bowers,
 He loves, he loves, and can defy their powers !
 Wretch as I am, in *his* heart still I reign
 Pure as when first we met, without a stain !
 Though ruin'd—lost—my memory, like a charm
 Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.
 Oh ! never let him know how deep the brow
 He kiss'd at parting is dishonour'd now—
 Ne'er tell him how debased, how sunk is she,
 Whom once he lov'd !—once !—*still* loves dotingly !
 Thou laugh'st, tormentor,—what !—thou'lt brand my name ?
 Do, do—in vain—he'll not believe my shame—
 He thinks me true—that nought beneath God's sky
 Could tempt or change me, and—so once thought I.
 But this is past—though worse than death my lot,
 Than hell—'tis nothing, while *he* knows it not.
 Far off to some benighted land I'll fly,
 Where sunbeam ne'er shall enter till I die ;
 Where none will ask the lost one whence she came,
 But I may fade and fall without a name !

And thou—curst man or fiend, whate'er thou art,
 Who found'st this burning plague-spot in my heart,
 And spread'st it—oh, so quick!—through soul and frame,
 With more than demon's art, till I became
 A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all flame!—
 If, when I'm gone——”

“ Hold, fearless maniac, hold
 Nor tempt my rage!—by Heaven! not half so bold
 The puny bird that dares, with teasing hum,
 Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come!¹
 And so thou'lt fly, forsooth?—what!—give up all
 Thy chaste dominion in the Haram Hall,
 Where now to Love and now to Alla given,
 Half mistress and half saint, thou hang'st as even
 As doth Medina's tomb, 'twixt hell and heaven!
 Thou'lt fly?—as easily may reptiles run
 The gaunt snake once hath fixed his eyes upon.
 As easily, when caught, the prey may be
 Pluck'd from his loving folds, as thou from me.
 No, no, 'tis fix'd—let good or ill betide,
 Thou'rt mine till death, till death Mokanna's bride!
 Hast thou forgot thy oath? ”—

At this dread word,
 The Maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had stirr'd
 Through all its depths and roused an anger there,
 That burst and lighten'd even through her despair;—
 Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the breath
 That spoke that word, and stagger'd, pale as death.

“ Yes, my sworn bride, let others seek in bowers
 Their bridal place—the charnel vault was ours!
 Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me
 Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality;—
 Gay, flickering death-lights shone while we were wed,
 And, for our guests, a row of goodly dead
 (Immortal spirits in their time no doubt),
 From reeking shrouds upon the rite look'd out!
 That oath thou heard'st more lips than thine repeat—
 That cup—thou shudderest, lady—was it sweet?
 That cup we pledged, the charnel's choicest wine,
 Hath bound thee—aye—body and soul all mine;
 Bound thee by chains that, whether blest or curst
 No matter now, not hell itself shall burst!
 Hence, woman, to the haram, and look gay,
 Look wild, look—anything but sad; yet stay—
 One moment more—from what this night hath pass'd,
 I see thou know'st me, know'st me *well* at last.
 Ha, ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all true,
 And that I love mankind!—I do, I do—
 As victims, love them; as the sea-dog dotes
 Upon the small sweet fry that round him floats;
 Or as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives
 That rank and venomous food on which she lives!²—

"And, now thou see'st my *soul's* angelic hue,
 'Tis time these *features* were uncurtain'd too ;—
 This brow, whose light—O rare celestial light !
 Hath been reserved to bless thy favour'd sight ;
 These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded might
 Thou'st seen immortal Man kneel down and quake—
 Would that they *were* heaven's lightnings for his sake !
 But turn and look—then wonder, if thou wilt,
 That I should hate, should take revenge, by guilt,
 Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose mirth
 Sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon earth ;
 And on that race who, though more vile may be
 Than mowing apes, are demigods to me !
 Here—judge if hell, with all its powers to damn,
 Can add one curse to the foul thing I am !"—

He raised his veil—the Maid turn'd slowly round,
 Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk upon the ground !

On their arrival, next night, at the place of encampment, they were surprised and delighted to find the groves all round illuminated ; some artists of Yamtcheou having been sent on previously for the purpose.¹ On each side of the green alley, which led to the Royal Pavilion, artificial sceneries of bamboo work² were erected, representing arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung thousands of silken lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton. Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees and acacias shining in the light of the bamboo scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of Peristan.

Lalla Rookh, however, who was too much occupied by the sad story of Zelica and her lover to give a thought to anything else, except, perhaps, him who related it, hurried on through this scene of splendour to her pavilion,—greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yamtcheou,—and was followed with equal rapidity by the Great Chamberlain, cursing, as he went, the ancient Mandarin, whose parental anxiety in lighting up the shores of the lake where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.³

Without a moment's delay young Feramorz was introduced, and Fadladeen, who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Shia or a Sooni, when Lalla Rookh impatiently clapped her hands for silence, and the youth, being seated upon the musnud near her, proceeded :—

Prepare thy soul, young Azim !—thou hast braved
 The bands of Greece, still mighty, though enslaved ;
 Hast faced her phalanx, arm'd with all its fame,
 Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame ;
 All this hast fronted, with firm heart and brow,
 But a more perilous trial waits thee now,—
 Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes
 From every land where woman smiles or sighs ;
 Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise
 His black or azure banner in their blaze ;
 And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash
 That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,
 To the sly, stealing splendours, almost hid,
 Like swords half-sheathed, beneath the downcast lid.
 Such, Azim, is the lovely, luminous host
 Now led against thee ; and, let conquerors boast

Their fields of fame, he who in virtue arms
 A young, warm spirit against beauty's charms,
 Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
 Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the haram chambers, moving lights
 And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites ;—
 From room to room the ready handmaids hie,
 Some skill'd to wreathe the turban tastefully,
 Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
 O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,
 Who, if between the folds but *one* eye shone,
 Like Seba's Queen could vanquish with that one :¹—
 While some bring leaves of henna, to imbue
 The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,²
 So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem
 Like tips of coral branches in the stream ;
 And others mix the Kohol's jetty die,
 To give that long, dark languish to the eye,³
 Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to cull
 From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful !

All is in motion ; rings and plumes and pearls
 Are shining everywhere :—some younger girls
 Are gone by moonlight to the garden beds,
 To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads ;
 Gay creatures ! sweet, though mournful, 'tis to see
 How each prefers a garland from that tree
 Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,
 And her dear fields and friendships far away.
 The maid of India, blest again to hold
 In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,⁴
 Thinks of the time when, by the Ganges' flood,
 Her little playmates scatter'd many a bud
 Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam
 Just dripping from the consecrated stream ;
 While the young Arab, haunted by the smell
 Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell,—
 The sweet Elcaya,⁵ and that courteous tree
 Which bows to all who seek its canopy⁶—
 Sees, call'd up round her by these magic scents,
 The well, the camels, and her father's tents :
 Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
 And wishes even its sorrows back again !

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
 Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
 Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
 From many a jasper fount is heard around,
 Young Azim roams bewilder'd,—nor can guess
 What means this maze of light and loneliness.
 Here, the way leads, o'er tessellated floors
 Or mats of Cairo, through long corridors,
 Where, ranged in cassolets and silver urns,
 Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns ;

LALLA ROOKH.

And spicy rods, such as illumine at night
 The bowers of Tibet,¹ send forth odorous light,
 Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road
 For some pure spirit to its blest abode !—
 And here, at once, the glittering saloon
 Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as noon ;
 Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
 In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays
 High as th' enamell'd cupola, which towers
 All rich with arabesques of gold and flowers :
 And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
 The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew,
 Like the wet, glistening shells, of every dye,
 That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings
 Of woman's love in those fair, living things
 Of land and wave, whose fate—in bondage thrown
 For their weak loveliness—is like her own !
 On one side gleaming with a sudden grace
 Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
 In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
 Like golden ingots from a fairy mine ;—
 While, on the other, latticed lightly in
 With odoriferous woods of Comorin,²
 Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen ;—
 Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
 The crimson blossoms of the coral-tree³
 In the warm isles of India's sunny sea :
 Mecca's blue sacred pigeon,⁴ and the thrush
 Of Hindostan,⁵ whose holy warblings gush,
 At evening, from the tall pagoda's top ;—
 Those golden birds that, in the spice time, drop⁶
 About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
 Whose scent hath lured them o'er the summer flood ;⁷
 And those that under Araby's soft sun
 Build their high nests of budding cinnamon ;—⁸
 In short, all rare and beauteous things, that fly
 Through the pure element, here calmly lie
 Sleeping in light, like the green birds⁹ that dwell
 In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel !

So on, through scenes past all imagining,—
 More like the luxuries of that impious king,¹⁰
 Whom Death's dark angel, with his lightning torch,
 Struck down and blasted even in pleasure's porch,
 Than the pure dwelling of a prophet sent,
 Arm'd with Heaven's sword, for man's enfranchisement,—
 Young Azim wander'd, looking sternly round,
 His simple garb, and war-boots' clanking sound
 But ill according with the pomp and grace
 And silent lull of that voluptuous place !

“Is this then,” thought the youth, “is this the way
 To free man's spirit from the deadening sway

Of worldly sloth ;—to teach him, while he lives,
 To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,
 And when he dies, to leave his lofty name
 A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame ?
 It was not so, land of the generous thought
 And daring deed ! thy god-like sages taught ;
 It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,
 Thy Freedom nursed her sacred energies ;
 Oh ! not beneath th' enfeebling, withering glow
 Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow
 With which she wreathed her sword, when she would dare
 Immortal deeds ; but in the bracing air
 Of toil,—of temperance,—of that high, rare,
 Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe
 Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's wreath !
 Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,
 This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
 This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
 The past, the future, two eternities !—
 Would sully the bright spot or leave it bare,
 When he might build him a proud temple there,
 A name, that long shall hallow all its space,
 And be each purer soul's high resting-place !
 But no—it cannot be, that one, whom God
 Has sent to break the wizard Falsehood's rod,—
 A prophet of the Truth, whose mission draws
 Its rights from heaven, should thus profane his cause
 With the world's vulgar pomps,—no, no—I see—
 He thinks me weak—this glare of luxury
 Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze
 Of my young soul ;—shine on, 'twill stand the blaze !”

So thought the youth ;—but, even while he defied
 This witching scene, he felt its witchery glide
 Through every sense. The perfume, breathing round,
 Like a pervading spirit ;—the still sound
 Of falling waters, lulling as the song
 Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng
 Around the fragrant Nilica, and deep
 In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep !¹
 And music too—dear music ! that can touch
 Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—
 Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
 Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream ;—
 All was too much for him, too full of bliss,
 The heart could nothing feel, that felt not this :
 Soften'd he sunk upon a couch, and gave
 His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave
 Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are laid ;—
 He thought of Zelica, his own dear maid,
 And of the time when, full of blissful sighs,
 They sat and looked into each other's eyes,
 Silent and happy—as if God had given
 Nought else worth looking at on this side heaven !

"O my loved mistress! whose enchantments still
 Are with me, round me, wander where I will—
 It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
 The paths of glory—to light up thy cheek
 With warm approval—in that gentle look,
 To read my praise, as in an angel's book,
 And think all toils rewarded, when from thee
 I gain a smile, worth immortality!
 How shall I bear the moment, when restored
 To that young heart where I alone am lord,
 Though of such bliss unworthy,—since the best
 Alone deserve to be the happiest!—
 When from those lips, unbreathed upon for years,
 I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,
 And find those tears warm as when last they started,
 Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted!
 O my own life!—why should a single day,
 A moment keep me from those arms away?"

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze
 Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,
 Each note of which but adds new, downy links
 To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.
 He turns him toward the sound, and, far away
 Through a long vista, sparkling with the play
 Of countless lamps,—like the rich track which day
 Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us;
 So long the path, its light so tremulous,—
 He sees a group of female forms advance,
 Some chain'd together in the mazy dance
 By fetters, forged in the green sunny bowers,
 As they were captives to the King of Flowers;—
 And some disporting round, unlink'd and free,
 Who seem'd to mock their sisters' slavery,
 And round and round them still, in wheeling flight,
 Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night;
 While others waked, (as gracefully along
 Their feet kept time), the very soul of song
 From psaltery, pipe, and lutes of heavenly thrill,
 Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still!
 And now they come, now pass before his eye,
 Forms such as Nature moulds, when she would vie
 With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things
 Lovely beyond its fairest picturings!
 Awhile they dance before him, then divide,
 Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide
 Around the rich pavilion of the sun,—
 Till silently dispersing, one by one,
 Through many a path that from the chamber leads
 To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,
 Their distant laughter comes upon the wind,
 And but one trembling nymph remains behind,—
 Beckoning them back in vain, for they are gone,
 And she is left in all that light alone;

No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous brow,
 In its young bashfulness more beauteous now ;
 But a light, golden chain-work round her hair,¹
 Such as the maids of Yezd and Shiraz wear,²
 From which, on either side, gracefully hung
 A golden amulet, in th' Arab tongue,
 Engraven o'er with some immortal line
 From holy writ, or bard scarce less divine ;
 While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,
 Held a small lute of gold and sandal-wood,
 Which, once or twice, she touch'd with hurried strain,
 Then took her trembling fingers off again.
 But when at length a timid glance she stole
 At Azim, the sweet gravity of soul
 She saw through all his features calm'd her fear,
 And, like a half-tamed antelope, more near,
 Though shrinking still, she came ;—then sat her down
 Upon a musnud's³ edge, and, bolder grown,
 In the pathetic mode of Isfahan⁴
 Touch'd a preluding strain, and thus began :—

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's⁵ stream,
 And the nightingale sings round it all the day long ;
 In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
 To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
 That bower and its music I never forget,
 But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
 I think—is the nightingale singing there yet ?
 Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer ?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
 But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone,
 And a dew was distill'd from their flowers that gave
 All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.
 Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
 An essence that breathes of it many a year ;
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer !

“Poor maiden !” thought the youth, “if thou wert sent,
 With thy soft lute and beauty's blandishment,
 To wake unholy wishes in this heart,
 Or tempt its truth, thou little know'st the art,
 For though thy lip should sweetly counsel wrong,
 Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.
 But thou hast breathed such purity, thy lay
 Returns so fondly to youth's virtuous day,
 And leads thy soul—if e'er it wander'd thence—
 So gently back to its first innocence,
 That I would sooner stop th' unchain'd dove,
 When swift returning to its home of love,
 And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,
 Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine !”

Scarce had this feeling passed, when, sparkling through
 The gently-open'd curtains of light blue
 That veil'd the breezy casement, countless eyes,
 Peeping like stars through the blue evening skies,
 Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pair
 That sat so still and melancholy there.
 And now the curtains fly apart, and in
 From the cool air, 'mid showers of jessamine
 Which those without fling after them in play,
 Two lightsome maidens spring, lightsome as they
 Who live in th' air on odours, and around
 The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,
 Chase one another, in a varying dance
 Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,
 Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit :—
 While she who sung so gently to the lute
 Her dream of home, steals timidly away,
 Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray,—
 But takes with her from Azim's heart that sigh
 We sometimes give to forms that pass us by
 In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
 Creatures of light we never see again !

Around the white necks of the nymphs who danced
 Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanced
 More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er
 The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore ;¹
 While from their long, dark tresses, in a fall
 Of curls descending, bells as musical
 As those that, on the golden-shafted trees
 Of Eden, shake in the Eternal Breeze,²
 Rung round their steps, at every bound more sweet,
 As 'twere th' ecstatic language of their feet !
 At length the chase was o'er, and they stood wreathed
 Within each other's arms : while soft there breathed
 Through the cool casement, mingled with the sighs
 Of moonlight flowers, music that seem'd to rise
 From some still lake, so liquidly it rose ;
 And, as it swelled again at each faint close,
 The ear could track through all that maze of chords
 And young sweet voices, these impassion'd words :—

A Spirit there is, whose fragrant sigh
 Is burning now through earth and air ;
 Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh,
 Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there !

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,
 And his floating eyes—oh ! *they* resemble
 Blue water-lilies,³ when the breeze
 Is making the stream around them tremble !

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power !
 Spirit of Love ! Spirit of Bliss !
 Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
 And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

By the fair and brave,
 Who blushing unite,
 Like the sun and wave,
 When they meet at night.

By the tear that shows
 When passion is nigh,
 As the rain-drop flows
 From the heat of the sky !

By the first love-beat
 Of the youthful heart,
 By the bliss to meet,
 And the pain to part !

By all that thou hast
 To mortals given,
 Which—oh ! could it last,
 This earth were heaven !

We call thee hither, enchanting Power !
 Spirit of Love ! Spirit of Bliss !
 Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
 And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

Impatient of a scene whose luxuries stole,
 Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,
 And where, 'midst all that the young heart loves most,
 Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost,
 The youth had started up, and turn'd away
 From the light nymphs and their luxurious lay,
 To muse upon the pictures that hung round,¹—
 Bright images, that spoke without a sound,
 And views, like vistas into fairy ground.
 But here again new spells came o'er his sense ;—
 All that the pencil's mute omnipotence
 Could call up into life, of soft and fair,
 Of fond and passionate, was glowing there ;
 Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with that fine art
 Which paints of pleasure but the purer part ;
 Which knows e'en Beauty when half veiled is best,
 Like her own radiant planet of the west,
 Whose orb when half retired looks loveliest !²
There hung the history of the Genii-King,
 Traced through each gay, voluptuous wandering
 With her from Saba's bowers, in whose bright eyes
 He read that to be blest is to be wise ;—³
Here fond Zuleika⁴ woos with open arms
 The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young charms,
 Yet, flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone,
 Wishes that heaven and she could *both* be won !
 And here Mohammed, born for love and guile,
 Forgets the Koran in his Mary's smile ;—
 Then beckons some kind angel from above
 With a new text to consecrate their love !⁵

With rapid step, yet pleased and lingering eye,
 Did the youth pass these pictured stories by,
 And hasten'd to a casement, where the light
 Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright
 The fields without were seen, sleeping as still
 As if no life remained in breeze or rill.
 Here paused he, while the music, now less near,
 Breathed with a holier language on his ear,
 As though the distance and that heavenly ray
 Through which the sounds came floating, took away
 All that had been too earthly in the lay.
 Oh ! could he listen to such sounds unmoved,
 And by that light—nor dream of her he loved ?
 Dream on, unconscious boy ! while yet thou mayst ;
 'Tis the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.
 Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,
 Ere all the light that made it dear depart.
 Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st them last,
 Clear, beautiful, by nought of earth o'er cast ;
 Recall her tears, to thee at parting given,
 Pure as they weep, *if* angels weep in heaven !
 Think in her own still bower she waits thee now,
 With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,
 Yet shrined in solitude—thine all, thine only,
 Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely.
 Oh, that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
 Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd !

The song is hush'd, the laughing nymphs are flown,
 And he is left, musing of bliss, alone ;—
 Alone ?—no, not alone—that heavy sigh,
 That sob of grief, which broke from some one nigh—
 Whose could it be ?—alas ! is misery found
 Here, even here, on this enchanted ground ?
 He turns, and sees a female form, close veil'd,
 Leaning, as if both heart and strength had fail'd,
 Against a pillar near ;—not glittering o'er
 With gems and wreaths, such as the others wore,
 But in that deep blue, melancholy dress¹
 Bokhara's maidens wear in mindfulness
 Of friends or kindred, dead or far away ;—
 And such as Zelica had on that day
 He left her,—when, with heart too full to speak,
 He took away her last warm tears upon his cheek.

A strange emotion stirs within him,—more
 Than mere compassion ever waked before ;—
 Unconsciously he opes his arms, while she
 Springs forward, as with life's last energy,
 But, swooning in that one convulsive bound,
 Sinks, ere she reach his arms, upon the ground :—
 Her veil falls off—her faint hands clasp his knees—
 'Tis she herself !—'tis Zelica he sees !

But, ah, so pale, so changed—none but a lover
 Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine discover
 The once adored divinity! even he
 Stood for some moments mute, and doubtingly
 Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gazed
 Upon those lids, where once such lustre blazed,
 Ere he could think she was *indeed* his own,
 Own darling maid, whom he so long had known
 In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both;
 Who, e'en when grief was heaviest—when loth
 He left her for the wars—in that worst hour
 Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night flower,¹
 When darkness brings its weeping glories out,
 And spreads its sighs like frankincense about!

“Look up, my Zelica—one moment show
 Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know
 Thy life, thy loveliness, is not all gone,
 But *there*, at least, shines as it ever shone.
 Come, look upon thy Azim—one dear glance,
 Like those of old, were heaven! whatever chance
 Hath brought thee here, oh! 'twas a blessed one!
 There—my sweet lids—they move—that kiss hath run
 Like the first shoot of life through every vein,
 And now I clasp her, mine, all mine again!
 Oh, the delight! now, in this very hour,
 When had the whole rich world been in my power,
 I should have singled out thee, only thee,
 From the whole world's collected treasury—
 To have thee here—to hang thus fondly o'er
 My own best, purest Zelica once more!”

It was indeed the touch of those loved lips
 Upon her eyes that chased their short eclipse,
 And, gradual as the snow, at heaven's breath,
 Melts off and shows the azure flowers beneath,
 Her lids unclosed, and the bright eyes were seen
 Gazing on his,—not, as they late had been,
 Quick, restless, wild, but mournfully serene;
 As if to lie, e'en for that tranced minute,
 So near his heart, had consolation in it;
 And thus to wake in his beloved caress
 Took from her soul one-half its wretchedness.
 But, when she heard him call her good and pure,
 Oh, 'twas too much—too dreadful to endure!
 Shuddering, she broke away from his embrace,
 And, hiding with both hands her guilty face,
 Said, in a tone whose anguish would have riven
 A heart of very marble, “Pure—O Heaven!”——

That tone—those looks so changed—the withering blight,
 That sin and sorrow leave where'er they light—
 The dead dependency of those sunken eyes,
 Where once, had he thus met her by surprise,

He would have seen himself, too happy boy,
 Reflected in a thousand lights of joy ;—
 And then the place, that bright unholy place,
 Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace
 And charm of luxury, as the viper weaves
 Its wily covering of sweet balsam-leaves ;¹—
 All struck upon his heart, sudden and cold
 As death itself ;—it needs not to be told—
 No, no—he sees it all, plain as the brand
 Of burning shame can mark—whate'er the hand,
 That could from heaven and him such brightness sever,
 'Tis done—to heaven and him she's lost for ever !
 It was a dreadful moment ; not the tears,
 The lingering, lasting misery of years,
 Could match that minute's anguish—all the worst
 Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst
 Broke o'er his soul, and with one crash of fate,
 Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate !

“ Oh ! curse me not,” she cried, as wild he toss'd
 His desperate hand towards heaven—“ though I am lost,
 Think not that guilt, that falsehood made me fall,
 No, no—'twas grief, 'twas madness, did it all !
 Nay, doubt me not—though all thy love hath ceased—
 I know it hath—yet, yet believe, at least,
 That every spark of reason's light must be
 Quench'd in this brain, ere I could stray from thee !
 They told me thou wert dead—why, Azim, why
 Did we not, both of us, that instant die
 When we were parted ?—oh ! couldst thou but know
 With what a deep devotedness of woe
 I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again
 Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,
 And memory, like a drop that, night and day,
 Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away !
 Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,
 My eyes still turned the way thou wert to come,
 And, all the long, long night of hope and fear,
 Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear—
 O God ! thou wouldst not wonder that, at last,
 When every hope was all at once o'ercast,
 When I heard frightful voices round me say,
Azim is dead !—this wretched brain gave way,
 And I became a wreck, at random driven,
 Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven—
 All wild—and even this quenchless love within
 Turn'd to foul fires to light me into sin !
 Thou pitiest me—I knew thou wouldst—that sky
 Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I.
 The fiend who lured me hither—hist ! come near,
 Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he should hear—
 Told me such things—oh ! with such devilish art,
 As would have ruin'd even a holier heart—
 Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,
 Where blessed at length, if I but served *him* here,

I should for ever live in thy dear sight,
 And drink from those pure eyes eternal light !
 Think, think how lost, how madden'd I must be,
 To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee !
 Thou weep'st for me—do weep—oh ! that I durst
 Kiss off that tear ; but, no—these lips are curst,
 They must not touch thee ;—one divine caress,
 One blessed moment of forgetfulness
 I've had within those arms, and *that* shall lie,
 Shrined in my soul's deep memory till I die !
 The last of joy's last relics here below,
 The one sweet drop, in all this waste of woe
 My heart has treasured from affection's spring,
 To soothe and cool its deadly withering !
 But thou—yes, thou must go—for ever go ;
 This place is not for thee—for thee ! oh, no !
 Did I but tell thee half, thy tortured brain
 Would burn like mine, and mine go wild again !
 Enough, that Guilt reigns here—that hearts once good,
 Now tainted, chill'd and broken, are his food.—
 Enough, that we are parted—that there rolls
 A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
 Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
 As hell from heaven, to all eternity ! ”

“ Zelica ! Zelica ! ” the youth exclaim'd,
 In all the tortures of a mind inflamed
 Almost to madness—“ by that sacred heaven,
 Where yet, if prayers can move, thou'lt be forgiven,
 As thou art here—here, in this writhing heart,
 All sinful, wild, and ruin'd as thou art !
 By the remembrance of our once pure love,
 Which, like a churchyard light, still burns above
 The grave of our lost souls—which guilt in thee
 Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me !
 I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence—
 If thou hast yet one spark of innocence,
 Fly with me from this place,—”

“ With thee ! oh bliss,
 'Tis worth whole years of torment to hear this.
 What ! take the lost one with thee ?—let her rove
 By thy dear side, as in those days of love,
 When we were both so happy, both so pure—
 Too heavenly dream ! if there's on earth a cure
 For the sunk heart, 'tis this—day after day
 To be the blest companion of thy way ;—
 To hear thy angel eloquence—to see
 Those virtuous eyes for ever turn'd on me ;
 And in their light rechasten silently,
 Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,
 Grow pure by being purely shone upon ;
 And thou wilt pray for me—I know thou wilt—
 At the dim vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt

Come heaviest o'er the heart, thou'lt lift thine eyes,
 Full of sweet tears unto the darkening skies,
 And plead for me with heaven, till I can dare
 To fix my own weak sinful glances there ;—
 Till the good angels, when they see me cling
 For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,
 Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul forgiven,
 And bid thee take thy weeping slave to heaven !
 Oh, yes, I'll fly with thee——”

Scarce had she said
 These breathless words, when a voice deep and dread
 As that of Monker, waking up the dead
 From their first sleep—so startling 'twas to both—
 Rung through the casement near, “Thy oath ! thy oath !”
 O Heaven, the ghastliness of that Maid's look !
 “'Tis he,” faintly she cried, while terror shook
 Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,
 Though through the casement now, nought but the skies
 And moonlight fields were seen, calm as before—
 “'Tis he, and I am his—all, all is o'er—
 Go—fly this instant, or thou'rt ruined too—
 My oath, my oath, O God ! 'tis all too true,
 True as the worm in this cold heart it is—
 I am Mokanna's bride—his, Azim, his—
 The dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow,
 Their blue lips echoed it—I hear them now !
 Their eyes glared on me, while I pledged that bowl,
 'Twas burning blood—I feel it in my soul ;
 And the Veiled Bridegroom—hist ! I've seen to-night
 What angels know not of—so foul a sight,
 So horrible—oh ! never mayst thou see
 What *there* lies hid from all but hell and me !
 But I must hence—off, off—I am not thine,
 Nor Heaven's, nor Love's, nor aught that is divine—
 Hold me not—ha !—think'st thou the fiends that sever
 Hearts, cannot sunder hands ?—thus, then—for ever !”

With all that strength which madness lends the weak,
 She flung away his arm ; and, with a shriek,—
 Whose sound, though he should linger out more years
 Than wretch e'er told, can never leave his ears,—
 Flew up through that long avenue of light,
 Fleetly as some dark ominous bird of night
 Across the sun, and soon was out of sight !

Lalla Rookh could think of nothing all day but the misery of these two young lovers. Her gaiety was gone, and she looked pensively even upon Fadladeen. She felt too, without knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imagining that Azim must have been just such a youth as Feramorz ; just as worthy to enjoy all the blessings, without any of the pangs, of that illusive passion, which too often, like the sunny apples of Istakhar,¹ is all sweetness on one side, and all bitterness on the other.

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl² upon the bank, whose employment seemed to them so strange that they stopped their palankeens to observe her. She had

lighted a small lamp, filled with oil of cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream, and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside her. Lalla Rookh was all curiosity;—when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges (where this ceremony is so frequent, that often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Oton-tala or Sea of Stars),¹ informed the Princess that it was the usual way in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sunk immediately, the omen was disastrous; but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

Lalla Rookh, as they moved on, more than once looked back to observe how the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded; and while she saw with pleasure that it was still unextinguished, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the river. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence. She now, for the first time, felt that shade of melancholy which comes over the youthful maiden's heart, as sweet and transient as her own breath upon a mirror; nor was it till she heard the lute of Feramorz touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the reverie in which she had been wandering. Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure, and, after a few unheard remarks from Fadladeen upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in presence of a princess, everything was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued :—

Whose are the gilded tents that crowd the way,
Where all was waste and silent yesterday?
This City of War which, in a few short hours,
Hath sprung up here, as if the magic powers²
Of him who, in the twinkling of a star,
Built the high-pillar'd halls of Chilminar,³
Had conjured up, far as the eye can see,
This world of tents and domes and sun-bright armoury !—
Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a fold
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold ;—
Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,
Their chains and poitreles glittering in the sun ;
And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells,
Shaking in every breeze their light-toned bells.⁴

But yester-eve, so motionless around,
So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound
But the far torrent, or the locust-bird,⁵
Hunting among the thickets, could be heard ;—
Yet hark ! what discords now of every kind,
Shouts, laughs, and screams are revelling in the wind !
The neigh of cavalry ;—the tinkling throngs
Of laden camels and their drivers' songs ;⁶—
Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze
Of streamers from ten thousand canopies ;—
War-music, bursting out from time to time
With gong and tymbalon's tremendous chime ;—
Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,
The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,
That far off, broken by the eagle note
Of th' Abyssinian trumpet,⁷ swell and float !

LALLA ROOKH.

Who leads this mighty army?—ask ye “who?”
 And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,
 The Night and Shadow,¹ over yonder tent?—
 It is the Caliph's glorious armament.
 Roused in his palace by the dread alarms,
 That hourly came, of the false Prophet's arms,
 And of his host of infidels, who hurl'd
 Defiance fierce at Islam² and the world;—
 Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind
 The veils of his bright palace calm reclined,
 Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy should stain,
 Thus unrevenged, the evening of his reign.
 But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave,³
 To conquer or to perish, once more gave
 His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,
 And with an army, nursed in victories,
 Here stands to crush the rebels that o'errun
 His blest and beauteous province of the sun.

Ne'er did the march of Mahadi display
 Such pomp before;—not e'en when on his way
 To Mecca's temple, when both land and sea
 Were spoil'd to feed the pilgrim's luxury;⁴
 When round him, 'mid the burning sands, he saw
 Fruits of the north in icy freshness thaw,
 And cool his thirsty lip, beneath the glow
 Of Mecca's sun, with urns of Persian snow;⁵
 Nor e'er did armament more grand than that
 Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat.
 First, in the van, the People of the Rock,⁶
 On their light mountain steeds, of royal stock;⁷
 Then chieftains of Damascus, proud to see
 The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry;⁸
 Men, from the regions near the Volga's mouth,
 Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the south;
 And Indian lancers, in white turban'd ranks
 From the far Sinde, or Attock's sacred banks,
 With dusky legions from the land of Myrrh,⁹
 And many a mace-armed Moor and Mid-Sea islander.

Nor less in number, though more new and rude
 In warfare's school, was the vast multitude
 That, fired by zeal, or by oppression wrong'd
 Round the white standard of th' impostor throng'd.
 Beside his thousands of believers,—blind,
 Burning and headlong as the Samiel wind,—
 Many who felt, and more who fear'd to feel
 The bloody Islamite's converting steel,
 Flock'd to his banner;—chiefs of th' Uzbek race,
 Waving their heron crests with martial grace;¹⁰
 Turkomans, countless as their flocks, led forth
 From th' aromatic pastures of the north;

Wild warriors of the turquoise hills,¹—and those
 Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows
 Of Hindoo Kosh,² in stormy freedom bred,
 Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's bed.
 But none, of all who own'd the Chief's command,
 Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder hand
 Or sterner hate than Iran's outlaw'd men,
 Her Worshipers of Fire³—all panting then
 For vengeance on th' accursed Saracen ;
 Vengeance at last for their dear country spurn'd
 Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines o'erturn'd,
 From Yezd's⁴ eternal Mansion of the Fire,
 Where aged saints in dreams of heaven expire ;
 From Badku, and those fountains of blue flame
 That burn into the Caspian,⁵ fierce they came,
 Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,
 So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants bled !

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host,
 That high in air their motley banners toss'd
 Around the Prophet-Chief—all eyes still bent
 Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it went,
 That beacon through the battle's stormy flood,
 That rainbow of the field, whose showers were blood !

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,
 And ris'n again, and found them grappling yet ;
 While streams of carnage, in his noon-tide blaze,
 Smoke up to heaven—hot as that crimson haze,⁶
 By which the prostrate caravan is awed,
 In the red Desert, when the wind's abroad !
 “On, Swords of God !” the Panting Caliph calls,—
 “Thrones for the living—heaven for him who falls !”
 “On, brave avengers, on,” Mokanna cries,
 “And Eblis blast the recreant slave that flies !”
 Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day—
 They clash—they strive—the Caliph's troops give way !
 Mokanna's self plucks the black banner down,
 And now the Orient World's imperial crown
 Is just within his grasp—when, hark, that shout !
 Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslems' rout,
 And now they turn—they rally—at their head
 A warrior (like those angel youths, who led,
 In glorious panoply of heaven's own mail,
 The Champions of the Faith through Beder's vale),⁷
 Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,
 Turns on the fierce pursuers' blades, and drives
 At once the multitudinous torrent back,
 While hope and courage kindle in his track,
 And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes
 Terrible vistas through which victory breaks !
 In vain Mokanna, 'midst the general flight,
 Stands like the red moon, on some stormy night,

LALLA ROOKH.

Among the fugitive clouds that hurrying by,
 Leave only her unshaken in the sky!—
 In vain he yells his desperate curses out,
 Deals death promiscuously to all about,
 To foes that charge and coward friends that fly,
 And seems of *all* the great Arch-enemy!
 The panic spreads—"a miracle!" throughout
 The Moslem ranks, "a miracle!" they shout,
 All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems
 A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams;
 And every sword, true as o'er billows dim
 The needle tracks the loadstar, following him!

Right t'wards Mokanna now he cleaves his path,
 Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath
 He bears from heaven withheld its awful burst
 From weaker heads, and souls but half-way curst,
 To break o'er him, the mightiest and the worst!
 But vain his speed—though, in that hour of blood
 Had all God's seraphs round Mokanna stood,
 With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,
 Mokanna's soul would have defied them all;—
 Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong
 For human force, hurries even *him* along;
 In vain he struggles 'mid the wedged array
 Of flying thousands,—he is borne away;
 And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows
 In this forced flight is—murdering, as he goes!
 As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might
 Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night,
 Turns, even in drowning, on the wretched flocks
 Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,
 And, to the last, devouring on his way,
 Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay!

"Alla illa Alla!"—the glad shout renew—
 "Alla Akbar!"—the Caliph's in Merou.
 Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets,
 And light your shrines and chant your ziraleets;²
 The Swords of God have triumphed—on his throne
 Your Caliph sits, and the Veil'd Chief hath flown.
 Who does not envy that young warrior now,
 To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,
 In all the graceful gratitude of power,
 For his throne's safety in that perilous hour?
 Who doth not wonder, when amidst th' acclaim
 Of thousands, heralding to heaven his name—
 'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame,
 Which sound along the path of virtuous souls,
 Like music round a planet as it rolls!—
 He turns away coldly, as if some gloom
 Hung o'er his heart no triumphs can illumine;—
 Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze
 Though glory's light may play, in vain it plays!

Yes, wretched Azim ! thine is such a grief,
 Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief,
 A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,
 Or warm or brighten,—like that Syrian Lake,¹
 Upon whose surface morn and summer shed
 Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead !—
 Hearts there have been, o'er which this weight of woe
 Came, by long use of suffering, tame and slow ;
 But thine, lost youth ! was sudden—over thee
 It broke at once, when all seemed ecstasy ;
 When Hope look'd up, and saw the gloomy past
 Melt into splendour, and Bliss dawn at last—
 'Twas then, even then, o'er joys so freshly blown,
 This mortal blight of misery came down ;
 Even then, the full warm gushings of thy heart
 Were check'd—like fount drops, frozen as they start !
 And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang,
 Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang !

One sole desire, and passion now remains,
 To keep life's fever still within his veins,—
 Vengeance !—dire vengeance on the wretch who cast
 O'er him and all he loved that ruinous blast.
 For this, when rumours reach'd him in his flight
 Far, far away, after that fatal night,—
 Rumours of armies, thronging to th' attack
 Of the Veiled Chief,—for this he wing'd him back,
 Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags unfurl'd,
 And came when all seemed lost, and wildly hurl'd
 Himself into the scale, and saved a world !
 For this he still lives on, careless of all
 The wreaths that glory on his path lets fall ;
 For this alone exists—like lightning-fire
 To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire !

But safe as yet that Spirit of Evil lives ;
 With a small band of desperate fugitives,
 The last sole stubborn fragment left unriven
 Of the proud host that late stood fronting heaven,
 He gained Merou—breathed a short curse of blood
 O'er his lost throne—then pass'd the Jihon's flood,²
 And gathering all, whose madness of belief
 Still saw a saviour in their down-fallen Chief,
 Raised the white banner within Neksheb's gates,³
 And there, untamed, th' approaching conqueror waits.

Of all his haram, all that busy hive,
 With music and with sweets sparkling alive,
 He took but one, the partner of his flight,
 One, not for love—not for her beauty's light—
 For Zelica stood withering 'midst the gay,
 Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday
 From th' Alma-tree and dies, while overhead
 To-day's young flower is springing in its stead !⁴

No, not for love—the deepest damn'd must be
 Touched with heaven's glory, ere such fiends as he
 Can feel one glimpse of love's divinity !
 But no, she is his victim ;—*there* lie all
 Her charms for him—charms that can never pall,
 As long as hell within his heart can stir,
 Or one faint trace of heaven is left in her.
 To work an angel's ruin,—to behold
 As white a page as virtue e'er unrolled
 Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll
 Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul—
 This is his triumph ; this the joy accursed,
 That ranks him among demons all but first !
 This gives the victim, that before him lies
 Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,
 A light like that with which hell-fire illumines
 The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it consumes !

But other tasks now wait him—tasks that need
 All the deep daringness of thought and deed
 With which the Dives¹ have gifted him—for mark
 Over yon plains, which night had else made dark,
 Those lanterns, countless as the wing'd lights
 That spangle India's fields on showery nights,²
 Far as their formidable gleams they shed,
 The mighty tents of the beleaguerer spread,
 Glimmering along th' horizon's dusky line,
 And thence in nearer circles, till they shine
 Among the founts and groves, o'er which the town
 In all its armed magnificence looks down.
 Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements
 Mokanna views that multitude of tents ;
 Nay, smiles to think that, though entailed, beset,
 Not less than myriads dare to front him yet ;
 That friendless, throneless, he thus stands at bay,
 Even thus a match for myriads such as they !
 “ Oh ! for a sweep of that dark Angel's wing,
 Who brush'd the thousands of th' Assyrian king³
 To darkness in a moment, that I might
 People hell's chambers with yon host to-night !
 But come what may, let who will grasp the throne,
 Caliph or prophet, Man alike shall groan ;
 Let who will torture him, priest—caliph—king—
 Alike this loathsome world of his shall ring
 With victims' shrieks and howlings of the slave,—
 Sounds, that shall glad me even within my grave ! ”
 Thus to himself—but to the scanty train
 Still left around him, a far different strain :—
 “ Glorious defenders of the sacred crown
 I bear from heaven, whose light nor blood shall drown
 Nor shadow of earth eclipse ;—before whose gems
 The paly pomp of this world's diadems,
 The crown of Gerashid, the pillar'd throne
 Of Parviz,⁴ and the heron crest that shone,⁵

Magnificent, o'er Ali's beauteous eyes,¹
 Fade like the stars when morn is in the skies :
 Warriors rejoice—the port, to which we've pass'd
 O'er destiny's dark wave, beams out at last !
 Victory's our own—'tis written in that book
 Upon whose leaves none but the angels look,
 That Islam's sceptre shall beneath the power
 Of her great foe fall broken in that hour,
 When the moon's mighty orb, before all eyes,
 From Neksheb's Holy Well portentously shall rise !
 Now turn and see !”——

They turn'd, and, as he spoke,
 A sudden splendour all around them broke,
 And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,
 Rise from the Holy Well, and cast its light
 Round the rich city and the plain for miles,²—
 Flinging such radiance o'er the gilded tiles
 Of many a dome and fair-roof'd imaret,
 As autumn suns shed round them when they set !
 Instant from all who saw th' illusive sign
 A murmur broke—“ Miraculous ! divine ! ”
 The Gheber bow'd, thinking his idol star
 Had waked, and burst impatient through the bar
 Of midnight, to inflame him to the war !
 While he of Moussa's creed saw, in that ray,
 The glorious light which, in his freedom's day,
 Had rested on the Ark,³ and now again
 Shone out to bless the breaking of his chain !

“ To victory ! ” is at once the cry of all—
 Nor stands Mokanna loitering at that call ;
 But instant the huge gates are flung aside,
 And forth, like a diminutive mountain-tide
 Into the boundless sea, they speed their course
 Right on into the Moslem's mighty force,
 The watchmen of the camp, who, in their rounds,
 Had paused and even forgot the punctual sounds
 Of the small drum with which they count the night,⁴
 To gaze upon that supernatural light,—
 Now sink beneath an unexpected arm,
 And in a death-groan give their last alarm.
 “ On for the lamps, that light yon lofty screen,⁵
 Nor blunt your blades with massacre so mean ;
 There rests the Caliph—speed—one lucky lance
 May now achieve mankind's deliverance ! ”
 Desperate the die—such as they only cast,
 Who venture for a world, and stake their last.
 But Fate's no longer with him—blade for blade
 Springs up to meet them through the glimmering shade.
 And, as the clash is heard, now legions soon
 Pour to the spot,—like bees of Kauzeron⁶
 To the shrill timbrel's summons,—till, at length,
 The mighty camp swarms out in all its strength,

And back to Neksheb's gates, covering the plain
 With random slaughter, drives the adventurous train :
 Among the last of whom, the Silver Veil
 Is seen glittering at times, like the white sail
 Of some toss'd vessel, on a stormy night,
 Catching the tempest's momentary light !

And hath not *this* brought the proud spirit low,
 Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'd his daring? No !
 Though half the wretches, whom at night he led
 To thrones and victory, lie disgraced and dead,
 Yet morning hears him, with unshrinking crest,
 Still vaunt of thrones and victory to the rest ;—
 And they believe him !—oh ! the lover may
 Distrust that look which steals his soul away :—
 The babe may cease to think that it can play
 With heaven's rainbow ;—alchemists may doubt
 The shining gold their crucible gives out ;—
 But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
 To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

And well th' impostor knew all lures and arts,
 That Lucifer e'er taught to tangle hearts ;
 Nor, 'mid these last bold workings of his plot
 Against men's souls, is Zelica forgot.
 Ill-fated Zelica ! had reason been
 Awake, through half the horrors thou hast seen,
 Thou never couldst have borne it—death had come
 At once, and taken thy wrung spirit home.
 But 'twas not so—a torpor, a suspense
 Of thought, almost of life, came o'er th' intense
 And passionate struggles of that fearful night,
 When her last hope of peace and heaven took flight :
 And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke,—
 As through some dull volcano's veil of smoke
 Ominous flashings now and then will start,
 Which show the fire's still busy at its heart ;
 Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in sullen gloom,—
 Not such as Azim's, brooding o'er its doom,
 And calm without, as is the brow of death,
 While busy worms are gnawing underneath !—
 But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free
 From thought or pain, a seal'd up apathy,
 Which left her oft, with scarce one loving thrill,
 The cold, pale victim of her torturer's will.

Again, as in Merou, he had her deck'd
 Gorgeously out, the Priestess of the sect ;
 And led her glittering forth before the eyes
 Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice ;
 Pallid as she, the young, devoted Bride
 Of the fierce Nile, when, deck'd in all the pride
 Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tide !¹
 And while the wretched maid hung down her head,
 And stood, as one just risen from the dead,

Amid that gazing crowd, the fiend would tell
 His credulous slaves it was some charm or spell
 Possess'd her now,—and from that darken'd trance
 Should dawn ere long their faith's deliverance.
 Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,
 Her soul was roused, and words of wildness came,
 Instant the bold blasphemer would translate
 Her ravings into oracles of fate,
 Would hail heaven's signals in her flashing eyes,
 And call her shrieks the language of the skies !

But vain at length his arts, despair is seen
 Gathering around ; and famine comes to glean
 All that the sword had left unrep'd ;— in vain
 At morn and eve across the northern plain
 He looks impatient for the promised spears
 Of the wild hordes and Tartar mountaineers ;
 They come not—while his fierce beleaguers pour
 Engines of havoc in, unknown before,
 And horrible as new¹—javelins, that fly
 Enwreathed with smoky flames through the dark sky,
 And red-hot globes that, opening as they mount,
 Discharge, as from a kindled naphtha fount,²
 Showers of consuming fire o'er all below ;
 Looking, as through th' illumined night they go,
 Like those wild birds³ that by the Magians oft,
 At festivals of fire, were sent aloft
 Into the air, with blazing faggots tied
 To their huge wings, scattering combustion wide !
 All night, the groans of wretches who expire,
 In agony, beneath these darts of fire,
 Ring through the city—while, descending o'er
 Its shrines and domes and streets of sycamore ;—
 Its lone bazaars, with their bright cloths of gold,
 Since the last peaceful pageant left unroll'd ;—
 Its beauteous marble baths, whose idle jets
 Now gush with blood ;—and its tall minarets,
 That late have stood up in the evening glare
 Of the red sun, unhallow'd by a prayer ;—
 O'er each, in turn, the dreadful flame-bolts fall,
 And death and conflagration throughout all
 The desolate city hold high festival !

Mokanna sees the world is his no more ;—
 One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.
 "What ! drooping now !" thus, with unblushing cheek,
 He hails the few, who yet can hear him speak,
 Of all those famish'd slaves around him lying,
 And by the light of blazing temples dying ;—
 "What !—drooping now ! now, when at length we press
 Home o'er the very threshold of success ;
 When Alla from our ranks hath thinned away
 Those grosser branches, that kept out his ray
 Of favour from us, and we stand at length
 Heirs of his light and children of his strength,

The chosen few, who shall survive the fall
 Of kings and thrones, triumphant over all ;
 Have you then lost, weak murmurers as you are,
 All faith in him, who was your Light, your Star ?
 Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid
 Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid
 Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither
 Millions of such as yonder chief brings hither ?
 Long have its lightnings slept—too long—but now
 All earth shall feel th' unveiling of this brow !
 To-night—yes, sainted men ! this very night
 I bid you all to a fair festal rite,
 Where,—having deep refresh'd each weary limb
 With viands, such as feast heaven's cherubim,
 And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,
 With that pure wine the Dark-eyed Maids above
 Keep, seal'd with precious musk, for those they love,¹—
 I will myself uncurtain in your sight
 The wonders of this brow's ineffable light ;
 Then lead you forth, and, with a wink disperse
 Yon myriads, howling through the universe ! ”

Eager they listen—while each accent darts
 New life into their chill'd and hope-sick hearts ;—
 Such treacherous life as the cool draught supplies
 To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies !
 Wildly they point their lances to the light
 Of the fast-sinking sun, and shout “ To-night ! ”—
 “ To-night,” their chief re-echoes, in a voice
 Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell rejoice !
 Deluded victims—never hath this earth
 Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth !
Here, to the few whose iron frames had stood
 This racking waste of famine and of blood,
 Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the shout
 Of triumph like a maniac's laugh broke out ;
There, others, lighted by the smouldering fire,
 Danced, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,
 Among the dead and dying, strewed around ;—
 While some pale wretch looked on, and from his wound
 Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,
 In ghastly transport waved it o'er his head !

’Twas more than midnight now—a fearful pause
 Had followed the long shouts, the wild applause,
 That lately from those Royal Gardens burst,
 Where the Veiled Demon held his feast accurst,
 When Zelica—alas, poor ruin'd heart,
 In every horror doom'd to bear its part !—
 Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,
 Who, while his quivering lip the summons gave,
 Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave
 Compass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat
 His message through, fell lifeless at her feet !

Shuddering she went—a soul-felt pang of fear,
 A presage, that her own dark doom was near,
 Roused every feeling, and brought reason back
 Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack.
 All round seem'd tranquil—even the foe had ceased,
 As if aware of that demoniac feast,
 His fiery bolts ; and though the heavens looked red,
 'Twas but some distant conflagration's spread.
 But hark !—she stops—she listens—dreadful tone !
 'Tis her tormentor's laugh—and now, a groan,
 A long death-groan, comes with it—can this be
 The place of mirth, the bower of revelry ?
 She enters—holy Alla, what a sight
 Was there before her ! By the glimmering light
 Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of brands
 That round lay burning, dropped from lifeless hands,
 She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,
 Rich censers breathing—garlands overhead—
 The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaff'd,
 All gold and gems, but—what had been the draught ?
 Oh ! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,
 With their swollen heads sunk blackening on their breasts,
 Or looking pale to heaven with glassy glare,
 As if they sought but saw no mercy there ;
 As if they felt, though poison rack'd them through,
 Remorse the deadlier torment of the two !
 While some, the bravest, hardiest in the train
 Of their false Chief, who, on the battle-plain,
 Would have met death with transport by his side,
 Here mute and helpless gasp'd ;—but, as they died,
 Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last strain,
 And clench'd the slackening hand at him in vain.

Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,
 The stony look of horror and despair,
 Which some of these expiring victims cast
 Upon their soul's tormentor to the last ;—
 Upon that mocking fiend, whose Veil, now raised,
 Show'd them, as in death's agony they gazed,
 Not the long-promised light, the brow, whose beaming
 Was to come forth, all-conquering, all-redeeming,
 But features horribler than hell e'er traced
 On its own brood ;—no demon of the waste,¹
 No churchyard ghoul, caught lingering in the light
 Of the bless'd sun, e'er blasted human sight
 With lineaments so foul, so fierce, as those
 Th' impostor now, in grinning mockery, shows—
 "There, ye wise saints, behold your Light, your Star,—
 Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.
 Is it enough ? or must I, while a thrill
 Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still ?
 Swear that the burning death ye feel within,
 Is but the trance, with which heaven's joys begin ;
 That this foul visage, foul as e'er disgraced
 Even monstrous man, is—after God's own taste ;

LALLA ROOKH.

And that—but see!—ere I have half-way said
 My greetings through, th' uncourteous souls are fled.
 Farewell, sweet spirits! not in vain ye die,
 If Eblis loves you half so well as I.—
 Ha, my young bride!—'tis well—take thou thy seat;
 Nay, come—no shuddering—didst thou never meet
 The dead before?—they graced our wedding, sweet;
 And these, my guests to-night, have brimm'd so true
 Their parting cups, that *thou* shalt pledge one too.
 But—how is this?—all empty? all drunk up?
 Hot lips have been before thee in the cup,
 Young bride,—yet stay—one precious drop remains,
 Enough to warm a gentle Priestess' veins;—
 Here, drink—and should thy lover's conquering arms
 Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,
 Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,
 And I'll forgive my haughty rival's bliss!

“For *me*—I too must die—but not like these
 Vile, rankling things, to fester in the breeze;
 To have this brow in ruffian triumph shown,
 With all death's grimness added to its own,
 And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes
 Of slaves, exclaiming, ‘There his Godship lies!’
 No—cursed race—since first my soul drew breath,
 They've been my dupes, and *shall* be, even in death.
 Thou see'st yon cistern in the shade—'tis fill'd
 With burning drugs, for this last hour distill'd;¹—
 There will I plunge me, in that liquid flame—
 Fit bath to lave a dying prophet's fame!
 There perish, all—ere pulse of thine shall fail—
 Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.
 So shall my votaries, wheresoe'er they rave,
 Proclaim that Heaven took back the saint it gave;—
 That I've but vanish'd from this earth awhile,
 To come again, with bright, unshrouded smile!
 So shall they build me altars in their zeal,
 Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall kneel;
 Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell,
 Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell
 The sail he spreads for heaven with blasts from hell!
 So shall my banner, through long ages, be
 The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy;—
 Kings yet unborn shall rue Mokanna's name,
 And, though I die, my spirit, still the same,
 Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,
 And guilt, and blood, that were its bliss in life!
 But, hark! their battering engine shakes the wall—
 Why, *let* it shake—thus I can brave them all.
 No trace of me shall greet them, when they come,
 And I can trust thy faith, for—thou'lt be dumb.
 Now mark how readily a wretch like me,
 In one bold plunge, commences Deity!”—

He sprung and sunk, as the last words were said—
 Quick closed the burning waters o'er his head,
 And Zelica was left—within the ring
 Of those wide walls the only living thing ;
 The only wretched one, still cursed with breath,
 In all that frightful wilderness of death !
 More like some bloodless ghost,—such as, they tell,
 In the lone Cities of the Silent¹ dwell.
 And there, unseen of all but Alla, sit
 Each by its own pale carcase, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs
 Throughout the camp of the beleaguers.
 Their globes of fire (the dread artillery, lent
 By Greece to conquering Mahadi) are spent ;
 And now the scorpion's shaft, the quarry sent
 From high balistas, and the shielded throng
 Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along,—
 All speak th' impatient Islamite's intent
 To try, at length, if tower and battlement
 And bastion'd wall be not less hard to win,
 Less tough to break down, than the hearts within.
 First in impatience and in toil is he,
 The burning Azim—oh ! could he but see
 Th' impostor once alive within his grasp,
 Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor boa's clasp,
 Could match that gripe of vengeance, or keep pace
 With the fell heartiness of hate's embrace !

Loud rings the ponderous ram against the walls ;
 Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress falls,
 But still no breach—"once more, one mighty swing
 Of all your beams, together thundering !"
 There—the wall shakes—the shouting troops exult—
 "Quick, quick discharge your weightiest catapult
 Right on that spot, and Neksheb is our own !" —
 'Tis done—the battlements come crashing down,
 And the huge wall, by that stroke riven in two,
 Yawning, like some old crater, rent anew,
 Shows the dim, desolate city smoking through !
 But strange ! no signs of life—nought living seen
 Above, below—what can this stillness mean ?
 A minute's pause suspends all hearts and eyes—
 "In through the breach," impetuous Azim cries ;
 But the cool Caliph, fearful of some wile
 In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile.—
 Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanced
 Forth from the ruin'd walls ; and, as there glanced
 A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see
 The well-known Silver Veil !—" 'Tis he, 'tis he,
 Mokanna, and alone !" they shout around ;
 Young Azim from his steed springs to the ground—
 "Mine, holy Caliph ! mine," he cries, "the task
 To crush yon daring wretch—'tis all I ask."

Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,
 Who, still across wide heaps of ruin, slow
 And falteringly comes, till they are near ;
 Then, with a bound, rushes on Azim's spear,
 And, casting off the Veil in falling, shows—
 Oh !—'tis his Zelica's life-blood that flows !

“I meant not, Azim,” soothingly she said,
 As on his trembling arm she lean'd her head,
 And, looking in his face, saw anguish there,
 Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh can bear—
 “I meant not *thou* shouldst have the pain of this :—
 Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss
 Thou wouldst not rob me of, didst thou but know
 How oft I've prayed to God I might die so !
 But the fiend's venom was too scant and slow ;—
 To linger on were maddening—and I thought
 If once that Veil—nay, look not on it—caught
 The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be
 Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly.
 But this is sweeter—oh ! believe me, yes—
 I would not change this sad, but dear caress,
 This death within thine arms I would not give
 For the most smiling life the happiest live !
 All, that stood dark and drear before the eye
 Of my stray'd soul, is passing swiftly by ;
 A light comes o'er me from those looks of love,
 Like the first dawn of mercy from above ;
 And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiven,
 Angels will echo the blest words in heaven !
 But live, my Azim ;—oh ! to call thee mine
 Thus once again ! *my* Azim—dream divine !
 Live, if thou ever lovedst me, if to meet
 Thy Zelica hereafter would be sweet,—
 Oh, live to pray for her—to bend the knee
 Morning and night before that Deity,
 To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,
 As thine are, Azim, never breathed in vain,—
 And pray that He may pardon her,—may take
 Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,
 And, nought remembering but her love to thee,
 Make her all thine, all His, eternally !
 Go to those happy fields where first we twined
 Our youthful hearts together—every wind
 That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known flowers,
 Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours
 Back to thy soul, and thou mayst feel again
 For thy poor Zelica as thou didst then.
 So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies
 To heaven upon the morning's sunshine, rise
 With all love's earliest ardour to the skies !
 And should they —but, alas ! my senses fail—
 Oh, for one minute !—should thy prayers prevail—
 If pardon'd souls may from that World of Bliss
 Reveal their joy to those they love in this,—

I'll come to thee—in some sweet dream—and tell—
O Heaven—I die—dear love! farewell, farewell."

Time fled—years on years had pass'd away,
And few of those who, on that mournful day,
Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,
Were living still—when, by a rustic grave
Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
An aged man, who had grown aged there
By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,
For the last time knelt down—and, though the shade
Of death hung darkening o'er him, there play'd
A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
That brighten'd even death—like the last streak
Of intense glory on th' horizon's brim,
When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim,—
His soul had seen a vision, while he slept;
She for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept
So many years, had come to him all dress'd
In angel smiles, and told him she was blest!

For this the old man breathed his thanks, and died.—
And there, upon the banks of that loved tide,
He and his Zelica sleep side by side.

The story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doomed to hear Fadladeen's criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accidents had occurred to this learned Chamberlain during the journey. In the first place, those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan, between Delhi and the western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the royal table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty; and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong¹ was, of course, impossible. In the next place the elephant laden with his fine antique porcelain² had in an unusual fit of liveliness shattered the whole set to pieces:—an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old as to have been used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days; not without much spiritual alarm to Fadladeen, who, though professing to hold with other loyal and orthodox Mussulmans that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believing in his heart that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks in putting the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with, at least, a sufficient degree of irritability for the purpose.

"In order," said he, importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, "to convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever"— "My good Fadladeen!" exclaimed the Princess, interrupting him, "we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without any further waste of your valuable erudition." "If that be all," replied the critic, evidently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew about everything but the subject immediately before him;—"if that be all that is required, the matter is easily dispatched." He then proceeded to analyse the poem in that strain (so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi) whose censures were an infliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloe. The chief personages of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favoured gentleman, with a veil over his face;—a young lady, whose reason went and came according as it suited the poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise;—and a youth in one of those hideous Bucharian

bonnets, who took the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a Divinity. "From such materials," said he, "what can be expected?—after rivalling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines as indigestible as the filberds of Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub of aqua-fortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that it is her last; and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes and expires. This, you will allow, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honour and glory) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling."¹

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter;—it had not even those politic contrivances of structure which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments mean in themselves, like the blacksmith's² apron converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable: it had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafez, nor the sententious march of Sadi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary. The licences, too, in which it indulged were unpardonable; for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such:—

Like the faint exquisite music of a dream.

"What critic that can count," said Fadladeen, "and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities?"—He here looked round and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glimmering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candour, thus:—"Notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the young man:—so far from it, indeed, that if he will but totally alter his style of writing and thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him."

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the Great Chamberlain, before Lalla Rookh could venture to ask for another story. The youth was still a welcome guest in the pavilion;—to *one* heart, perhaps, too dangerously welcome—but all mention of poetry was, as if by common consent, avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for Fadladeen, yet his censures, thus magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet himself, to whom criticism himself was quite a new operation (being wholly unknown in that Paradise of the Indies, Cashmere), felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it more tolerable to the patient;—the ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what Fadladeen said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep; while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a Poet. Lalla Rookh alone,—and Love knew why—persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner, however, of first returning to the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well-known words from the Garden of Sadi,—“Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone, and their eyes are closed for ever!”—that she took occasion, from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. “It is true,” she said, “few poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air, and never touches the earth:³—it is only once in many ages a Genius appears, whose words, like those on the Written Mountain,⁴ last for ever:—but still there are some, as delightful perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short,” continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, “it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment without having a critic for ever, like the old Man of the Sea, upon his back!”⁵—Fadladeen, it was plain, took this last luckless allusion to himself, and would treasure it up in his mind as a whetstone for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued; and the Princess, glancing a look at Feramorz, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature and her wild, fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor



THE DHAL LAKE.

Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear.

LALLA ROOKH.

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But the glories of Naum and her wild, fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor



for his favourite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before; and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion has ever consecrated; from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair,¹ to the *Cámalattí*,² by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented. As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and Lalla Rookh remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that Flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay,³ or of one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost—the young poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said hesitatingly that he remembered a Story of a Peri, which, if the Princess had no objection, he would venture to relate. “It is,” said he, with an appealing look to Fadladeen, “in a lighter and humbler strain than the other;” then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began:—

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate:
And as she listen'd to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

“How happy!” exclaim'd this child of air,
“Are the holy spirits who wander there,
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all!
Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,⁴
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall:
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su hay,
And the golden floods, that thitherward stray,⁵
Yet—oh, 'tis only the blest can say
How the waters of heaven outshine them all!

“Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of heaven is worth them all!”

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flower, which—Brahmins say—
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise!⁶

* See Music.

"Nymph of a fair, but erring line!"
 Gently he said—"One hope is thine.
 'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!
 Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;—
 'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in!"

Rapidly as comets run
 To th' embraces of the sun:—
 Fleeter than the starry brands,
 Flung at night from angel hands!
 At those dark and daring sprites,
 Who would climb th' empyreal heights,
 Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
 And, lighted eastward by a glance
 That just then broke from morning's eyes,
 Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
 To find this gift for heaven?—"I know
 The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
 In which unnumber'd rubies burn.
 Beneath the pillars of Chilminar;²—
 I know where the Isles of Perfume are³
 Many a fathom down in the sea,
 To the south of sun-bright Araby;⁴—

I know too where the Genii hid
 The jewell'd cup of their kin Jamshid,⁵
 With life's elixir sparkling high—
 But gifts like these are not for the sky.
 Where was there ever a gem that shone
 Like the steps of Allah's wonderful throne?
 And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be
 In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mused, her pinions fann'd
 The air of that sweet Indian land,
 Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
 O'er coral rocks and amber beds;⁶
 Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
 Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
 Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
 Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
 Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
 Might be a Peri's Paradise!
 But crimson now her rivers ran
 With human blood—the smell of death
 Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
 And man, the sacrifice of man,
 Mingled his taint with every breath
 Upwafted from the innocent flowers!



THE PERI.

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The innocent flowers!
And multiply each through endless years
One minute of heaven is worth them all!



Land of the Sun ! what foot invades
 Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades¹—
 Thy cavern shrines, and idōl stones,
 Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones ?
 'Tis he of Gazna²—fierce in wrath
 He comes, and India's diadems
 Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—
 His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
 Torn from the violated necks
 Of many a young and loved Sultana ;³—
 Maidens, within their pure Zenana,
 Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
 And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
 Of golden shrines the sacred waters !

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
 And, through the war-field's bloody haze
 Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
 Alone, beside his native river,—
 The red blade broken in his hand
 And the last arrow in his quiver.
 "Live," said the conqueror, "live to share
 The trophies and the crowns I bear !"
 Silent that youthful warrior stood—
 Silent he pointed to the flood
 All crimson with his country's blood,
 Then sent his last remaining dart,
 For answer, to th' invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well ;
 The tyrant lived, the hero fell !—
 Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,
 And when the rush of war was past,
 Swiftly descending on a ray
 Of morning light, she caught the last,
 Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
 Before its free-born spirit fled !

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
 "My welcome gift at the Gates of Light ;
 Though foul are the drops that oft distil
 On the field of warfare, blood like this,
 For liberty shed, so holy is,⁴
 It would not stain the purest rill,
 That sparkles among the bowers of bliss !
 Oh ! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
 A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
 'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
 From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause !"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
 The gift into his radiant hand,
 "Sweet is our welcome of the brave
 Who die thus for their native land.—

But see—alas!—the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not—holier far
 Than e'en this drop the boon must be,
 That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
 Now among Afric's Lunar Mountains,¹
 Far to the south, the Peri lighted;
 And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
 Of that Egyptian tide whose birth
 Is hidden from the sons of earth,
 Deep in those solitary woods,
 Where oft the Genii of the Floods
 Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
 And hail the new-born Giant's smile!²
 Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,
 Her grotts, and sepulchres of kings,³
 The exiled Spirit sighing roves;
 And now hangs listening to the doves
 In warm Rosetta's vale⁴—now loves
 To watch the moonlight on the wings
 Of the white pelicans that break
 The azure calm of Moeris' Lake.⁵
 'Twas a fair scene—a land more bright
 Never did mortal eye behold!
 Who could have thought that saw this night
 Those valleys and their fruits of gold
 Basking in heaven's serenest light;—
 Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
 Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
 Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
 Warns them to their silken beds;⁶—
 Those virgin lilies, all the night
 Bathing their beauties in the lake.
 That they may rise more fresh and bright,
 When their beloved sun's awake:
 Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
 The relics of a splendid dream;
 Amid whose fairy loneliness
 Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
 Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
 Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
 Some purple-wing'd sultana,⁷ sitting
 Upon a column, motionless
 And glittering, like an idol bird!—
 Who could have thought, that there, e'en there,
 Amid those scenes so still and fair,
 The Demon of the Plague hath cast
 From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
 More mortal far than ever came
 From the red desert's sands of flame!
 So quick, that every living thing
 Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
 Like plants, where the simoom hath past,
 At once falls black and withering!

The sun went down on many a brow,
 Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
 Is rankling in the pest-house now,
 And ne'er will feel that sun again !
 And oh ! to see th' unburied heaps
 On which the lonely midnight sleeps—
 The very vultures turn away,
 And sicken at so foul a prey !
 Only the fiercer hyæna stalks¹
 Throughout the city's desolate walks
 At midnight, and his carnage plies—
 Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets
 The glaring of those large blue eyes²
 Amid the darkness of the streets !

"Poor race of Men !" said the pitying Spirit,
 "Dearly ye pay for your primal fall—
 Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
 But the trail of the Serpent is over them all !" ³
 She wept—the air grew pure and clear
 Around her, as the bright drops ran ;
 For there's a magic in each tear,
 Such kindly spirits weep for man !

Just then, beneath some orange-trees,
 Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
 Were wantoning together, free,
 Like age at play with infancy—
 Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
 Close by the lake, she heard the moan
 Of one who, at this silent hour,
 Had hither stolen to die alone.
 One who in life, where'er he moved,
 Drew after him the hearts of many ;
 Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
 Dies here, unseen, unwept by any !
 None to watch near him—none to slake
 The fire that in his bosom lies,
 With e'en a sprinkle from that lake,
 Which shines so cool before his eyes.
 No voice, well known through many a day,
 To speak the last, the parting word,
 Which, when all other sounds decay,
 Is still like distant music heard.
 That tender farewell on the shore
 Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
 Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
 Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth ! one thought alone
 Shed joy around his soul in death—
 That she, whom he for years had known,
 And loved, and might have call'd his own,
 Was safe from this foul midnight's breath ;—

LALLA ROOKH.

Safe in her father's princely halls,
 Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
 Freshly perfumed by many a brand
 Of the sweet wood from India's land,
 Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see—who yonder comes by stealth,
 This melancholy bower to seek,
 Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
 With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
 'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,
 He knew his own betrothèd bride,
 She, who would rather die with him,
 Than live to gain the world beside!—
 Her arms are round her lover now,
 His livid cheek to hers she presses,
 And dips, to bind his burning brow,
 In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
 Ah! once, how little did he think
 An hour would come, when he should shrink
 With horror from that dear embrace,
 Those gentle arms, that were to him
 Holy as is the cradling place
 Of Eden's infant cherubim!
 And now he yields—now turns away,
 Shuddering as if the venom lay
 All in those proffer'd lips alone—
 Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
 Never until that instant came
 Near his unask'd or without shame.
 "Oh! let me only breathe the air,
 The blessed air, that's breathed by thee,
 And, whether on its wings it bear
 Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
 There,—drink my tears, while yet they fall,—
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
 And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
 To give thy brow one minute's calm.
 Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
 Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
 The one, the chosen one, whose place
 In life or death is by thy side!
 Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
 In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
 Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
 That must be hers, when thou art gone?
 That I can live, and let thee go,
 Who art my life itself?—No, no—
 When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
 Out of its heart must perish too!
 Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
 Before like thee I fade and burn;
 Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
 The last pure life that lingers there!"

She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
 In charnel airs or cavern-damp,
 So quickly do his baleful sighs
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes !
 One struggle—and his pain is past—
 Her lover is no longer living !
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving !

“Sleep,” said the Peri, as softly she stole
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
 As true as e’er warmed a woman’s breast—
 “Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
 In balmier airs than ever yet stirred
 Th’ enchanted pile of that holy bird,
 Who sings at the last his own death lay,¹
 And in music and perfume dies away !”

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
 Unearthly breathings through the place,
 And shook her sparkling wreath and shed
 Such lustre o’er each paly face,
 That like two lovely saints they seem’d
 Upon the eve of doomsday taken
 From their dim graves, in odour sleeping ;—
 While that benevolent Peri beam’d
 Like their good angel, calmly keeping
 Watch o’er them, till their souls would waken !
 But morn is blushing in the sky ;
 Again the Peri soars above,
 Bearing to heaven that precious sigh
 Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
 High throbb’d her heart, with hope elate,
 The elysian palm she soon shall win,
 For the bright Spirit at the gate
 Smiled as she gave that offering in ;
 And she already hears the trees
 Of Eden, with their crystal bells
 Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
 That from the throne of Alla swells ;
 And she can see the starry bowls
 That lie around that lucid lake,
 Upon whose banks admitted souls
 Their first sweet draught of glory take !²
 But ah ! even Peris’ hopes are vain—
 Again the Fates forbade, again
 The immortal barrier closed—“not yet,”
 The Angel said as, with regret,
 He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
 “True was the maiden, and her story,
 Written in light o’er Alla’s head,
 By seraph eyes shall long be read.

But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not—holier far
 That even this sigh the boon must be
 That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee."

Now, upon Syria's land of roses¹
 Softly the light of eve reposes,
 And, like a glory, the broad sun
 Hangs over sainted Lebanon ;
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
 And whitens with eternal sleet,
 While summer, in a vale of flowers,
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.
 To one, who looked from upper air
 Over all th' enchanted regions there,
 How beauteous must have been the glow,
 The life, the sparkling from below !
 Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
 Of golden melons on their banks,
 More golden where the sunlight falls ;—
 Gay lizards, glittering on the walls²
 Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright,
 As they were all alive with light ;—
 And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
 With their rich restless wings, that gleam
 Variously in the crimson beam
 Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
 With brilliants from the mine, or made
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span
 Th' unclouded skies of Peristan !
 And then, the mingling sounds that come,
 Of shepherd's ancient reed,³ with hum
 Of the wild bees of Palestine,
 Banqueting through the flowery vales ;—
 And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods, so full of nightingales !⁴

But nought can charm the luckless Peri ;
 Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
 Joyless she sees the sun look down
 On that great Temple, once his own,⁵
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from on high,
 Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
 Had raised to count his ages by !

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
 Beneath those chambers of the sun,
 Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
 In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
 With the great name of Solomon

Which, spell'd by her illumined eyes,
 May teach her where, beneath the moon,
 In earth or ocean lies the boon,
 The charm that can restore so soon,
 An erring Spirit to the skies !

Cheer'd by this hope, she bends her thither ;—
 Still laughs the radiant eye of heaven,
 Nor have the golden bowers of even
 In the rich west begun to wither ;—
 When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,
 Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they ;
 Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
 The beautiful blue damsel-flies,¹
 That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
 Like wing'd flowers or flying gems :—
 And, near the boy, who, tired with play,
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small imaret's rustic fount²
 Impatient fling him down to drink.
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,
 Though never yet hath daybeam burn'd
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire !
 In which the Peri's eyes could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed ;
 The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
 With blood of guests !—*there* written, all,
 Black as the damning drops that fall
 From the denouncing Angel's pen,
 Ere mercy weeps them out again !
 Yet tranquil now that man of crime
 (As if the balmy evening time
 Soften'd his spirit) look'd and lay,
 Watching the rosy infant's play :—
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
 Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
 As torches, that have burnt all night
 Through some impure and godless rite,
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark ! the vesper call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of daylight sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air,
 From Syria's thousand minarets !
 The boy has started from the bed³
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head,

And down upon the fragrant sod
 Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
 Lispering th' eternal name of God
 From purity's own cherub mouth,
 And looking, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,
 Just lighted on that flowery plain,
 And seeking for its home again !
 Oh, 'twas a sight—that heaven—that child—
 A scene, which might have well beguiled
 E'en haughty Eblis of a sigh
 For glories lost and peace gone by !

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
 Reclining there—while memory ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace ?
 "There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
 Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child !
 When, young and happy, pure as thou,
 I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now——"
 He hung his head—each nobler aim
 And hope and feeling, which had slept
 From boyhood's hour, that instant came
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept !

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence !
 In whose benign, redeeming flow
 Is felt the first, the only sense
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.
 "There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from the moon
 Falls through the withering airs of June
 Upon Egypt's land,¹ of so healing a power,
 So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour
 That drop descends, contagion dies,
 And health reanimates earth and skies !—
 Oh ! is it not thus, thou man of sin
 The precious tears of repentance fall ?
 Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
 One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all !"
 And now—behold him kneeling there
 By the child's side, in humble prayer,
 While the same sunbeam shines upon
 The guilty and the guiltless one,
 And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
 The triumph of a soul forgiven !

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
 While on their knees they linger'd yet,
 There fell a light, more lovely far
 Than ever came from sun or star,

Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
 Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek
 To mortal eye this light might seem
 A northern flash or meteor beam—
 But well th' enraptured Peri knew
 'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
 From heaven's gate, to hail that tear
 Her harbinger of glory near !

"Joy, joy for ever ! my task is done—
 The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won !
 Oh ! am I not happy ? I am, I am—
 To thee, sweet Eden ! how dark and sad
 Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,¹
 And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad !
 "Farewell, ye odours of earth, that die,
 Passing away like a lover's sigh !—
 My feast is now of the tooba tree,²
 Whose scent is the breath of eternity !

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
 In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—
 Oh ! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
 To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's throne,³
 Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf !
 Joy, joy for ever !—my task is done—
 The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won !"

"And this," said the Great Chamberlain, "is poetry ! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree-work of Zamara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt !" After this gorgeous sentence, which, with a few more of the same kind, Fadladeen kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just recited. The lax and easy kind of metre in which it was written ought to be denounced, he said, as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we should soon be overrun by a race of bards as numerous and as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand streams of Basra.⁴ They who succeeded in this style deserved chastisement for their very success ;—as warriors have been punished, even after gaining a victory, because they had taken the liberty of gaining it in an irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed ? to those who presumed, as in the present lamentable instance, to imitate the licence and ease of the bolder sons of song, without any of that grace or vigour which gave a dignity even to negligence ; who, like them, flung the jereed⁵ carelessly, but not, like them, to the mark ; "and who," said he, raising his voice to excite a proper degree of wakefulness in his hearers, "contrive to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they have allowed themselves, like one of those young pagans that dance before the Princess, who has the ingenuity to move as if her limbs were fettered in a pair of the lightest and looest drawers of Masulipatam !"

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven, but he could not help adverting to the puerile conceitedness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies, a drop of blood, forsooth, a sigh, and a tear ! How the first of these articles was delivered into the Angel's "radiant hand" he professed himself at a loss to discover ; and as to the safe carriage of the sigh and the tear, such Peris and such Poets were beings by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess

how they managed such matters. "But, in short," said he, "it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous,—puny even among its own puny race, and such as only the Banyan Hospital for Sick Insects¹ should undertake."

In vain did Lalla Rookh try to soften this inexorable critic; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent commonplaces,—reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them;² that severity often destroyed every chance of the perfection which it demanded; and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman—no one had ever reached its summit.³ Neither these gentle axioms, nor the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated, could lower for one instant the elevation of Fadladeen's eyebrows, or charm him into anything like encouragement, or even toleration, of her Poet. Toleration, indeed, was not among the weaknesses of Fadladeen: he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal, too, was the same in either pursuit; whether the game before him was pagans or poetasters,—worshippers of cows, or writers of epics.

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where Death seemed to share equal honours with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of Lalla Rookh, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers, despatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the King had arrived in the valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were making in the saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence—which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure—convinced her that her peace was gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young Feramorz. The veil, which this passion wears at first, had fallen off, and to know that she loved was now as painful as to love *without* knowing it had been delicious. Feramorz, too,—what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers; if, notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even *he* should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, and the delightful scenes of nature—all tended to bring their hearts close together, and to waken by every means that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the desert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone!⁴ She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. Feramorz must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it, while the clue was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the King of Bucharia might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure; and she must only try to forget the short vision of happiness she had enjoyed,—like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim, and then lost them again for ever!⁵

The arrival of the young Bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The rajas and omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the Princess than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionery among the people; while the artisans, in chariots⁶ adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces, and domes, and gilded minarets of Lahore made the city altogether like a place of enchantment;—particularly on the day when Lalla Rookh set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility, and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who waved plates of gold and silver flowers over their heads⁷ as they went, and then threw them to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore, a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. Lalla Rookh, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel as usual to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary;—Fadladeen felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory!) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees,⁸ at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere;—while the ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacock's feathers and listen to Fadladeen, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticisms, were tasteless enough to wish for the Poet again. One evening, as they were proceeding to

their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favourite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, which she but too well knew, singing the following words :—

Tell me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss,
Truer, happier than the love
Which enslaves our souls in this !

Tell me not of Houris' eyes ;—
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
Would like some that burn below !

Who that feels what love is here,
All its falsehood—all its pain—
Would for even elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again ?

Who that midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they ?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered went to Lalla Rookh's heart ;—and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it as a sad but sweet certainty that Feramorz was to the full as enamoured and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East ; where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the Palmyra,—that favourite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fireflies.¹ In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood there was a tank surrounded by small mangoe-trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus² ; while at a distance stood the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. Lalla Rookh guessed in vain, and the all-pretending Fadladeen, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the ladies suggested that perhaps Feramorz could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might be a relic of some of those dark superstitions which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The Chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference ; and the Princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection, but, before either of them could speak, a slave was despatched for Feramorz, who, in a very few minutes, appeared before them,—looking so pale and unhappy in Lalla Rookh's eyes that she already repented of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient fire-temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion, who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors,³ preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land to the alternative of apostacy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles which had been made by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own Fire in the Burning Field at Bakou,⁴ when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in another ; and, as a native of Cashmere,⁵ of that fair and Holy Valley which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers, and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that Feramorz had ever ventured upon so much *prose* before Fadladeen, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes aghast, ejaculating only at intervals, "Bigoted conquerors!—sympathy with Fire-worshippers!"—while Feramorz, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those brave struggles of the Fire-worshippers of Persia against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure in being allowed to relate to the Princess. It was impossible for Lalla Rookh to refuse; he had never before looked half so animated, and when he spoke of the Holy Valley his eyes had sparkled, she thought, like the talismanic characters on the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent was therefore most readily granted, and while Fadladeen sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason and abomination in every line, the poet thus began his story of the Fire-worshippers :¹—

'Tis moonlight over Oman's Sea ;²
 Her banks of pearl and balmy isles
 Bask in the night-beam beauteously,
 And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
 'Tis moonlight in Harmozia's³ walls,
 And through her Emir's porphyry halls,
 Where, some hours since, was heard the swell
 Of trumpet and the clash of zel,⁴
 Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell ;—
 The peaceful sun, whom better suits
 The music of the bulbul's nest,
 Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
 To sing him to his golden rest !
 All hush'd—there's not a breeze in motion,
 The shore is silent as the ocean.
 If zephyrs come, so light they come,
 Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven ;
 The wind-tower on the Emir's dome⁵
 Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

Even he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
 Calm, while a nation round him weeps ;
 While curses load the air he breathes,
 And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths
 Are starting to avenge the shame
 His race hath brought on Iran's⁶ name.
 Hard, heartless Chief, unmoved alike
 'Mid eyes that weep and swords that strike ;
 One of that saintly, murderous brood,
 To carnage and the Koran given,
 Who think through unbelievers' blood
 Lies their directest path to heaven.
 One, who will pause and kneel unshod
 In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,
 To mutter o'er some text of God
 Engraven on his reeking sword ;⁷
 Nay, who can coolly note the line,
 The letter of those words divine,
 To which his blade, with searching art,
 Had sunk into its victim's heart !

Just Alla ! what must be thy look,
 When such a wretch before thee stands
 Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book,—
 Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,
 And wresting from its page sublime
 His creed of lust and hate and crime ?
 Even as those bees of Trebizond,—
 Which from the sunniest flowers that glad
 With their pure smile the gardens round,
 Draw venom forth that drives men mad !¹

Never did fierce Arabia send
 A satrap forth more direly great ;
 Never was Iran doom'd to bend
 Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
 Her throne had fallen—her pride was crush'd—
 Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,
 In their own land,—no more their own,—
 To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
 Her towers, where Mithra once had burn'd,
 To Moslem shrines—oh, shame !—were turn'd
 Where slaves, converted by the sword,
 Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,
 And cursed the faith their sires adored.
 Yet has she hearts, 'mid all this ill,
 O'er this wreck, high buoyant still
 With hope and vengeance ;—hearts that yet,—
 Like gems, in darkness issuing rays
 They've treasured from the sun that's set,—
 Beam all the light of long-lost days !
 And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow
 To second all such hearts can dare :
 As he shall know, well dearly know,
 Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,
 Tranquil as if his spirit lay
 Becalm'd in Heaven's approving ray !
 Sleep on—for purer eyes than thine
 Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine.
 Sleep on, and be thy rest unmoved
 By the white moonbeam's dazzling power ;—
 None but the loving and the loved
 Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see—where, high above those rocks
 That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
 Yon turret stands ;—where ebon locks,
 As glossy as a heron's wing
 Upon the turban of a king,²
 Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—
 'Tis she, that Emir's blooming child,
 All truth and tenderness and grace,
 Though born of such ungente race ;—
 An image of Youth's fairy Fountain
 Springing in a desolate mountain !³

Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
 Is beauty, curtain'd from the sight
 Of the gross world, illumining
 One only mansion with her light !
 Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—
 The flower, that blooms beneath the sea
 Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
 Hid in more chaste obscurity !
 So, Hinda, have thy face and mind,
 Like holy mysteries, lain enshrined.
 And oh, what transport for a lover
 To lift the veil that shades them o'er !—
 Like those who, all at once, discover
 In the lone deep some fairy shore,
 Where mortal never trod before,
 And sleep and wake in scented airs
 No lip had ever breathed but theirs !

Beautiful are the maids that glide,
 On summer eves, through Yemen's¹ dales,
 And bright the glancing looks they hide
 Behind their litters' roseate veils ;
 And brides, as delicate and fair
 As the white jasmine flowers they wear,
 Hath Yemen in her blissful clime,
 Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower,²
 Before their mirrors count the time,³
 And grow still lovelier every hour.
 But never yet hath bride or maid
 In Araby's gay harems smiled,
 Whose boasted brightness would not fade
 Before Al Hassan's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
 An infant's dream, yet not the less
 Rich in all woman's loveliness ;—
 With eyes so pure, that from their ray
 Dark vice would turn abash'd away,
 Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
 Upon the emerald's virgin blaze !⁴—
 Yet, filled with all youth's sweet desires,
 Mingling the meek and vestal fires
 Of other worlds with all the bliss,
 The fond, weak tenderness of this !
 A soul, too, more than half divine,
 Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
 Religion's soften'd glories shine,
 Like light through summer foliage stealing,
 Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
 So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
 As makes the very darkness there
 More beautiful than light elsewhere !

Such is the maid who, at this hour,
 Hath risen from her restless sleep,
 And sits alone in that high bower,
 Watching the still and shining deep.
 Ah ! 'twas not thus,—with tearful eyes
 And beating heart,—she used to gaze
 On the magnificent earth and skies,
 In her own land, in happier days.
 Why looks she now so anxious down
 Among those rocks, whose rugged frown
 Blackens the mirror of the deep ?
 Whom waits she all this lonely night ?
 Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,
 For man to scale that turret's height !—

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,
 When high, to catch the cool night-air,
 After the day-beams' withering fire,¹
 He built her bower of freshness there,
 And had it decked with costliest skill,
 And fondly thought it safe as fair :—
 Think, reverend dreamer ! think so still,
 Nor wake to hear what Love can dare—
 Love, all defying Love, who sees
 No charm in trophies won with ease ;—
 Whose rarest, deepest fruits of bliss
 Are pluck'd on danger's precipice !
 Bolder than they, who dare not dive
 For pearls, but when the sea's at rest,
 Love, in the tempest most alive,
 Hath ever held that pearl the best
 He finds beneath the stormiest water !
 Yes—Araby's unrivalled daughter,
 Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,
 There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,
 Would climb th' untrodden solitude
 Of Ararat's tremendous peak,²
 And think its steeps, though dark and dread,
 Heaven's pathways, if to thee they led !
 E'en now thou seest the flashing spray,
 That lights his oar's impatient way ;—
 E'en now thou hear'st the sudden shock
 Of his swift bark against the rock,
 And stretchest down thy arms of snow,
 As if to lift him from below !
 Like her to whom, at dead of night,
 The bridegroom with his locks of light,³
 Came, in the flush of love and pride,
 And scaled the terrace of his bride ;—
 When, as she saw him rashly spring,
 And midway up in danger cling,
 She flung him down her long black hair,
 Exclaiming breathless, " There, love, there ! "

LALLA ROOKH.

And scarce did manlier nerve uphold
 The hero Zal in that fond hour,
 Than wings the youth who, fleet and bold,
 Now climbs the rocks to Hinda's bower.
 See—light as up their granite steep
 The rock-goats of Arabia clamber,¹
 Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
 And now is in the maiden's chamber.

She loves—but knows not whom she loves,
 Nor what his race, nor whence he came ;—
 Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
 Some beauteous bird, without a name,
 Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
 From isles in the undiscover'd seas,
 To show his plumage for a day
 To wondering eyes, and wing away !
 Will *he* thus fly—her nameless lover ?
 Alla forbid ! 'twas by a moon
 As fair as this, while singing over
 Some ditty to her soft Kanoon,²
 Alone, at this same witching hour,
 She first beheld his radiant eyes
 Gleam through the lattice of the bower,
 Where nightly now they mix their sighs ;
 And thought some spirit of the air
 (For what could waft a mortal there ?)
 Was pausing on his moonlight way
 To listen to her lonely lay !
 This fancy ne'er hath left her mind :
 And—though, when terror's swoon had past,
 She saw a youth, of mortal kind,
 Before her in obeisance cast,—
 Yet often since, when he hath spoken
 Strange, awful words—and gleams have broken
 From the dark eyes, too bright to bear,
 Oh ! she hath fear'd her soul was given
 To some unhallow'd child of air,
 Some erring spirit, cast from heaven,
 Like those angelic youths of old,
 Who burn'd for maids of mortal-mould,
 Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,
 And lost their heaven for woman's eyes !
 Fond girl ! nor fiend nor angel he,
 Who woos thy young simplicity :
 But one of earth's impassion'd sons,
 As warm in love, as fierce in ire
 As the best heart whose current runs
 Full of the Day-god's living fire !

But quench'd to-night that ardour seems,
 And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow ;—
 Never before, but in her dreams,
 Had she beheld him pale as now ;

And those were dreams of troubled sleep,
 From which 'twas joy to wake and weep ;
 Visions that will not be forgot,
 But sadden every waking scene,
 Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot
 All wither'd where they once have been !

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
 Of her own gentle voice afraid,
 So long had they in silence stood,
 Looking upon that tranquil flood—
 "How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
 To-night upon yon leafy isle !
 Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
 I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
 And we, within its fancy bowers,
 Were wafted off to seas unknown,
 Where not a pulse should beat but ours
 And we might live, love, die alone !
 Far from the cruel and the cold,—
 Where the bright eyes of angels only
 Should come around us, to behold
 A paradise so pure and lonely !
 Would this be world enough for thee ?"
 Playful she turn'd, that he might see
 The passing smile her cheek put on ;
 But when she mark'd how mournfully
 His eyes met hers, that smile was gone ;
 And, bursting into heart-felt tears,
 "Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
 My dreams, have boded all too right—
 We part—for ever part—to-night !—
 I knew, I knew it *could* not last—
 'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past !
 Oh ! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
 I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;
 I never loved a tree or flower,
 But 'twas the first to fade away.
 * I never nursed a dear gazelle,
 To glad me with its soft black eye,
 But when it came to know me well,
 And love me, it was sure to die !
 Now too—the joy most like divine
 Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
 To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine—
 Oh, misery ! must I lose *that* too ?
 Yet go—on peril's brink we meet ;—
 Those frightful rocks—that treacherous sea—
 No, never come again—though sweet,
 Though heaven, it may be death to thee.
 Farewell—and blessings on thy way,
 Where'er thou go'st, beloved stranger !
 Better to sit and watch that ray,

* See Music.

LALLA ROOKH.

And think thee safe, though far away,
Than have thee near me, and in danger !”

“ Danger ! oh, tempt me not to boast—”
The youth exclaim’d—“ thou little know’st
What he can brave, who, born and nurst
In Danger’s paths, has dared her worst !
Upon whose ear the signal-word
Of strife and death is hourly breaking ;
Who sleeps with head upon the sword
His fever’d hand must grasp in waking !
Danger !—”

“ Say on—thou fear’st not then,
And we may meet—oft meet again ?”

“ Oh ! look not so,—beneath the skies
I now fear nothing but those eyes.
If aught on earth could charm or force
My spirit from its destined course,—
If aught could make this soul forget
The bond to which its seal is set,
’Twould be those eyes ;—they, only they,
Could melt that sacred seal away !
But no—’tis fix’d—*my* awful doom
Is fix’d—on this side of the tomb
We meet no more—why, why did Heaven
Mingle two souls that earth has riven,
Has rent asunder, wide as ours ?
O Arab maid ! as soon the powers
Of light and darkness may combine,
As I be link’d with thee or thine !
Thy Father——”

“ Holy Alla save
His grey head from that lightning glance !
Thou know’st him not—he loves the brave,
Nor lives there under heaven’s expanse
One who would prize, would worship thee,
And thy bold spirit, more than he.
Oft when, in childhood, I have play’d
With the bright falchion by his side,
I’ve heard him swear his lisping maid
In time should be a warrior’s bride.
And still, whene’er, at haram hours,
I take him cool sherbets and flowers,
He tells me, when in playful mood,
A hero shall my bridegroom be,
Since maids are best in battle woo’d,
And won with shouts of victory !
Nay, turn not from me—thou alone
Are form’d to make both hearts thy own.
Go—join his sacred ranks—thou know’st
Th’ unholy strife these Persians wage :—
Good Heaven, that frown !—even now thou glow’st
With more than mortal warrior’s rage.

Haste to the camp by morning's light,
 And, when that sword is raised in fight,
 Oh, still remember Love and I
 Beneath its shadow trembling lie !
 One victory o'er those Slaves of Fire,
 Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire
 Abhors——"

"Hold, hold—thy words are death——"

The stranger cried, as wild he flung
 His mantle back, and show'd beneath
 The Gheber belt that round him clung.¹—
 "Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to see
 All that thy sire abhors in me !
 Yes—I am of that impious race,
 Those Slaves of Fire, who, morn and even,
 Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
 Among the living lights of heaven !²
 Yes—I am of that outcast few,
 To Iran and to vengeance true,
 Who curse the hour your Arabs came
 To desolate our shrines of flame,
 And swear, before God's burning eye,
 To break our country's chains, or die !
 Thy bigot sire—nay, tremble not—
 He who gave birth to those dear eyes,
 With me is sacred as the spot
 From which our fires of worship rise !
 But know—'twas him I sought that night,
 When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
 I caught this turret's glimmering light,
 And up the rude rocks desperately
 Rush'd to my prey—thou know'st the rest—
 I climb'd the gory vulture's nest,
 And found a trembling dove within ;—
 Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—
 If Love hath made one thought his own,
 That vengeance claims first—last—alone !
 Oh ! had we never, never met,
 Or could this heart e'en now forget
 How link'd, how bless'd, we might have been,
 Had fate not frown'd so dark between !
 Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,
 In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,
 Through the same fields in childhood play'd,
 And at the same kindling altar knelt,—
 Then, then, while all those nameless ties,
 In which the charm of country lies,
 Had round our hearts been hourly spun,
 Till Iran's cause and thine were one ;—
 While in thy lute's awakening sigh
 I heard the voice of days gone by,
 And saw in every smile of thine
 Returning hours of glory shine !—

* See Music.

While the wrong'd Spirit of our Land
 Lived, look'd, and spoke her wrongs through thee,—
 God ! who could then this sword withstand
 Its very flash were victory !
 But now—estranged, divorced for ever
 Far as the grasp of fate can sever ;
 Our only ties what love has wove,—
 Faith, friends, and country, sunder'd wide ;—
 And then, then only, true to love,
 When false to all that's dear beside !
 Thy father Iran's deadliest foe—
 Thyself, perhaps, e'en now—but no—
 Hate never look'd so lovely yet !
 No—sacred to thy soul will be
 The land of him who could forget
 All but that bleeding land for thee !
 When other eyes shall see, unmoved,
 Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,
 Thou'lt think how well one Gheber loved,
 And for *his* sake thou'lt weep for all !
 But look——”

With sudden start he turn'd
 And pointed to the distant wave,
 Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd
 Bluely, as o'er some seaman's grave ;
 And fiery darts, at intervals,¹
 Flew up all sparkling from the main,
 As if each star that nightly falls,
 Were shooting back to heaven again.
 “ My signal-lights !—I must away—
 Both, both are ruined if I stay.
 Farewell—sweet life ! thou cling'st in vain—
 Now—Vengeance !—I am thine again.”
 Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd,
 Nor look'd—but from the lattice dropp'd
 Down 'mid the pointed crags beneath,
 As if he fled from love to death.
 While pale and mute young Hinda stood,
 Nor moved, till in the silent flood
 A momentary plunge below
 Startled her from her trance of woe ;—
 Shrieking she to the lattice flew,
 “ I come—I come—if in that tide
 Thou sleep'st to-night—I'll sleep there too,
 In death's cold wedlock by thy side.
 Oh ! I would ask no happier bed
 Than the chill wave my love lies under ;—
 Sweeter to rest together, dead,
 Far sweeter, than to live asunder ! ”
 But no—their hour is not yet come—
 Again she sees his pinnace fly,
 Wafting him fleetly to his home,
 Where'er that ill-starr'd home may lie ;

And calm and smooth it seem'd to win
 Its moonlight way before the wind,
 As if it bore all peace within,
 Nor left one breaking heart behind !

The Princess, whose heart was sad enough already, could have wished that Feramorz had chosen a less melancholy story, as it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. Her ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the Poet's theme; for when he spoke of love, they said, his voice was as sweet as if he had chewed the leaves of that enchanted tree which grows over the tomb of the musician Tan-Sein.¹

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country; through valleys covered with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo staff,² with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that in that very spot the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was therefore with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath the shade some pious hands had erected³ pillars ornamented with most beautiful porcelain, which now supplied the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from the palankeens. Here, while, as usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously, with Fadladeen in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young poet, leaning against the branch of the tree, thus continued his story :—

The morn hath risen clear and calm,
 And o'er the Green Sea palely shines,⁴
 Revealing Bahrein's⁵ groves of palm,
 And lighting Kishma's amber vines.
 Fresh smell the shores of Araby,
 While breezes from the Indian Sea
 Blow round Selama's⁶ sainted cape,
 And curl the shining flood beneath,
 Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
 And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
 Which pious seamen, as they pass'd,
 Had toward that holy headland cast—
 Oblations to the Genii there
 For gentle skies and breezes fair !
 The nightingale now bends her flight⁷
 From the high trees, where all the night
 She sung so sweet, with none to listen ;
 And hides her from the morning star
 Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
 In the clear dawn, bespangled o'er
 With dew, whose night-drops would not stain
 The best and brightest scimitar⁸
 That ever youthful Sultan wore

On the first morning of his reign !
 And see—the Sun himself ! on wings
 Of glory up the east he springs.
 Angels of light ! who from the time
 Those heavens began their march sublime,
 Hath first of all the starry choir
 Trod in his Maker's steps of fire !
 Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
 When Iran, like a sun-flower, turn'd
 To meet that eye, where'er it burn'd ?
 When from the banks of Bendemeer

To the nut-groves of Samarcand
 Thy temples flamed o'er all the land?
 Where are they? ask the shades of them
 Who, on Cadessia's¹ bloody plains
 Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem
 From Iran's broken diadem,
 And bind her ancient faith in chains:
 Ask the poor exile, cast alone
 On foreign shores, unloved, unknown,
 Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,²
 Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,
 Far from his beauteous land of dates,
 Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains!
 Yet happier so than if he trod
 His own beloved but blighted sod,
 Beneath a despot stranger's nod!
 Oh! he would rather houseless roam
 Where freedom and his God may lead,
 Than be the sleekest slave at home
 That crouches to the conqueror's creed!
 Is Iran's pride then gone for ever,
 Quench'd with the flame in Mithra's caves?
 No! she has sons that never—never—
 Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
 While heaven has light or earth has graves.
 Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
 But flash resentment back for wrong;
 And hearts where, slow but deep, the seeds
 Of vengeance ripen into deeds,
 Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,
 They burst, like Zelian's giant palm,³
 Whose buds fly open with a sound
 That shakes the pigmy forests round!

Yes, Emir! he who scaled that tower,
 And, had he reach'd thy slumbering breast,
 Had taught thee, in a Gheber's power
 How safe even tyrant heads may rest—
 Is one of many, brave as he,
 Who loathe thy haughty race and thee:
 Who, though they know the strife is vain,
 Who, though they know the riven chain
 Snaps but to enter in the heart
 Of him who rends its links apart,
 Yet dare the issue,—blest to be
 Even for one bleeding moment free,
 And die in pangs of liberty!
 Thou know'st them well—'tis some moons since
 Thy turban'd troops and blood-red flags,
 Thou satrap of a bigot prince!
 Have swarm'd among these Green Sea crags:
 Yet here, even here, a sacred band,
 Ay, in the portal of that land,
 Thou, Arab, dar'st to call thy own,
 Their spears across thy path have thrown;

Here, ere the winds half wing'd thee o'er,
 Rebellion braved thee from the shore.

Rebellion ! foul, dishonouring word,
 Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
 The holiest cause that tongue or sword
 Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.
 How many a spirit, born to bless,
 Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
 Whom but a day's, an hour's success
 Had wafted to eternal fame !
 As exhalations, when they burst,
 From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,
 If check'd in soaring from the plain,
 Darken to fogs and sink again ;
 But if they once triumphant spread
 Their wings above the mountain-head,
 Become enthroned in upper air,
 And turn to sun-bright glories there !

And who is he that wields the might
 Of freedom on the Green Sea brink,
 Before whose sabre's dazzling light¹
 The eyes of Yemen's warriors wink ?
 Who comes embower'd in the spears
 Of Kerman's hardy mountaineers ?
 Those mountaineers, that truest, last,
 Cling to their country's ancient rites,
 As if that God, whose eyelids cast
 Their closing gleam on Iran's heights,
 Among her snowy mountains threw
 The last light of his worship too !

'Tis Hafed—name of fear, whose sound
 Chills like the muttering of a charm ;
 Shout but that awful name around,
 And palsy shakes the manliest arm.
 'Tis Hafed, most accurst and dire
 (So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)
 Of all the rebel Sons of Fire !
 Of whose malign, tremendous power
 The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,
 Such tales of fearful wonder tell,
 That each affrighted sentinel
 Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
 Lest Hafed in the midst should rise !
 A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
 A mingled race of flame and earth,
 Sprung from those old, enchanted kings²
 Who in their fairy helms, of yore,
 A feather from the mystic wings
 Of the Simoorgh resistless wore ;
 And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,
 Who groaned to see their shrines expire,

With charms that, all in vain withstood,
Would drown the Koran's light in blood !

Such were the tales that won belief,
And such the colouring fancy gave
To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,—
One who, no more than mortal brave,
Fought for the land his soul adored,
For happy homes, and altars free,—
His only talisman, the sword,

His only spell-word, Liberty !
One of that ancient hero line,
Along whose glorious current shine
Names that have sanctified their blood ;
As Lebanon's small mountain-flood¹
Is render'd holy by the ranks
Of sainted cedars on its banks !²
'Twas not for him to crouch the knee
Tamely to Moslem tyranny ;—
'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast
In the bright mould of ages past,
Whose melancholy spirit, fed
With all the glories of the dead,
Though framed for Iran's happiest years,
Was born among her chains and tears !—
'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd
Before the Moslem, as he pass'd
Like shrubs beneath the poison blast—
No—far he fled—indignant fled

The pageant of his country's shame !
While every tear her children shed
Fell on his soul, like drops of flame ;
And as a lover hails the dawn
Of a first smile, so welcomed he
The sparkle of the first sword drawn
For vengeance and for liberty !

But vain was valour—vain the flower
Of Kerman, in that deathful hour,
Against Al Hassan's whelming power,—
In vain they met him, helm to helm,
Upon the threshold of that realm
He came in bigot pomp to sway,
And with their corpses block'd his way—
In vain—for every lance they raised
Thousands around the conqueror blazed ;
For every arm that lined their shore,
Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er,—
A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,
Before whose swarm as fast they bow'd
As dates beneath the locust-cloud !

There stood—but one short league away
From old Harmozia's sultry bay—

A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea
 Of Oman beetling awfully,¹
 A last and solitary link
 Of those stupendous chains that reach
 From the broad Caspian's reedy brink
 Down winding to the Green Sea beach.
 Around its base the bare rocks stood,
 Like naked giants, in the flood,
 As if to guard the gulf across ;
 While, on its peak, that braved the sky,
 A ruin'd temple tower'd so high
 That oft the sleeping albatross²
 Struck the wild ruins with her wing,
 And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering
 Started—to find man's dwelling there
 In her own silent fields of air !
 Beneath, terrific caverns gave
 Dark welcome to each stormy wave
 That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in :—
 And such the strange, mysterious din
 At times throughout those caverns roll'd,—
 And such the fearful wonders told
 Of restless sprites imprison'd there,
 That bold were Moslem who would dare,³
 At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
 Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

On the land side, those towers sublime,
 That seem'd above the grasp of Time,
 Were sever'd from the haunts of men
 By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,
 So fathomless, so full of gloom,
 No eye could pierce the void between ;
 It seemed a place where Gholes might come,
 With their foul banquets from the tomb,
 And in its caverns feed unseen.
 Like distant thunder, from below,
 The sound of many torrents came ;
 Too deep for eye or ear to know
 If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow
 Or floods of ever-restless flame.
 For each ravine, each rocky spire,
 Of that vast mountain stood on fire ;⁴
 And, though for ever past the days,
 When God was worshipp'd in the blaze
 That from its lofty altar shone,—
 Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,
 Still did the mighty flame burn on⁵
 Through chance and change, through good and ill,
 Like its own God's eternal will,
 Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable !

Thither the vanquish'd Hafed led
 His little army's last remains ;—

"Welcome, terrific glen!" he said,
 "Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,
 Is heaven to him who flies from chains!"
 O'er a dark, narrow bridgeway, known
 To him and to his chiefs alone,
 They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the towers:—
 "This home," he cried, "at least is ours—
 Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns
 Of Moslem triumph o'er our head;
 Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs
 To quiver to the Moslem's tread.
 Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures' beaks
 Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,
 Here,—happy that no tyrant's eye
 Gloats on our torments—we may die!"
 'Twas night when to those towers they came,
 And gloomily the fitful flame,
 That from the ruin'd altar broke,
 Glared on his features, as he spoke:—
 "'Tis o'er—what men could do, we've done—
 If Iran *will* look tamely on,
 And see her priests, her warriors, driven
 Before a sensual bigot's nod,
 A wretch, who takes his lusts to heaven,
 And makes a pander of his God!
 If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
 Men, in whose veins—O last disgrace!
 The blood of Zal and Rustam¹ rolls,—
 If they *will* court this upstart race,
 And turn from Mithra's ancient ray,
 To kneel at shrines of yesterday!—
 If they *will* crouch to Iran's foes,
 Why, let them—till the land's despair
 Cries out to heaven, and bondage grows
 Too vile for e'en the vile to bear!
 Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
 Their inmost core, and conscience turns
 Each coward tear the slave lets fall
 Back on his heart in drops of gall!
 But *here*, at last, are arms unchain'd,
 And souls that thralldom never stain'd;—
 This spot, at least, no foot of slave
 Or satrap ever yet profaned;
 And, though but few—though fast the wave
 Of life is ebbing from our veins,
 Enough for vengeance still remains.
 As panthers, after set of sun,²
 Rush from the roots of Lebanon
 Across the dark sea-robber's way,
 We'll bound upon our startled prey;—
 And when some hearts that proudest swell
 Have felt our falchion's last farewell;
 When hope's expiring throb is o'er,
 And e'en despair can prompt no more,

This spot shall be the sacred grave
Of the last few who, vainly brave,
Die for the land they cannot save ! ”

His chiefs stood round—each shining blade
Upon the broken altar laid—
And though so wild and desolate
Those courts, where once the mighty sate ;
Nor longer on those mouldering towers
Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,
With which of old the Magi fed
The wandering spirits of their dead ;¹
Though neither priest nor rites were there,
Nor charmed leaf of pure pomegranate ;²
Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,
Nor symbol of their worshipp'd planet ;³
Yet the same God that heard their sires
Heard *them*, while on that altar's fires⁴
They swore the latest, holiest deed
Of the few hearts still left to bleed,
Should be, in Iran's injured name,
To die upon that Mount of Flame—
The last of all her patriot line,
Before her last untrampled shrine !
Brave, suffering souls ! they little knew
How many a tear their injuries drew
From one meek maid, one gentle foe,
Whom Love first touch'd with others' woe—
Whose life, as free from thought as sin,
Slept like a lake, till love threw in
His talisman, and woke the tide,
And spread its trembling circles wide.
Once, Emir ! thy unheeding child,
'Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smiled,—
Tranquil as on some battle-plain

The Persian lily shines and towers,⁵
Before the combat's reddening stain
Hath fall'n upon her golden flowers.
Light-hearted maid, unawed, unmoved,
While heaven but spared the sire she loved,
Once at thy evening tales of blood
Unlistening and aloof she stood—
And oft, when thou hast paced along
Thy haram halls with furious heat,
Hast thou not cursed her cheerful song,
That came across thee, calm and sweet,
Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near
Hell's confines, that the damn'd can hear ?
Far other feelings love hath brought—

Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness
She now has but the one dear thought,
And thinks that o'er, almost to madness :
Oft doth her sinking heart recall
His words—“ for *my* sake weep for all ; ”

And bitterly, as day on day
 Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,
 She weeps a lover snatch'd away
 In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.
 There's not a sabre meets her eye,
 But with his life-blood seems to swim ;
 There's not an arrow wings the sky,
 But fancy turns its point to him.
 No more she brings with footstep light
 Al Hassan's falchion for the fight ;
 And,—had he look'd with clearer sight,
 Had not the mists, that ever rise
 From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes,—
 He would have mark'd her shuddering frame
 When from the field of blood he came,
 The faltering speech—the look estranged—
 Voice, step, and life, and beauty changed—
 He would have mark'd all this, and known
 Such change is wrought by love alone !

Ah ! not the love that should have bless'd
 So young, so innocent a breast ;
 Not the pure, open, prosperous love,
 That, pledged on earth and seal'd above,
 Grows in the world's approving eyes,
 In friendship's smile and home's caress,
 Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
 Into one knot of happiness !
 No, Hinda, no—thy fatal flame
 Is nursed in silence, sorrow, shame ;
 A passion without hope or pleasure,
 In thy soul's darkness buried deep,
 It lies like some ill-gotten treasure,—
 Some idol, without shrine or name,
 O'er which its pale-eyed votaries keep
 Unholy watch, while others sleep !

Seven nights have darken'd Oman's Sea,
 Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,
 She saw his light oar rapidly
 Hurry her Gheber's bark away,
 And still she goes, at midnight hour
 To weep alone in that high bower,
 And watch, and look along the deep
 For him whose smiles first made her weep ;
 But watching, weeping, all was vain,
 She never saw his bark again.
 The owl's solitary cry,
 The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,
 And oft the hateful carrion-bird.
 Heavily flapping his clogg'd wing,
 Which reek'd with that day's banqueting—
 Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'Tis the eighth morn—Al Hassan's brow
 Is brighten'd with unusual joy—
 What mighty mischief glads him now,
 Who never smiles but to destroy ?
 The sparkle upon Herkend's Sea,
 When toss'd at midnight furiously,¹
 Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh
 More surely than that smiling eye !
 "Up, daughter, up—the kerna's² breath
 Has blown a blast would waken death,
 And yet thou sleep'st ; up, child, and see
 This blessed day for heaven and me,
 A day more rich in Pagan blood
 Than ever flash'd o'er Oman's flood.
 Before another dawn shall shine,
 His head—heart—limbs—will all be mine ;
 This very night his blood shall steep
 These hands all over ere I sleep !" —
 "His blood !" she faintly scream'd—her mind
 Still singling *one* from all mankind.
 "Yes—spite of his ravines and towers,
 Hated, my child, this night is ours.
 Thanks to all-conquering treachery,
 Without whose aid the links accursed,
 That bind these impious slaves, would be
 Too strong for Alla's self to burst !
 That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread
 My path with piles of Moslem dead,
 Whose baffling spells had almost driven
 Back from their course the Swords of Heaven,
 This night, with all his band, shall know
 How deep an Arab's steel can go,
 When God and vengeance speed the blow.
 And—Prophet !—by that holy wreath
 Thou wor'st on Ohod's field of death,³
 I swear, for every sob that parts
 In anguish from these heathen hearts,
 A gem from Persia's plunder'd mines
 Shall glitter on thy shrine of shrines.
 But ha !—she sinks—that look so wild—
 Those livid lips—my child, my child,
 This life of blood befits not thee,
 And thou must back to Araby.
 Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex
 In scenes that man himself might dread,
 Had I not hoped our every tread
 Would be on prostrate Persian necks—
 Cursed race, they offer swords instead !
 But cheer thee, maid,—the wind that now
 Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow,
 To-day shall waft thee from the shore ;
 And, ere a drop of this night's gore
 Have time to chill in yonder towers,
 Thou'lt see thy own sweet Arab bowers !"

His bloody boast was all too true—
 There lurk'd one wretch among the few
 Whom Hafed's eagle eye could count
 Around him on that Fiery Mount,—
 One miscreant, who for gold betray'd
 The pathway through the valley's shade
 To those high towers where Freedom stood
 In her last hold of flame and blood.
 Left on the field last dreadful night,
 When, sallying from their sacred height,
 The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight,
 He lay—but died not with the brave;
 That sun, which should have gilt his grave,
 Saw him a traitor and a slave;—
 And, while the few, who thence return'd
 To their high rocky fortress mourn'd
 For him among the matchless dead
 They left behind on glory's bed,
 He lived, and, in the face of morn,
 Laugh'd them and Faith and Heaven to scorn!

Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave,
 Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
 Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
 And blasts them in their hour of might!
 May life's unblessed cup for him
 Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim,—
 With hopes, that but allure to fly,
 With joys, that vanish while he sips,
 Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,¹
 But turn to ashes on the lips!
 His country's curse, his children's shame,
 Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
 May he, at last, with lips of flame
 On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—
 While lakes that shone in mockery nigh
 Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,²
 Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
 And, when from earth his spirit flies,
 Just Prophet, let the damn'd-one dwell
 Full in the sight of Paradise,
 Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

Lalla Rookh had had a dream the night before, which, in spite of the impending fate of poor Hafed, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bid-musk has just passed over.³ She fancied that she was sailing on that Eastern ocean where the sea-gipsies, who live for ever on the water,⁴ enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders annually send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first, this little bark appeared to be empty, but, on coming nearer——

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her ladies, when Feramorz appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of course, everything else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was set to burn in the cassolets; the violet sherbets¹ were hastily handed round, and, after a short prelude on his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava,² which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers, the Poet thus continued:—

The day is lowering—stilly black
 Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,
 Dispersed and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
 Hangs like a shatter'd canopy!
 There's not a cloud in that blue plain
 But tells of storm to come or past;—
 Here, flying loosely as the mane
 Of a young war-horse in the blast;—
 There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,
 As proud to be the thunder's dwelling!
 While some, already burst and riven,
 Seem melting down the verge of heaven:
 As though the infant storm had rent
 The mighty womb that gave him birth,
 And, having swept the firmament,
 Was now in fierce career for earth.
 On earth 'twas yet all calm around,
 A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
 More awful than the tempest's sound.
 The diver steer'd for Ormus' bowers,
 And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours;
 The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
 Flew fast to land;—upon the beach
 The pilot oft had paused, with glance
 Turn'd upward to that wild expanse;
 And all was boding, drear and dark
 As her own soul, when Hinda's bark
 Went slowly from the Persian shore—
 No music timed her parting oar,³
 Nor friends upon the lessening strand
 Linger'd, to wave the unseen hand,
 Or speak the farewell, heard no more;—
 But lone, unheeded, from the bay
 The vessel takes its mournful way,
 Like some ill-destined bark that steers
 In silence through the Gate of Tears.⁴

And where was stern Al Hassan then?
 Could not that saintly scourge of men
 From bloodshed and devotion spare
 One minute for a farewell there?
 No—close within, in changeful fits
 Of cursing and of prayer, he sits
 In savage loneliness to brood
 Upon the coming night of blood,
 With that keen, second-scent of death,
 By which the vulture snuffs his food
 In the still warm and living breath!⁵

While o'er the wave his weeping daughter
 Is wafted from these scenes of slaughter,—
 As a young bird of Babylon,¹
 Let loose to tell of victory won,
 Flies home, with wing, ah ! not unstain'd
 By the red hands that held her chain'd.

And does the long-left home she seeks
 Light up no gladness on her cheeks?
 The flowers she nursed—the well-known groves,
 Where oft in dreams her spirit roves—
 Once more to see her dear gazelles
 Come bounding with their silver bells ;
 Her birds' new plumage to behold,
 And the gay, gleaming fishes count,
 She left, all filleted with gold,
 Shooting around their jasper fount,²
 Her little garden mosque to see,
 And once again at evening hour,
 To tell her ruby rosary³

In her own sweet acacia bower.—
 Can these delights, that wait her now,
 Call up no sunshine on her brow ?
 No—silent, from her train apart,—
 As if even now she felt at heart
 The chill of her approaching doom,—
 She sits, all lovely in her gloom
 As a pale angel of the grave ;
 And o'er the wide, tempestuous wave,
 Looks, with a shudder, to those towers,
 Where in a few short awful hours,
 Blood, blood, in steaming tides shall run,
 Foul incense for to-morrow's sun !
 "Where art thou, glorious stranger ! thou,
 So loved, so lost, where art thou now ?
 Foe—Gheber—infidel—whate'er
 Th' unhallow'd name thou'rt doom'd to bear,
 Still glorious—still to this fond heart
 Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art !
 Yes—Alla, dreadful Alla ! yes—
 If there be wrong, be crime in this,
 Let the black waves, that round us roll,
 Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,
 Forgetting faith,—home,—father,—all,—
 Before its earthly idol fall,
 Nor worship even Thyself above him.—
 For oh ! so wildly do I love him,
 Thy Paradise itself were dim
 And joyless, if not shared with him !"

Her hands were clasp'd—her eyes upturn'd,
 Dropping their tears like moonlight rain ;
 And, though her lip, fond raver ! burn'd
 With words of passion, bold, profane,

Yet was there light around her brow,
 A holiness in those dark eyes,
 Which show'd—though wandering earthward now,—
 Her spirit's home was in the skies.
 Yes—for a spirit, pure as hers,
 Is always pure, even while it errs ;
 As sunshine, broken in the rill,
 Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still !

So wholly had her mind forgot
 All thoughts but one, she heeded not
 The rising storm—the wave that cast
 A moment's midnight, as it pass'd—
 Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread
 Of gathering tumult o'er her head—
 Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie
 With the rude riot of the sky.—
 But hark !—that war-whoop on the deck—
 That crash, as if each engine there,
 Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,
 'Mid yells and stampings of despair !
 Merciful Heaven ! what *can* it be ?
 'Tis not the storm, though fearfully
 The ship has shudder'd as she rode
 O'er mountain waves.—“ Forgive me, God !
 Forgive me ! ”—shriek'd the maid and knelt,
 Trembling all over,—for she felt
 As if her judgment-hour was near ;
 While crouching round, half dead with fear,
 Her handmaids clung, nor breathed nor stirr'd—
 When, hark !—a second crash—a third—
 And now, as if a bolt of thunder
 Had riven the labouring planks asunder,
 The deck falls in—what horrors then !
 Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men
 Come mix'd together through the chasm ;—
 Some wretches in their dying spasm
 Still fighting on—and some that call
 “ For God and Iran ! ” as they fall !

Whose was the hand that turn'd away
 The perils of th' infuriate fray,
 And snatch'd her breathless from beneath
 This wilderment of wreck and death ?
 She knew not—for a faintness came
 Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame
 Amid the ruins of that hour
 Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,
 Beneath the red volcano's shower !
 But oh ! the sights and sounds of dread
 That shock'd her, ere her senses fled !
 The yawning deck—the crowd that strove
 Upon the tottering planks above—
 The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er
 The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore,

Flutter'd like bloody flags—the clash
 Of sabres, and the lightning's flash
 Upon their blades, high toss'd about
 Like meteor brands—¹ as if throughout
 The elements one fury ran.
 One general rage, that left a doubt
 Which was the fiercer, Heaven or Man !
 Once too—but no—it could not be—
 'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought
 While yet her fading eyes could see,
 High on the ruin'd deck she caught
 A glimpse of that unearthly form,
 That glory of her soul,—even then,
 Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,
 Shining above his fellow men,
 As, on some black and troublous night,
 The Star of Egypt,² whose proud light
 Never hath beam'd on those who rest
 In the White Islands of the West,³
 Burns through the storm with looks of flame
 That put heaven's cloudier eyes to shame !
 But no—'twas but the minute's dream—
 A fantasy—and ere the scream
 Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,
 A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse
 Of soul and sense, its darkness spread
 Around her, and she sunk, as dead !

How calm, how beautiful, comes on
 The stilly hour, when storms are gone !
 When warring winds have died away,
 And clouds beneath the glancing ray
 Melt off, and leave the land and sea
 Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
 Fresh as if Day again were born,
 Again upon the lap of Morn ;
 When the light blossoms, rudely torn
 And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
 Hang floating in the pure air still,
 Filling it all with precious balm,
 In gratitude for this sweet calm !—
 And every drop the thunder-showers
 Have left upon the grass and flowers
 Sparkles, as 'twere the lightning-gem⁴
 Whose liquid flame is born of them !

When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
 There blow a thousand gentle airs,
 And each a different perfume bears,—
 As if the loveliest plants and trees
 Had vassal breezes of their own
 To watch and wait on them alone,
 And waft no other breath than theirs !
 When the blue waters rise and fall,
 In sleepy sunshine mantling all ;

And even that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest !

Such was the golden hour, that broke
Upon the world, when Hinda woke
From her long trance, and heard around
No motion but the water's sound
Rippling against the vessel's side,
As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—
But where is she?—her eyes are dark,
Are wilder'd still—is this the bark,
The same, that from Harmozia's bay
Bore her at morn—whose bloody way
The sea-dog tracks?—no—strange and new
Is all that meets her wondering view.
Upon a galliot's deck she lies,
Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,
Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.
But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
For awning o'er her head are flung.
Shuddering she look'd around—there lay
A group of warriors in the sun
Resting their limbs, as for that day
Their ministry of death were done.
Some gazing on the drowsy sea,
Lost in unconscious reverie ;
And some, who seem'd but ill to brook
That sluggish calm, with many a look
To the slack sail impatient cast,
As loose it flagg'd around the mast.

Blest Alla ! who shall save her now ?
There's not in all that warrior-band
One Arab sword, one turban'd brow
From her own faithful Moslem land.
Their garb—the leathern belt¹ that wraps
Each yellow vest²—that rebel hue—
The Tartar fleece upon their caps³—
Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,
And heaven hath, in this dreadful hour,
Abandon'd her to Hafed's power ;—
Hafed, the Gheber !—at the thought
Her very heart's blood chills within ;
He, whom her soul was hourly taught
To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,
Some minister, whom Hell had sent
To spread its blast, where'er he went,
And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,
His shadow betwixt man and God !

And she is now his captive,—thrown
 In his fierce hands, alive, alone ;
 His the infuriate band she sees,
 All infidels—all enemies !

What was the daring hope that then
 Cross'd her like lightning, as again,
 With boldness that despair had lent,
 She darted through that armèd crowd
 A look so searching, so intent,

That e'en the sternest warrior bow'd
 Abashed, when he her glances caught,
 As if he guessed whose form they sought ?
 But no—she sees him not—'tis gone,—
 The vision, that before her shone
 Through all the maze of blood and storm,
 Is fled—'twas but a phantom form—
 One of those passing, rainbow dreams,
 Half light, half shade, which fancy's beams
 Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
 In trance or slumber round the soul !

But now the bark, with livelier bound,
 Scales the blue wave—the crew's in motion—
 The oars are out, and with light sound
 Break the bright mirror of the ocean,
 Scattering its brilliant fragments round.
 And now she sees—with horror sees—

Their course is toward that mountain hold,—
 Those towers that make her life-blood freeze,
 Where Mecca's godless enemies

Lie, like beleaguer'd scorpions roll'd
 In their last deadly, venomous fold !
 Amid th' illumined land and flood
 Sunless that mighty mountain stood,
 Save where, above its awful head,
 There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,
 As 'twere the flag of destiny
 Hung out to mark where death would be !

Had her bewilder'd mind the power
 Of thought in this terrific hour,
 She well might marvel where or how
 Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow ;
 Since ne'er had Arab heard or known
 Of path but through the glen alone.
 But every thought was lost in fear,
 When, as their bounding bark drew near
 The craggy base, she felt the waves
 Hurry them toward those dismal caves
 That from the deep in windings pass
 Beneath that mount's volcanic mass—
 And loud a voice on deck commands
 To lower the mast and light the brands !
 Instantly o'er the dashing tide
 Within a cavern's mouth they glide,

Gloomy as that eternal porch,
 Through which departed spirits go ;
 Not e'en the flare of brand and torch
 Its flickering light could further throw
 Than the thick flood that boil'd below.
 Silent they floated—as if each
 Sat breathless and too awed for speech
 In that dark chasm, where even sound
 Seem'd dark,—so sullenly around
 The goblin echoes of the cave
 Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,
 As 'twere some secret of the grave !
 But soft—they pause—the current turns
 Beneath them from its onward track ;—
 Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns
 The vex'd tide, all foaming, back,
 And scarce the oars' redoubled force
 Can stem the eddy's whirling course ;
 When, hark !—some desperate foot has sprung
 Among the rocks—the chain is flung—
 The oars are up—the grapple clings,
 And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.
 Just then, a daybeam through the shade
 Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid
 Can see from whence the brightness steals,
 Upon her brow she shuddering feels
 A viewless hand that promptly ties
 A bandage round her burning eyes ;
 While the rude litter where she lies,
 Uplifted by the warrior throng,
 O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine ! genial Day,
 What balm, what life, is in thy ray !
 To feel thee is such real bliss,
 That had the world no joy but this,
 To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
 It were a world too exquisite
 For man to leave it for the gloom,
 The deep, cold shadow of the tomb !
 E'en Hinda, though she saw not where
 Or whither wound the perilous road,
 Yet knew by that awakening air,
 Which suddenly around her glow'd,
 That they had risen from darkness then,
 And breathed the sunny world again !
 But soon this balmy freshness fled—
 For now the steepy labyrinth led
 Through damp and gloom—'mid crash of boughs
 And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse
 The leopard from his hungry sleep,
 Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,
 And long is heard from steep to steep,
 Chasing them down their thundering way !

The jackal's cry—the distant moan
 Of the hyæna, fierce and lone;
 And that eternal, saddening sound
 Of torrents in the glen beneath,
 As 'twere the ever-dark profound
 That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death!
 All, all is fearful—e'en to see,
 To gaze on those terrific things
 She now but blindly hears, would be
 Relief to her imaginings!
 Since never yet was shape so dread,
 But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
 And by such sounds of horror fed,
 Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream? has fear again
 Perplex'd the workings of her brain,
 Or did a voice, all music, then
 Come from the gloom, low whispering near—
 "Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here"?
 She *does* not dream—all sense, all ear,
 She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber's here."
 'Twas his own voice—she could not err—
 Throughout the breathing world's extent
 There was but *one* such voice for her,
 So kind, so soft, so eloquent!
 Oh! sooner shall the rose of May
 Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
 And to some meaner minstrel's lay
 Open her bosom's glowing veil,¹
 Than love shall ever doubt a tone,
 A breath of the belovèd one!
 Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think
 She has that one belovèd near,
 Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink,
 Hath power to make e'en ruin dear—
 Yet soon this gleam of rapture, cross'd
 By fears for him, is chill'd and lost.
 How shall the ruthless Hafed brook
 That one of Gheber blood should look,
 With aught but curses in his eye,
 On her—a maid of Araby—
 A Moslem maid—the child of him,
 Whose bloody banner's dire success
 Hath left their altars cold and dim,
 And their fair land a wilderness!
 And, worse than all, that night of blood
 Which comes so fast—oh! who shall stay
 The sword, that once hath tasted food
 Of Persian hearts, or turn its way?
 What arm shall then the victim cover,
 Or from her father shield her lover?

"Save him, my God!" she inly cries—
 "Save him this night—and if thine eyes
 Have ever welcomed with delight
 The sinner's tears, the sacrifice
 Of sinners' hearts—guard him this night,
 And here, before thy throne, I swear
 From my heart's inmost core to tear,
 Love, hope, remembrance, though they be
 Link'd with each quivering life-string there,
 And give it bleeding all to Thee!
 Let him but live, the burning tear,
 The sighs, so sinful, yet so dear,
 Which have been all too much his own,
 Shall from this hour be Heaven's alone.
 Youth pass'd in penitence, and age
 In long and painful pilgrimage,
 Shall leave no traces of the flame
 That wastes me now—nor shall his name
 E'er bless my lips, but when I pray
 For his dear spirit, that away
 Casting from its angelic ray
 Th' eclipse of earth, he too may shine
 Redeem'd, all glorious, and all thine!
 Think—think what victory to win
 One radiant soul like his from sin;—
 One wandering star of virtue back
 To its own native, heaven-ward track!
 Let him but live, and both are thine,
 Together thine—for, bless'd or cross'd,
 Living or dead his doom is mine,
 And if *he* perish, both are lost!"

The next evening Lalla Rookh was entreated by her ladies to continue the relation of her wonderful dream; but the fearful interest that hung round the fate of Hinda and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind—much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree Nilica.¹

Fadladeen, whose wrath had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this most heterodox poem, seemed at length to have made up his mind to the infliction; and took his seat this evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the Poet continued his profane and seditious story thus:—

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
 The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,
 That lay beneath that mountain's height,
 Had been a fair, enchanting sight.
 'Twas one of those ambrosial eves
 A day of storm so often leaves
 At its calm setting—when the west
 Opens her golden bowers of rest,
 And a moist radiance from the skies
 Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes

Of some meek penitent, whose last
Bright hours atone for dark ones past,
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,
Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven !

'Twas stillness all—the winds that late
Had rush'd through Kerman's almond groves,
And shaken from her bowers of date
That cooling feast the traveller loves,¹
Now, lull'd to languor, scarcely curl
The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam,
Limpid, as if her mines of pearl
Were melted all to form the stream ;
And her fair islets, small and bright,
With their green shores reflected there,
Look like those Peri isles of light,
That hang by spell-work in the air.

But vainly did those glories burst
On Hinda's dazzled eyes, when first
The bandage from her brow was taken,
And pale and awed as those who waken
In their dark tombs—when, scowling near,
The Searchers of the Grave² appear,—
She shuddering turn'd to read her fate
In the fierce eyes that flash'd around ;
And saw those towers all desolate,
That o'er her head terrific frown'd,
As if defying e'en the smile
Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.
In vain, with mingled hope and fear,
She looks for him whose voice so dear
Had come, like music, to her ear—
Strange, mocking dream ! again 'tis fled.
And oh ! the shoots, the pangs of dread
That through her inmost bosom run,
When voices from without proclaim
“Hafed, the Chief”—and, one by one,
The warriors shout that fearful name !
He comes—the rock resounds his tread—
How shall she dare to lift her head,
Or meet those eyes, whose scorching glare
Not Yemen's boldest sons can bear ?
In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,
Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,
As in those hellish fires that light
The mandrake's charnel leaves at night !³
How shall she bear that voice's tone,
At whose loud battle-cry alone
Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,
Scatter'd, like some vast caravan,
When, stretch'd at evening round the well,
They hear the thirsting tiger's yell !

Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,
Shrinking beneath the fiery frown,

Which, fancy tells her, from that brow
Is flashing o'er her fiercely now ;
And shuddering, as she hears the tread
Of his retiring warrior band.—

Never was pause so full of dread ;
Till Hafed with a trembling hand
Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,
"Hinda !"—that word was all he spoke,
And 'twas enough—the shriek that broke
From her full bosom told the rest—
Panting with terror, joy, surprise,
The maid but lifts her wondering eyes,

To hide them on her Gheber's breast !
'Tis he, 'tis he—the man of blood,
The fellest of the Fire-fiend's brood,
Hafed, the demon of the fight,
Whose voice unnerves, whose glances blight,—
Is her own lovèd Gheber, mild
And glorious as when first he smiled
In her lone tower, and left such beams
Of his pure eye to light her dreams,
That she believed her bower had given
Rest to some wanderer from heaven !

Moments there are, and this was one,
Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun
Amid the black simoom's eclipse—

Or like those verdant spots that bloom
Around the crater's burning lips,
Sweetening the very edge of doom !
The past—the future—all that fate
Can bring of dark or desperate
Around such hours, but makes them cast
Intenser radiance while they last.

E'en he, this youth—though dimm'd and gone
Each star of hope that cheer'd him on—
His glories lost—his cause betray'd—
Iran, his dear-loved country, made
A land of carcases and slaves,
One dreary waste of chains and graves !—
Himself but lingering, dead at heart,

To see the last, long-struggling breath
Of Liberty's great soul depart,
Then lay him down, and share her death—
E'en he, so sunk in wretchedness,

With doom still darker gathering o'er him,
Yet, in this moment's pure caress,

In the mild eyes that shone before him,
Beaming that blest assurance, worth
All other transports known on earth,
That he was loved—well, warmly loved—
Oh ! in this precious hour he proved
How deep, how thorough-felt the glow
Or rapture, kindling out of woe ;—

How exquisite one single drop
Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top
Of misery's cup—how keenly quaff'd,
Though death must follow on the draught !

She too, while gazing on those eyes

That sink into her soul so deep,
Forgets all fears, all miseries,

Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,
Whom fancy cheats into a smile,
Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while ;
The mighty ruins where they stood,

Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,
Lay open towards the ocean flood,

Where lightly o'er th' illumined surge
Many a fair bark that, all the day,
Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay,
Now bounded on and gave their sails,
Yet dripping, to the evening gales ;
Like eagles when the storm is done,
Spreading their wet wings in the sun.

The beauteous clouds, though daylight's star
Had sunk behind the hills of Lar,

Were still with lingering glories bright,—
As if, to grace the gorgeous west,

The Spirit of departing Light
That eve had left his sunny vest

Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.

Never was scene so form'd for love !

Beneath them, waves of crystal move

In silent swell—heaven glows above,

And their pure hearts, to transport given,

Swell like the wave, and glow like heav'n !

But, ah ! too soon that dream is past—

Again, again her fear returns ;—

Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,

More faintly the horizon burns,

And every rosy tint that lay

On the smooth sea hath died away.

Hastily to the darkening skies

A glance she casts—then wildly cries,

“ At night, he said—and, look, 'tis near—

Fly, fly—if yet thou lov'st me, fly—

Soon will his murderous band be here,

And I shall see thee bleed and die.—

Hush !—heard'st thou not the tramp of men

Sounding from yonder fearful glen ?—

Perhaps e'en now they climb the wood—

Fly, fly—though still the west is bright,

He'll come—oh ! yes—he wants thy blood—

I know him—he'll not wait for night ! ”

In terrors e'en to agony

She clings around the wondering chief ;—

“ Alas, poor wilder'd maid ! to me

Thou ow'st this raving trance of grief.

Lost as I am, nought ever grew
 Beneath my shade but perish'd too—
 My doom is like the Dead-Sea air,
 And nothing lives that enters there !
 Why were our barks together driven
 Beneath this morning's furious heaven ?
 Why, when I saw the prize that chance
 Had thrown into my desperate arms,—
 When, casting but a single glance
 Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,
 I vow'd (though watching viewless o'er
 Thy safety through that hour's alarms)
 To meet th' unmanning sight no more—
 Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow ?
 Why weakly, madly, met thee now ?
 Start not—that noise is but the shock
 Of torrents through yon valley hurl'd ;
 Dread nothing here—upon this rock
 We stand above the jarring world,
 Alike beyond its hope—its dread—
 In gloomy safety, like the dead !
 Or, could e'en earth and hell unite
 In league to storm this sacred height,
 Fear nothing now—myself to-night,
 And each o'erlooking star that dwells
 Near God will be thy sentinels ;
 And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,
 Back to thy sire——”

“To-morrow !—no——”

The maiden scream'd—“thou'lt never see
 To-morrow's sun—death, death will be
 The night-cry through each reeking tower,
 Unless we fly, aye, fly this hour !
 Thou art betray'd—some wretch who knew
 That dreadful glen's mysterious clue—
 Nay, doubt not—by yon stars, 'tis true—
 Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire ;
 This morning, with that smile so dire
 He wears in joy, he told me all,
 And stamp'd in triumph through our hall,
 As though thy heart already beat
 Its last life-throb beneath his feet !
 Good Heaven, how little dream'd I then
 His victim was my own loved youth !
 Fly—send—let some one watch the glen—
 By all my hopes of heaven 'tis truth !”
 Oh ! colder than the wind that freezes
 Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd
 Is that congealing pang which seizes
 The trusting bosom when betray'd.
 He felt it—deeply felt—and stood,
 As if the tale had frozen his blood,
 So mazed and motionless was he ;—
 Like one whom sudden spells enchant,
 Or some mute, marble habitant
 Of the still Halls of Ishmonie !¹

LALLA ROOKH.

But soon the painful chill was o'er,
 And his great soul, herself once more,
 Look'd from his brow in all the rays
 Of her best, happiest, grandest days !
 Never, in moment most elate,
 Did that high spirit loftier rise ;
 While bright, serene, determinate,
 His looks are lifted to the skies,
 As if the signal-lights of fate
 Were shining in those awful eyes !
 'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom
 In Iran's sacred cause is come ;
 And though his life hath pass'd away
 Like lightning on a stormy day,
 Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
 Of glory, permanent and bright,
 To which the brave of after-times,
 The suffering brave, shall long look back
 With proud regret,—and by its light
 Watch through the hours of slavery's night
 For vengeance on th' oppressor's crimes !
 This rock, his monument aloft,
 Shall speak the tale to many an age ;
 And hither bards and heroes oft
 Shall come in secret pilgrimage,
 And bring their warrior sons, and tell
 The wondering boys where Hafed fell,
 And swear them on those lone remains
 Of their lost country's ancient fanes,
 Never—while breath of life shall live
 Within them—never to forgive
 Th' accurs'd race, whose ruthless chain
 Hath left on Iran's neck a stain,
 Blood, blood alone can cleanse again !

Such are the swelling thoughts that now
 Enthroned themselves on Hafed's brow ;
 And ne'er did saint of Issa¹ gaze
 On the red wreath, for martyrs twined,
 More proudly than the youth surveys
 That pile, which through the gloom behind,
 Half lighted by the altar's fire,
 Glimmers,—his destined funeral pyre !
 Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,
 Of every wood of odorous breath,
 There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,
 Ready to fold in radiant death
 The few still left of those who swore
 To perish there, when hope was o'er—
 The few, to whom that couch of flame,
 Which rescues them from bonds and shame,
 Is sweet and welcome as the bed
 For their own infant Prophet spread,
 When pitying Heaven to roses turn'd
 The death-flames that beneath him burn'd !²

With watchfulness the maid attends
 His rapid glance, where'er it bends—
 Why shoot his eyes such awful beams?
 What plans he now? what thinks or dreams?
 Alas! why stands he musing here,
 When every moment teems with fear?
 "Hafed, my own beloved lord,"
 She kneeling cries—"first, last adored!
 If in that soul thou'st ever felt
 Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,
 Here, on my knees that never knelt
 To any but their God before,
 I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly
 Now, now—ere yet their blades are high.
 Oh, haste—the bark that bore me hither
 Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea
 East—west—alas, I care not whither
 So thou art safe, and I with thee!
 Go where we will, this hand in thine,
 Those eyes before me smiling thus,
 Through good and ill, through storm and shine,
 The world's a world of love for us!
 On some calm, blessed shore we'll dwell.
 Where 'tis no crime to love too well;—
 Where thus to worship tenderly
 An erring child of light like thee
 Will not be sin—or, if it be,
 Where we may weep our faults away,
 Together kneeling, night and day,
 Thou, for *my* sake, at Alla's shrine,
 And I—at *any* God's, for thine?"

Wildly these passionate words she spoke—
 Then hung her head, and wept for shame;
 Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke
 With every deep-heaved sob that came.
 While he, young, warm—oh! wonder not
 If, for a moment, pride and fame,
 His oath—his cause—that shrine of flame,
 And Iran's self are all forgot
 For her whom at his feet he sees
 Kneeling in speechless agonies,
 No, blame him not, if Hope awhile
 Dawn'd in his soul, and threw her smile
 O'er hours to come—o'er days and nights
 Wing'd with those precious, pure delights
 Which she, who bends all beauteous there,
 Was born to kindle and to share!
 A tear or two, which, as he bow'd
 To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,
 First warn'd him of this dangerous cloud
 Of softness passing o'er his soul.
 Starting, he brush'd the drops away,
 Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray;—

Like one who, on the morn of fight,
Shakes from his sword the dews of night,
That had but dimm'd, not stain'd, its light.

Yet, though subdued th' unnerving thrill,
Its warmth, its weakness, lingered still
So touching in each look and tone,
That the fond, fearing, hoping maid
Half counted on the flight she pray'd,
Half thought the hero's soul was grown
As soft, as yielding as her own,
And smiled and bless'd him, while he said,—
"Yes—if there be some happier sphere,
Where fadeless truth like ours is dear ;—
If there be any land of rest
For those who love and ne'er forget,
Oh ! comfort thee—for safe and blest
We'll meet in that calm region yet !"

Scarce had she time to ask her heart
If good or ill these words impart,
When the roused youth impatient flew
To the tower-wall, where, high in view,
A ponderous sea-horn¹ hung, and blew
A signal, deep and dread as those
The storm-fiend at his rising blows.—
Full well his chieftains, sworn and true
Through life and death, that signal knew ;
For 'twas th' appointed warning-blast,
Th' alarm, to tell when hope was past,
And the tremendous death-die cast !
And there, upon the mouldering tower,
Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,
Ready to sound o'er land and sea
That dirge-note of the brave and free.
They came—his chieftains at the call
Came slowly round, and with them all—
Alas, how few !—the worn remains
Of those who late o'er Kerman's plains
Went gaily prancing to the clash
Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,
Catching new hope from every flash
Of their long lances in the sun—
And, as their coursers charged the wind,
And the white ox-tails stream'd behind,²
Looking as if the steeds they rode
Were wing'd, and every chief a god !
How fallen, how alter'd now ! how wan
Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,
As round the burning shrine they came ;—
How deadly was the glare it cast,
As mute they paused before the flame
To light their torches as they pass'd !

'Twas silence all—the youth had plann'd
 The duties of his soldier-band ;
 And each determined brow declares
 His faithful chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the skies—
 And oh, how soon, ye blessèd eyes,
 That look from heaven, ye may behold
 Sights that will turn your star-fires cold !
 Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,
 The maiden sees the veteran group
 Her litter silently prepare,
 And lay it at her trembling feet ;—
 And now the youth, with gentle care,
 Hath placed her in the sheltered seat,
 And press'd her hand—that lingering press
 Of hands, that for the last time sever ;
 Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
 When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.
 And yet to *her* this sad caress
 Gives hope—so fondly hope can err !
 'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute excess—
 Their happy flight's dear harbinger ;
 'Twas warmth—assurance—tenderness—
 'Twas anything but leaving her.

“Haste, haste !” she cried, “the clouds grow dark,
 But still, ere night we'll reach the bark ;
 And, by to-morrow's dawn—oh, bliss !
 With thee upon the sunbright deep,
 Far off, I'll but remember this,
 As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep !
 And thou——” but ha !—he answers not—
 Good Heaven !—and does she go alone ?
 She now has reach'd that dismal spot,
 Where, some hours since, his voice's tone
 Had come to soothe her fears and ills,
 Sweet as the angel Israfil's,¹
 When every leaf on Eden's tree
 Is trembling to his minstrelsy—
 Yet now—oh, now, he is not nigh—
 “Hafed ! my Hafed ! if it be
 Thy will, thy doom, this night to die,
 Let me but stay to die with thee,
 And I will bless thy lovèd name,
 'Till the last life-breath leave this frame.
 Oh ! let our lips, our cheeks, be laid
 But near each other while they fade ;
 Let us but mix our parting breaths,
 And I can die ten thousand deaths !
 You too, who hurry me away
 So cruelly, one moment stay—

Oh ! stay—one moment is not much—
 He yet may come—for *him* I pray—
 Hafed ! dear Hafed !—” all the way
 In wild lamentings, that would touch
 A heart of stone, she shriek’d his name
 To the dark woods—no Hafed came :
 No—hapless pair—you’ve look’d your last ;
 Your hearts should both have broken then :
 The dream is o’er—your doom is cast—
 You’ll never meet on earth again !

Alas for him, who hears her cries !—
 Still halfway down the steep he stands,
 Watching with fix’d and feverish eyes
 The glimmer of those burning brands,
 That down the rocks, with mournful ray,
 Light all he loves on earth away !
 Hopeless as they who, far at sea,
 By the cold moon have just consign’d
 The corpse of one, loved tenderly,
 To the bleak flood they leave behind ;
 And on the deck still lingering stay,
 And long look back, with sad delay,
 To watch the moonlight on the wave,
 That ripples o’er that cheerless grave.

But see—he starts—what heard he then ?
 That dreadful shout !—across the glen
 From the land side it comes, and loud
 Rings through the chasm ; as if the crowd
 Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,
 Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of hell,
 Had all in one dread howl broke out,
 So loud, so terrible, that shout !
 “ They come—the Moslems come ! ”—he cries,
 His proud soul mounting to his eyes,—
 “ Now, spirits of the brave, who roam
 Enfranchised through yon starry dome,
 Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire
 Are on the wing to join your choir ! ”
 He said—and, light as bridegrooms bound
 To their young loves, reclin’d the steep
 And gain’d the shrine—his chiefs stood round—
 Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
 Together at that cry accurs’d,
 Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst.
 And hark !—again—again it rings ;
 Near and more near its echoings
 Peal through the chasm—oh ! who that then
 Had seen those listening warrior-men,
 With their swords grasp’d, their eyes of flame
 Turn’d on their Chief—could doubt the shame,
 Th’ indignant shame, with which they thrill
 To hear those shouts and yet stand still ?

He read their thoughts—they were his own—
 “What! while our arms can wield these blades
 Shall we die tamely? die alone?”

Without one victim to our shades,
 One Moslem heart where, buried deep,
 The sabre from its toil may sleep?
 No! God of Iran's burning skies!
 Thou scorn'st th' inglorious sacrifice.
 No—though of all earth's hopes bereft,
 Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
 We'll make yon valley's reeking caves
 Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
 Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
 Tell of the Ghebers' bloody glen.
 Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains
 Our refuge still from life and chains;
 But his the best, the holiest bed,
 Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!”

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,
 While vigour, more than human, strung
 Each arm and heart.—Th' exulting foe
 Still through the dark defiles below,
 Track'd by his torches' lurid fire,

Wound slow, as through Golconda's vale¹
 The mighty serpent, in his ire,

Glides on with glittering, deadly trail.
 No torch the Ghebers need—so well
 They know each mystery of the dell,
 So oft have, in their wanderings,
 Cross'd the wild race that round them dwell,
 The very tigers from their delves

Look out, and let them pass, as things
 Untamed and fearless like themselves!

There was a deep ravine, that lay
 Yet darkling in the Moslems' way;—
 Fit spot to make invaders rue
 The many fallen before the few.
 The torrents from that morning's sky
 Had fill'd the narrow chasm breast-high,
 And, on each side, aloft and wild,
 Huge cliffs and toppling crags were piled,
 The guards, with which young Freedom lines
 The pathways to her mountain shrines,
 Here, at this pass, the scanty band
 Of Iran's last avengers stand;—
 Here wait, in silence like the dead,
 And listen for the Moslems' tread
 So anxiously, the carrion-bird
 Above them flaps his wings unheard!

They come—that plunge into the water
 Gives signal for the work of slaughter.

Now, Ghebers, now—if e'er your blades
 Had point or prowess, prove them now!—
 Woe to the file that foremost wades!
 They come—a falchion greets each brow.
 And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,
 Beneath the gory waters sunk,
 Still o'er their drowning bodies press
 New victims quick and numberless;
 Till scarce an arm in Hafed's band,
 So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,
 But listless from each crimson hand
 The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre.
 Never was horde of tyrants met
 With bloodier welcome—never yet
 To patriot vengeance hath the sword
 More terrible libations pour'd!
 All up the dreary, long ravine,
 By the red, murky glimmer seen
 Of half-quench'd brands, that o'er the flood
 Lie scatter'd round and burn in blood,
 What ruin glares! what carnage swims!
 Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs,
 Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand,
 In that thick pool of slaughter stand;—
 Wretches who, wading, half on fire
 From the toss'd brands that round them fly,
 'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire;—
 And some who, grasp'd by those that die,
 Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er
 In their dead brethren's gushing gore!

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
 Still hundreds, thousands more succeed;—
 Countless as towards some flame at night
 The north's dark insects wing their flight,
 And quench or perish in its light,
 To this terrific spot they pour—
 Till bridged with Moslem bodies o'er,
 It bears aloft their slippery tread,
 And o'er the dying and the dead,
 Tremendous causeway! on they pass.—
 Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,
 What hope was left for you? for you,
 Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice
 Is smoking in their vengeful eyes—
 Whose swords how keen, how fierce, they knew,
 And burn with shame to find how few.
 Crush'd down by that vast multitude,
 Some found their graves where first they stood;
 While some with hardier struggle died,
 And still fought on by Hafed's side,
 Who, fronting to the foe, trod back
 Towards the high towers his gory track;

LALLA ROOKH.

And, as a lion, swept away
By sudden swell of Jordan's pride
From the wild covert where he lay,¹
Long battles with th' o'erwhelming tide,
So fought he back with fierce delay,
And kept both foes and fate at bay !

But whither now ! their track is lost,
Their prey escaped—guide, torches gone—
By torrent-beds and labyrinths cross'd,
The scatter'd crowd rush blindly on—
“Curse on those tardy lights that wind,”
They panting cry, “so far behind—
Oh, for a bloodhound's precious scent,
To track the way the Gheber went !”
Vain wish—confusedly along
They rush, more desperate as more wrong ;
Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,
Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,
Their footing, mazed and lost, they miss,
And down the darkling precipice
Are dash'd into the deep abyss ;—
Or midway hang, impaled on rocks,
A banquet, yet alive, for flocks
Of ravening vultures,—while the dell
Re-echoes with each horrible yell.

Those sounds—the last, to vengeance dear,
That e'er shall ring in Hafed's ear,—
Now reach'd him, as aloft, alone,
Upon the steep way breathless thrown,
He lay beside his reeking blade,
Resign'd, as if life's task were o'er,
Its last blood-offering amply paid,
And Iran's self could claim no more.
One only thought, one lingering beam,
Now broke across his dizzy dream
Of pain and weariness—'twas she,
His heart's pure planet, shining yet
Above the waste of memory,
When all life's other lights were set.
And never to his mind before
Her image such enchantment wore.
It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,
Each fear that chill'd their loves was past,
And not one cloud of earth remain'd
Between him and her glory cast ;—
As if to charms, before so bright,
New grace from other worlds was given,
And his soul saw her by the light
Now breaking o'er itself from heaven !

A voice spoke near him—'twas the tone
Of a loved friend, the only one
Of all his warriors, left with life
From that short night's tremendous strife.

"And must we then, my Chief, die here?—

Foes round us, and the shrine so near!"

These words have roused the last remains

Of life within him—"What! not yet

Beyond the reach of Moslem chains!"

The thought could e'en make Death forget

His icy bondage—with a bound

He springs, all bleeding, from the ground,

And grasps his comrade's arm now grown

E'en feebler, heavier, than his own,

And up the painful pathway leads,

Death gaining on each step he treads.

Speed them, thou God, who heard'st their vow!

They mount—they bleed—oh, save them now!—

The crags are red they've clamber'd o'er,

The rock-weed's dripping with their gore—

Thy blade too, Hafed, false at length,

Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength—

Haste, haste—the voices of the foe

Come near and nearer from below—

One effort more—thank Heaven! 'tis past,

They've gain'd the topmost steep at last,

And now they touch the temple's walls,

Now Hafed sees the Fire divine—

When, lo! his weak, worn comrade falls

Dead on the threshold of the shrine.

"Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!

And must I leave thee withering here,

The sport of every ruffian's tread,

The mark for every coward's spear?

No, by yon altar's sacred beams!"

He cries, and, with a strength that seems

Not of this world, uplifts the fame

Of the fallen chief, and towards the flame

Bears him along;—with death-damp hand

The corpse upon the pyre he lays,

Then lights the consecrated brand,

And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze

Like lightning bursts o'er Oman's Sea.—

"Now, Freedom's God! I come to Thee,"

The youth exclaims, and with a smile

Of triumph vaulting on the pile,

In that last effort, ere the fires

Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires!

What shriek was that on Oman's tide?

It came from yonder drifting bark,

That just has caught upon her side

The death-light—and again is dark.

It is the boat—ah, why delay'd?—

That bears the wretched Moslem maid;

Confided to the watchful care

Of a small veteran band, with whom

Their generous Chieftain would not share

The secret of his final doom;

But hoped when Hinda, safe and free,
 Was render'd to her father's eyes,
 Their pardon, full and prompt, would be
 The ransom of so dear a prize.—
 Unconscious, thus of Hafed's fate,
 And proud to guard their beauteous freight,
 Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves
 That foam around those frightful caves,
 When the curst war-whoops, known so well
 Came echoing from the distant dell—
 Sudden each oar, upheld and still,
 Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side,
 And, driving at the current's will,
 They rock'd along the whispering tide,
 While every eye, in mute dismay,
 Was toward that fatal mountain turn'd,
 Where the dim altar's quivering ray
 As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd.

Oh! 'tis not, Hinda, in the power
 Of fancy's most terrific touch
 To paint thy pangs in that dread hour—
 Thy silent agony—'twas such
 As those who feel could paint too well,
 But none e'er felt and lived to tell!
 'Twas not alone the dreary state
 Of a lorn spirit, crushed by fate,
 When, though no more remains to dread,
 The panic chill will not depart;—
 When, though the inmate Hope be dead,
 Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart.
 No—pleasures, hopes, affections gone,
 The wretch may bear, and yet live on,
 Like things, within the cold rock found
 Alive, when all's congealed around.
 But there's a blank repose in this,
 A calm stagnation, that were bliss
 To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,
 Now felt through all thy breast and brain—
 That spasm of terror, mute, intense,
 That breathless, agonized suspense,
 From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching,
 The heart hath no relief but breaking!

Calm is the wave—heaven's brilliant lights
 Reflected dance beneath the prow;—
 Time was when, on such lovely nights,
 She who is there, so desolate now,
 Could sit all cheerful, though alone,
 And ask no happier joy than seeing
 The starlight o'er the waters thrown—
 No joy but that to make her blest,
 And the fresh, buoyant sense of being
 That bounds in youth's yet careless breast,—

Itself a star, not borrowing light,
 But in its own glad essence bright.
 How different now!—but, hark, again
 The yell of havoc rings—brave men!
 In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand
 On the bark's edge—in vain each hand
 Half draws the falchion from its sheath;
 All's o'er—in rust your blades may lie;—
 He, at whose word they've scatter'd death,
 E'en now, this night, himself must die!
 Well may ye look to yon dim tower,
 And ask, and wondering guess what means
 The battle-cry at this dead hour—
 Ah! she could tell you—she, who leans
 Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,
 With brow against the dew-cold mast—
 Too well she knows—her more than life,
 Her soul's first idol and its last,
 Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.

But see—what moves upon the height?
 Some signal!—'tis a torch's light.
 What bodes its solitary glare?
 In gasping silence towards the shrine
 All eyes are turn'd—thine, Hinda, thine
 Fix their last failing life-beams there.
 'Twas but a moment—fierce and high
 The death-pile blazed into the sky,
 And far away o'er rock and flood
 Its melancholy radiance sent;
 While Hafed, like a vision, stood
 Reveal'd before the burning pyre,
 Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
 Shrined in its own grand element!
 "Tis he!" the shuddering maid exclaims,—
 But, while she speaks, he's seen no more;
 High burst in air the funeral flames,
 And Iran's hopes and hers are o'er.
 One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave
 Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,
 Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,
 And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—
 Deep, deep,—where never care or pain
 Shall reach her innocent heart again!

Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
 (Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea)
 No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green water,
 More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.
 Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
 How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,
 Like the wind of the south¹ or a summer lute blowing,
 And hush'd all its music and wither'd its frame!

But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
 Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
 Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
 With nought but the sea-star¹ to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
 And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
 The happiest there, from their pastime returning,²
 At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
 Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
 Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
 She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero ! forget thee,—
 Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
 Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,
 Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
 With everything beauteous that grows in the deep ;
 Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
 Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
 That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept ;³
 With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber,
 We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
 And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head ;
 We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian⁴ are sparkling
 And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until pity's sweet fountain
 Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
 They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,
 They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in this wave.

The singular placidity with which Fadladeen had listened during the latter part of this obnoxious story surprised the Princess and Feramorz exceedingly ; and even inclined towards him the hearts of these unsuspecting young persons, who little knew the source of a complacency so marvellous. The truth was, he had been organizing, for the last few days, a most notable plan of persecution against the Poet, in consequence of some passages that had fallen from him on the second evening of the recital,—which appeared to this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and principles for which nothing short of the summary criticism of the chabuk⁵ would be advisable. It was his intention, therefore, immediately on their arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the King of Bucharia of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel ; and if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigour on the occasion (that is, if he did not give the chabuk to Feramorz, and a place to Fadladeen), there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharia. He could not help, however, auguring better both for himself and the cause of potentates in general ; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that

diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out, like poppies on the desert, over the wide and lifeless wilderness of that countenance.

Having decided upon the Poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it but humanity to spare him the minor tortures of criticism. Accordingly, when they assembled next evening in the pavilion, and Lalla Rookh expected to see all the beauties of her bard melt away, one by one, in the acidity of criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian Queen—he agreeably disappointed her by merely saying, with an ironical smile, that the merits of such a poem deserved to be tried at a much higher tribunal; and then suddenly passing off into a panegyric upon all Mussulman sovereigns, more particularly his august and imperial master, Aurungzebe—the wisest and best of the descendants of Timur—who, among other great things he had done for mankind, had given to him, Fadladeen, the very profitable posts of Betel-carrier and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor, Chief Holder of the Girdle of Beautiful Forms,¹ and Grand Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Haram.

They were now not far from that forbidden river,² beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass; and were reposing for a time in the rich valley of Hussun Abdaul, which had always been a favourite resting-place of the emperors in their annual migrations to Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the Faith, Jehan-Guire, wandered with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal; and here would Lalla Rookh have been happy to remain for ever, giving up the throne of Bucharia and the world for Feramorz and love in this sweet lonely valley. The time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer—or see him with eyes whose every look belonged to another; and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments, which made her heart cling to them as it would to life. During the latter part of the journey, indeed, she had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eyes became smiling and animated. But here, in this dear valley, every moment was an age of pleasure; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy—resembling, as she often thought, that people of Zinge, who attribute the unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.³

The whole party, indeed, seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a freer range than they could safely be indulged with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens and bounded through the meadows, lightly as young roes over the aromatic plains of Tibet. While Fadladeen, beside the spiritual comfort he derived from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the saint from whom the valley is named, had opportunities of gratifying, in a small way, his taste for victims, by putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards which all pious Mussulmans make it a point to kill;—taking for granted that the manner in which the creature hangs its head is meant as a mimicry of the attitude in which the faithful say their prayers!

About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were those Royal Gardens which had grown beautiful under the care of so many lovely eyes, and were beautiful still, though those eyes could see them no longer. This place, with its flowers and its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of the wings of birds in its marble basins filled with the pure water of those hills, was to Lalla Rookh all that her heart could fancy of fragrance, coolness, and almost heavenly tranquillity. As the Prophet said of Damascus,⁴ “It was too delicious;” and here in listening to the sweet voice of Feramorz, or reading in his eyes what yet he never dared to tell her, the most exquisite moments of her whole life were passed. One evening, when they had been talking of the Sultana Nourmahal—the Light of the Haram,⁵ who had so often wandered among these flowers, and fed with her own hands, in those marble basins, the small shining fishes of which she was so fond—the youth, in order to delay the moment of separation, proposed to recite a short story, or rather rhapsody, of which this adored Sultana was the heroine. It related, he said, to the reconciliation of a sort of lovers' quarrel, which took place between her and the Emperor during a Feast of Roses at Cashmere; and would remind the Princess of that difference between Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair Mistress Marida,⁶ which was so happily made up by the soft strains of the musician Moussali. As the story was chiefly to be told in song, and Feramorz had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the valley, he borrowed the vina of Lalla Rookh's little Persian slave, and thus began:—



Oh ! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the
Lake

Its splendour at parting a summer eve
throws,

Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to
take

A last look of her mirror at night ere she
goes !—

When the shrines through the foliage are
gleaming half shown,

And each hallows the hour by some rites of
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LALLA ROOKH.

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Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
 With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,¹
 Its temples, and grottoes, and fountains as clear
 As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the Lake,
 Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
 Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take
 A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!—
 When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,
 And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
 Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
 Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is swinging,
 And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
 Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.²
 Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines
 The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
 When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall of stars,
 And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
 Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
 From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet.—
 Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
 A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
 Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one
 Out of darkness, as they were just born of the sun.
 When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
 From his haram of night-flowers stealing away;
 And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
 The young aspen-trees³ till they tremble all over.
 When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
 And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,
 Shines in through the mountainous portal⁴ that opes,
 Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world!

But, never yet, by night or day,
 In dew of spring or summer's ray,
 Did the sweet Valley shine so gay
 As now it shines—all love and light,
 Visions by day and feasts by night!
 A happier smile illumines each brow,
 With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
 And all is ecstasy,—for now
 The Valley holds its Feast of Roses.⁵
 That joyous time, when pleasures pour
 Profusely round, and in their shower
 Hearts open, like the season's rose,—
 The floweret of a hundred leaves,⁶
 Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
 And every leaf its balm receives!

'Twas when the hour of evening came
 Upon the Lake, serene and cool,
 When Day had hid his sultry flame
 Behind the palms of Baramoule.⁷

* See Music.

When maids began to lift their heads,
 Refresh'd, from their embroider'd beds,
 Where they had slept the sun away,
 And waked to moonlight and to play.
 All were abroad—the busiest hive
 On Bela's¹ hills is less alive
 When saffron beds are full in flower,
 Than look'd the Valley in that hour.
 A thousand restless torches play'd
 Through every grove and island shade;
 A thousand sparkling lamps were set
 On every dome and minaret;
 And fields and pathways, far and near,
 Were lighted by a blaze so clear,
 That you could see, in wandering round,
 The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.
 Yet did the maids and matrons leave
 Their veils at home, that brilliant eve;
 And there were glancing eyes about,
 And cheeks, that would not dare shine out
 In open day, but thought they might,
 Look lovely then, because 'twas night!
 And all were free and wandering.

And all exclaim'd to all they met
 That never did the summer bring
 So gay a Feast of Roses yet;—
 The moon had never shed a light
 So clear as that which bless'd them there;
 The roses ne'er shone half so bright,
 Nor they themselves look'd half so fair.

And what a wilderness of flowers!
 It seem'd as though from all the bowers
 And fairest fields of all the year,
 The mingled spoil were scatter'd here.
 The Lake, too, like a garden breathes,
 With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—
 As if a shower of fairy wreaths

Had fallen upon it from the skies!
 And then the sounds of joy,—the beat
 Of tabors and of dancing feet;—
 The minaret-crier's chant of glee
 Sung from his lighted gallery,²
 And answer'd by a ziraleet
 From neighbouring haram, wild and sweet,—
 The merry laughter, echoing
 From gardens, where the silken swing³
 Wafts some delighted girl above
 The top-leaves of the orange grove;
 Or, from those infant groups at play
 Among the tents⁴ that line the way,
 Flinging, unawed by slave or mother,
 Handfuls of roses at each other!

And the sounds from the Lake,—the low whisp'ring in boats,
 As they shoot through the moonlight;—the dipping of oars,

And the wild, airy warbling that everywhere floats,
Through the groves, round the islands, as if all the shores
Like those of Kathay utter'd music, and gave

An answer in song to the kiss of each wave !¹
But the gentlest of all are those sounds, full of feeling,
That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing,—
Some lover who knows all the heart-touching power
Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.
Oh ! best of delights as it everywhere is

{ To be near the loved *One*,—what a rapture is his,
Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide
• O'er the Lake of Cashmere, with that *One* by his side !
If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
Think, think what a heaven she must make of Cashmere !

So felt the magnificent Son of Acbar,²
When from power and pomp and the trophies of war
He flew to that Valley, forgetting them all,
With the Light of the Haram, his young Nourmahal.
When free and uncrown'd as the conqueror roved
By the banks of that Lake, with his only beloved,
He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch
From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,
And preferr'd in his heart the least ringlet that curl'd
Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world !

There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day's light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.
This *was* not the beauty—oh ! nothing like this,
That to young Nourmahal gave such magic of bliss ;
But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes,
Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint has of heaven in his dreams !
When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born with her face ;
And when angry,—for e'en in the tranquildest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes—
The short, passing anger that seem'd to awaken
New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.
If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings !
Then her mirth—oh ! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
From the heart with a burst, like the wild-bird in spring ;—
Illumed by a wit that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages.³

* See Music.

While her laugh, full of life, without any control
 But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul ;
 And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
 In lip, cheek or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,—
 Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
 When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.
 Such, such were the peerless enchantments, that gave
 Nourmahal the proud Lord of the East for her slave ;
 And though bright was his haram,—a living parterre
 Of the flowers¹ of this planet—though treasures were there,
 For which Soliman's self might have given all the store
 That the navy from Ophir e'er wing'd to his shore,
 Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,
 And the Light of his Haram was young Nourmahal !

But where is she now, this night of joy,
 When bliss is every heart's employ ?
 When all around her is so bright,
 So like the visions of a trance,
 That one might think, who came by chance
 Into the vale this happy night,
 He saw that City of Delight²
 In Fairy-land, whose streets and towers
 Are made of gems and light and flowers !—
 Where is the loved sultana ? where,
 When mirth brings out the young and fair,
 Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,
 In melancholy stillness now ?

Alas—how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love !
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied ;
 That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
 Like ships, that have gone down at sea,
 When heaven was all tranquillity !
 A something, light as air—a look,
 A word unkind or wrongly taken—
 Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
 And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin ;
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day ;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said ;
 Till fast declining one by one,
 The sweetnesses of love are gone,
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
 That smiling left the mountain's brow,
 As though its waters ne'er could sever
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
 Breaks into floods, that part for ever.



Dschehangir—
Le Duc Charles de Mecklenbourg.
Nurmahal—Mde. de Perponcher.

As they appeared in the Fête, "Lalla
Rofikh," at the Château Royal of Berlin, on
January 27th, 1822.

LALLA ROOKH.

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The shadows of love are gone,

And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's sever,
And now, in cold and lonely floods, that part for ever.



O you,* that have the charge of Love,
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
 As in the Fields of Bliss above
 He sits, with flowerets fetter'd round ;¹—
 Loose not a tie that round him clings,
 Nor ever let him use his wings ;
 For even an hour, a minute's flight
 Will rob the plumes of half their light.
 Like that celestial bird,—whose nest
 Is found beneath far eastern skies,—
 Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
 Lose all their glory when he flies !²

Some difference, of this dangerous kind,—
 By which, though light, the links that bind
 The fondest hearts may soon be riven ;
 Some shadow in love's summer heaven,
 Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
 May yet in awful thunder burst ;
 Such cloud it is, that now hangs over
 The heart of the imperial lover,
 And far hath banish'd from his sight
 His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light !
 Hence is it, on this happy night,
 When Pleasure through the fields and groves
 Has let loose all her world of loves,
 And every heart has found it sown,—
 He wanders, joyless and alone,
 And weary as that bird of Thrace,
 Whose pinion knows no resting place.³
 In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes
 This Eden of the earth supplies

Come crowding round—the cheeks are pale,
 The eyes are dim—though rich the spot
 With every flower this earth has got,
 What is it to the nightingale,
 If there his darling rose is not ?⁴
 In vain the Valley's smiling throng
 Worship him, as he moves along ;
 He heeds them not—one smile of hers
 Is worth a world of worshippers.
 They but the star's adorers are,
 She is the heaven that lights the star !

Hence is it too that Nourmahal,
 Amid the luxuries of this hour,
 Far from the joyous festival,
 Sits in her own sequester'd bower,
 With no one near, to soothe or aid,
 But that inspired and wondrous maid,
 Namouna, the enchantress ;—one,
 O'er whom his race the golden sun
 For unremember'd years has run,
 Yet never saw her blooming brow
 Younger or fairer than 'tis now.

LALLA ROOKH.

Nay, rather, as the west-wind's sigh
 Freshens the flower it passes by,
 Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,
 To leave her lovelier than before.
 Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,
 And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
 Of other worlds, there came a light
 From her dark eyes so strangely bright.
 That all believed nor man nor earth
 Were conscious of Namouna's birth !

All spells and talismans she knew
 From the great Mantra,¹ which around
 The Air's sublimer spirits drew,
 To the gold gems² of Afric, bound
 Upon the wandering Arab's arm,
 To keep him from the Siltim's³ harm.
 And she had pledged her powerful art,
 Pledged it with all the zeal and heart
 Of one who knew, though high her sphere,
 What 'twas to lose a love so dear,
 To find some spell that should recall
 Her Selim's⁴ smile to Nourmahal !

'Twas midnight—through the lattice, wreathed
 With woodbine, many a perfume breathed
 From plants that wake when others sleep,
 From timid jasmine buds, that keep
 Their odour to themselves all day,
 But, when the sunlight dies away,
 Let the delicious secret out
 To every breeze that roams about ;—
 When thus Namouna :—“ 'Tis the hour
 That scatters spells on herb and flower,
 And garlands might be gather'd now,
 That, twin'd around the sleeper's brow,
 Would make him dream of such delights,
 Such miracles and dazzling sights,
 As Genii of the Sun behold,
 At evening, from their tents of gold,
 Upon th' horizon—where they play
 Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,
 Their sunny mansions melt away !
 Now, too, a chaplet might be wreath'd
 Of buds o'er which the moon has breath'd,
 Which worn by her, whose love has stray'd,
 Might bring some Peri from the skies,
 Some sprite, whose very soul is made
 Of flowerets' breaths and lovers' sighs,
 And who might tell——”

“ For me, for me,”
 Cried Nourmahal impatiently,—
 “ Oh ! twine that wreath for me to-night.”
 Then, rapidly, with foot as light

As the young musk-roe's, out she flew
 To cull each shining leaf that grew
 Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams
 For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams.

Anemones and seas of gold,¹

And new-blown lilies of the river,
 And those sweet flowerets, that unfold
 Their buds on Camadeva's quiver ;²—

The tube-tose, with her silvery light,

That in the gardens of Malay
 Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,³

So like a bride, scented and bright,

She comes out when the sun's away.—

Amaranths, such as crown the maids
 That wander through Zamara's shades :⁴—

And the white moon flower, as it shows

On Serendib's high crags to those

Who near the isle at evening sail,

Scenting her clove-trees in the gale ;—

In short, all flowerets and all plants,

From the divine Amrita tree,⁵

That blesses heaven's inhabitants

With fruits of immortality,

Down to the basil⁶ tuft, that waves

Its fragrant blossom over graves,

And to the humble rosemary,

Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed

To scent the desert⁷ and the dead,—

All in that garden bloom, and all

Are gather'd by young Nourmahal,

Who heaps her baskets with the flowers

And leaves, till they can hold no more ;

Then to Namouna flies, and showers

Upon her lap the shining store.

With what delight th' Enchantress views

So many buds, bathed with the dews

And beams of that bless'd hour !—her glance

Spoke something, past all mortal pleasures,

As, in a kind of holy trance,

She hung above those fragrant treasures ;

Bending to drink their balmy airs,

As if she mix'd her soul with theirs.

And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed

From flowers and scented flame that fed

Her charmed life—for none had e'er

Beheld her taste of mortal fare,

Nor ever in aught earthly dip,

But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.

Fill'd with the cool, inspiring smell,

Th' Enchantress now begins her spell,

Thus singing, as she winds and weaves

In mystic form the glittering leaves :—

LALLA ROOKH.

I know where the wingèd visions dwell
 That around the night-bed play ;
 I know each herb and floweret's bell,
 Where they hide their wings by day.
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies
 To visit the bashful maid,
 Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
 Its soul, like her, in the shade.
 The hope, in dreams, of a happier hour
 That alights on misery's brow,
 Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,
 That blooms on a leafless bough.¹
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The visions, that oft to worldly eyes
 The glitter of mines unfold,
 Inhabit the mountain-herb,² that dyes
 The tooth of the fawn like gold.
 The phantom shapes—oh, touch not them—
 That appal the murderer's sight,
 Lurk in the fleshy mandrake's stem,
 That shrieks, when torn at night !
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injured, patient mind,
 That smiles at the wrongs of men,
 Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
 Of the cinnamon, sweetest then !
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

No sooner was the flowery crown
 Placed on her head, than sleep came down,
 Gently as nights of summer fall,
 Upon the lids of Nourmahal ;—
 And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,
 As full of small, rich harmonies
 As ever wind, that o'er the tents
 Of Azab³ blew, was full of scents,
 Steals on her ear, and floats and swells,
 Like the first air of morning creeping
 Into those wreathy Red-Sea shells
 Where Love himself, of old, lay sleeping ;⁴—
 And now a spirit form'd, 'twould seem,
 Of music and of light, so fair,
 So brilliantly his features beam,
 And such a sound is in the air

Of sweetness, when he waves his wings,
Hovers around her, and thus sings :—

From Chindara's¹ warbling fount I come,
Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell ;
From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every sigh the heart breathes out
Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song !
Hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly !
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too !

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
The Spirits of past Delight obey ;—
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
And mine is the gentle song, that bears
From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
As a bird that wafts through genial airs
The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.²

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present, and future of pleasure,³
When memory links the tone that is gone
With the blissful tone that's still in the ear ;
And hope from a heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near !

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
Can as downy soft and as yielding be
As his own white plume, that high amid death,
Through the field has shone—yet moves with a breath.
And, oh, how the eyes of beauty glisten,
When music has reach'd her inmost soul,
Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
While heaven's eternal melodies roll !
So hither I come
From my fairy home,

LALLA ROOKH.

And if there's a magic in music's strain,
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

* * * * *

'Tis dawn—at least that earlier dawn,¹
 Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,
 As if the morn had waked, and then
 Shut close her lids of light again.
 And Nourmahal is up, and trying
 The wonders of her lute, whose strings—
 O bliss!—now murmur like the sighing
 From that ambrosial spirit's wings!
 And then, her voice—'tis more than human—
 Never, till now, had it been given
 To lips of any mortal woman
 To utter notes so fresh from heaven;
 Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,
 When angel sighs are most divine.—
 "Oh! let it last till night," she cries,
 "And he is more than ever mine."
 And hourly she renews the lay,
 So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness
 Should, ere the evening, fade away,—
 For things so heavenly have such fleetness!
 But, far from fading, it but grows
 Richer, diviner, as it flows;
 Till rapt she dwells on every string,
 And pours again each sound along,
 Like Echo, lost and languishing
 In love with her own wondrous song.

That evening (trusting that his soul
 Might be from haunting love released
 By mirth, by music, and the bowl)
 Th' imperial Selim held a feast
 In his magnificent Shalimar;²—
 In whose saloons, when the first star
 Of evening o'er the waters trembled,
 The Valley's loveliest all assembled;
 All the bright creatures that, like dreams,
 Glide through its foliage, and drink beams
 Of beauty from its founts and streams.³
 And all those wandering minstrel-maids,
 Who leave—how *can* they leave?—the shades
 Of that dear Valley, and are found
 Singing in gardens of the south⁴
 Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound
 As from a young Cashmerian's mouth.
 There too the haram's inmates smile;—
 Maids from the west, with sun-bright hair,
 And from the Garden of the Nile,
 Delicate as the roses there;⁵—

Daughters of Love from Cyprus' rocks,
 With Paphian diamonds in their locks ;¹—
 Light Peri forms, such as there are
 On the gold meads of Candahar ;²
 And they, before whose sleepy eyes,

In their own bright Kathaian bowers,
 Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,³

That they might fancy the rich flowers,
 That round them in the sun lay sighing,
 Had been by magic all set flying !
 Everything young, everything fair
 From east to west is blushing there,
 Except—except—O Nourmahal !
 Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,
 The one, whose smile shone out alone,
 Amidst a world the only one !
 Whose light, among so many lights,
 Was like that star, on starry nights,
 The seaman singles from the sky,
 To steer his bark for ever by !
 Thou wert not there—so Selim thought,

And everything seem'd drear without thee ;
 But, ah ! thou wert, thou wert—and brought

Thy charm of song all fresh about thee.
 Mingling unnoticed with a band
 Of lutanists from many a land,
 And veil'd by such a mask as shades
 The features of young Arab maids⁴—
 A mask that leaves but one eye free,
 To do its best in witchery,—
 She roved, with beating heart, around,
 And waited, trembling, for the minute,
 When she might try if still the sound
 Of her loved lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine,
 With grapes of gold, like those that shine
 On Casbin's hills ;⁵—pomegranates full

Of melting sweetness, and the pears
 And the sunniest apples⁶ that Caubul
 In all its thousand gardens⁷ bears,
 Plantains, the golden and the green,
 Malaya's nectar'd mangusteen ;⁸
 Prunes of Bokara, and sweet nuts

From the far groves of Samarcand,
 And Basra dates, and apricots,
 Seed of the sun,⁹ from Iran's land ;—

With rich conserve of Visna cherries,¹⁰
 Of orange flowers, and of those berries
 That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
 Feed on in Erac's rocky dells.¹¹

All these in richest vases smile,
 In baskets of pure sandal-wood,
 And urns of porcelain from that isle¹²
 Sunk underneath the Indian flood,

Whence oft the lucky diver brings
 Vases to grace the halls of kings.
 Wines, too, of every clime and hue,
 Around their liquid lustre threw ;
 Amber Rosolli,¹—the bright dew
 From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing ;²
 And Shiraz wine, that richly ran
 As if that jewel, large and rare,
 The ruby, for which Kublai-Khan
 Offer'd a city's wealth,³ was blushing
 Melted within the goblets there !

And amply Selim quaffs of each,
 And seems resolved the floods shall reach
 His inward heart,—shedding around
 A genial deluge, as they run,
 That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,
 For Love to rest his wings upon.
 He little knew how blest the boy
 Can float upon a goblet's streams,
 Lighting them with his smile of joy ;
 As bards have seen him, in their dreams,
 Down the blue Ganges laughing glide
 Upon a rosy lotus wreath,⁴
 Catching new lustre from the tide
 That with his image shone beneath.

But what are cups, without the aid
 Of song to speed them as they flow ?
 And see—a lovely Georgian maid,
 With all the bloom, the freshen'd glow,
 Of her own country maidens' looks,
 When warm they rise from Teflis' brooks ;⁵
 And with an eye, whose restless ray,
 Full, floating, dark,—oh, he, who knows
 His heart is weak, of heaven should pray
 To guard him from such eyes as those !
 With a voluptuous wildness flings
 Her snowy hand across the strings
 Of a syrinda,⁶ and thus sings :—

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,
 We linger in pleasures that never are gone ;
 Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
 Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
 And the love that is o'er, in expiring gives birth
 To a new one as warm, as unequall'd in bliss ;
 And oh ! if there be an elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh
 As the flower of the Amra just oped by a bee ;⁷
 And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,⁸
 Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.

Oh ! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth,
 When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss ;
 And own if there be an elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this !

Here sparkles the nectar that, hallowed by love,
 Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,
 Who for wine of this earth¹ left the fountains above,
 And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have here.
 And, bless'd with the odour our goblet gives forth,
 What spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss ?
 For, oh ! if there be an elysium on earth,²
 It is this, it is this.

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,
 When the same measure, sound for sound,
 Was caught up by another lute,
 And so divinely breathed around,
 That all stood hush'd and wondering,
 And turn'd and look'd into the air,
 As if they thought to see the wing
 Of Israfil,* the Angel, there ;—
 So powerfully on every soul
 That new, enchanted measure stole.
 While now a voice, sweet as the note
 Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float
 Along its chords, and so entwine
 Its sound with theirs, that none knew whether
 The voice or lute was most divine,
 So wondrously they went together :—

{ There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
 { When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
 { With heart never changing and brow never cold,
 { Love on through all ills, and love on till they die !
 { One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
 { Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss ;
 { And oh ! if there *be* an elysium on earth,
 { It is this, it is this !

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words
 But that deep magic in the chords
 And in the lips, that gave such power
 As music knew not till that hour.
 At once a hundred voices said,
 " It is the mask'd Arabian maid ! "
 While Selim, who had felt the strain
 Deepest of any, and had lain
 Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,
 After the fairy sounds were o'er,
 Too inly touch'd for utterance,
 Now motion'd with his hand for more :—

* See Music.

LALLA ROOKH.

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
 Our Arab tents are rude for thee ;
 But, oh ! the choice what heart can doubt
 Of tents with love, or thrones without ?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
 Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
 Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
 For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
 The silvery footed antelope
 As gracefully and gaily springs
 As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then, come—thy Arab maid will be
 The loved and lone acacia-tree,
 The antelope, whose feet shall bless
 With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh ! there are looks and tones that dart
 An instant sunshine through the heart,—
 As if the soul that minute caught
 Some treasure it through life had sought ;

As if the very lips and eyes
 Predestined to have all our sighs,
 And never be forgot again,
 Sparkled and spoke before us then !

So came thy every glance and tone,
 When first on me they breathed and shone ;
 New, as if brought from other spheres,
 Yet welcome as if loved for years !

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
 No other flame, nor falsely thrown
 A gem away, that thou had'st sworn
 Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
 Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
 Fresh as the fountain under-ground,
 When first 'tis by the lapwing found.¹

* But if for me thou dost forsake
 Some other maid, and rudely break
 Her worshipp'd image from its base,
 To give to me the ruin'd place ;—

Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make
 My bower upon some icy lake
 When thawing suns begin to shine,
 Than trust to love so false as thine !

* See Music.

There was a pathos in this lay,
 That, e'en without enchantment's art,
 Would instantly have found its way
 Deep into Selim's burning heart ;
 But breathing, as it did, a tone
 To earthly lutes and lips unknown ;
 With every chord fresh from the touch
 Of Music's spirit,—'twas too much !
 Starting, he dash'd away the cup,—
 Which, all the time of this sweet air,
 His hand had held, untasted, up,
 As if 'twere fix'd by magic there,—
 And naming her, so long unnamed,
 So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,
 "O Nourmahal ! O Nourmahal !
 Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,
 I could forget—forgive thee all,
 And never leave those eyes again."

The mask is off—the charm is wrought—
 And Selim to his heart has caught,
 In blushes, more than ever bright,
 His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light !
 And well do vanish'd frowns enhance
 The charm of every brighten'd glance ;
 And dearer seems each dawning smile
 For having lost its light awhile ;
 And, happier now for all her sighs,
 As on his arm her head reposes,
 She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
 "Remember, love, the Feast of Roses !"

Fadladeen, at the conclusion of this light rhapsody, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Cashmerian's poetry,—of which, he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets "frivolous"—"inharmonious"—"nonsensical," he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favourable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats to which the Princess had alluded in the relation of her dream,—a slight gilded thing, sent adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The profusion, indeed, of flowers and birds which this Poet had ready on all occasions,—not to mention dews, gems, &c.—was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers ; and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, and all the flutter of the aviary without its song. In addition to this, he chose his subjects badly, and was always most inspired by the worst parts of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion,—these were the themes honoured with his particular enthusiasm ; and, in the poem just recited, one of his most palatable passages was in praise of that beverage of the Unfaithful, wine ; "being, perhaps," said he, relaxing into a smile, as conscious of his own character in the haram on this point, "one of those bards, whose fancy owes all its illumination to the grape, like that painted porcelain,¹ so curious and so rare, whose images are only visible when liquor is poured into it." Upon the whole it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that—whatever other merits this well-dressed young gentleman might possess—poetry was by no means his proper avocation : "and indeed," concluded the critic, "from his fondness for flowers and for birds, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet."

They had now began to ascend those barren mountains which separate Cashmere from the rest of India; and, as the heats were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and Lalla Rookh saw no more of Feramorz. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her ladies saw with regret—though not without some suspicion of the cause—that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Bucharia feel, when, instead of the lively and beautiful Lalla Rookh, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the House of Azor,¹ he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled,—to hide himself in her heart!

If anything could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequaled. But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains—neither the splendour of the minarets and pagodas that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottoes, hermitages, and miraculous fountains,² which make every spot of that region holy ground;—neither the countless waterfalls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers,³ appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre;—not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from these sad thoughts which but darkened and grew bitterer every step she advanced.

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and gallantry of the young King. It was night when they approached the city, and, for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu.⁴ Sometimes, from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fireworks would break out so sudden and so brilliant, that a Brahmin might think he saw that grove, in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth. While, at other times, a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon; like the meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters⁵ who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the Icy Sea.

These arches and fireworks delighted the ladies of the Princess exceedingly; and, with their usual good logic, they deduced from his taste for illuminations that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplary husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could Lalla Rookh herself help feeling the kindness and splendour with which the young bridegroom welcomed her;—but she also felt how painful is the gratitude which kindness from those we cannot love excites; and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness which we can fancy in the cold, odoriferous wind⁶ that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that imperial palace beyond the Lake, called the Shalimar. Though a night of more wakeful and anxious thought had never been passed in the Happy Valley before, yet, when she rose in the morning and her ladies came round her to the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul in the eyes, which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharia, they flung over her head the rose-coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake;—first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian which her father had hung about her neck at parting.

The morning was as fair as the maid upon whose nuptials it rose, and the shining Lake, all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green



Lalla Rookh, adapted from Miss
Corbeaux's idea of Thomas Moore's
heroine.

They had been so long in the mountains which separate Cashmere from the rest of India; and as they were now at the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and Lalla Rookh saw no more of Feramorz. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her ladies saw with regret—though not without some suspicion of the cause—that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most to value it. When they were in the Valley, when, instead of the lively and beautiful Lalla Rookh, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the House of Wisdom, they saw a pale and delicate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled,—to hide himself in her heart!

If anything could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequaled. But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains—neither the splendour of the minarets and pagodas that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottoes, hermitages, and miraculous fountains,² which make every spot of that region holy ground;—neither the countless waterfalls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers,³ appeared at a distance like one vast and brilliant garden;—none of these could steal away the gloom from her heart, which but darkened and grew bitterer every step she advanced.

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and gallantry of the young King. It was night when they approached the city, and, for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell. As they entered the city, a display of fireworks would break out so sudden and so brilliant, that a Brahmin might think he saw that grove, in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth. While, at other times, a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon; like the meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters⁴ who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the Icy Sea.

These arches and fireworks delighted the ladies of the Princess exceedingly; and, with their usual good logic, they deduced from his taste for illuminations that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplary husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could Lalla Rookh herself help feeling the kindness and splendour with which the young bridegroom welcomed her;—but she also felt how painful is the gratitude which kindness from those we cannot love excites; and that their best blandishments come over the heart like the cold and odorous winds which we can fancy in the cold, odoriferous wind⁵ that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that imperial palace beyond the Lake, called the Shalimar. Though a night of more wakeful and anxious thought had never been passed in the Happy Valley before, yet, when she rose in the morning, and her ladies came to assist her in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul in the eyes, which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharia, they flung over her head the rose coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake;—and, as she stepped into it, she saw a small amulet of coral and which her father had hung about her neck.

The morning was as fair as the night upon whose nuptials it rose, and the shining Lake, all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green



hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing as only she, who was the object of it all, did not feel with transport. To Lalla Rookh alone it was a melancholy pageant; nor could she have even borne to look upon the scene were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of Feramorz. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed at which her heart did not flutter with a momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell! In the barge immediately after the Princess was Fadladeen with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, "concerning Feramorz, and literature, and the chabuk, as connected therewith."

They had now entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and glided on through gardens ascending from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height that they stood like pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame that it was with difficulty she walked up the marble steps, which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Corulean Throne of Koolburga,¹ on one of which sat Aliris, the youthful King of Bucharia, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world. Immediately upon the entrance of Lalla Rookh into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise and fainted at his feet. It was Feramorz himself that stood before her!—Feramorz was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and having won her love as a humble minstrel now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King.

The consternation of Fadladeen at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly; he was seized with an admiration for the King's verses as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the monarch Aliris, and ready to prescribe his favourite regimen of the chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of Lalla Rookh that to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than Feramorz.

THE END.

NOTES.

- Page 81. ¹ These particulars of the visit of the King of Bucharia to Aurungzebe are found in *Dow's History of Hindostan*, vol. iii. p. 392.
- ² Tulip-cheek.
- ³ *Leila*.—The mistress of Mejnoun, upon whose story so many romances, in all the languages of the East, are founded.
- ⁴ *Shirine*.—For the loves of this celebrated beauty with Khosrou and with Ferhad, *vide* D'Herbelot, Gibbon, Oriental Collections, &c.
- ⁵ *Dewildé*.—The history of the loves of Dewildé and Chizer, the son of the Emperor Alla, is written in an elegant poem, by the noble Chusero.'—*Ferishla*.
- ⁶ Gul Reazee.
- ⁷ 'One mark of honour or knighthood bestowed by the Emperor is the permission to wear a small kettle-drum at the bows of their saddles, which at first was invented for the training of hawks, and to call them to the lure, and is worn in the field by all sportsmen to that end.'—*Fryer's Travels*.
- ⁸ 'Those on whom the King has conferred the privilege must wear an ornament of jewels on the right side of the turban, surmounted by a high plume of the feathers of a kind of egret. This bird is found only in Cashmere, and the feathers are carefully collected for the King, who bestows them on his nobles.'—*Elphinstone's Account of Cabul*.
- ⁹ *Kedar Khan*, &c.—'Kedar Khan, the Khahan, or King, of Turquestan beyond the Gihon (at the end of the eleventh century), whenever he appeared abroad was preceded by seven hundred horsemen with silver battle-axes, and was followed by an equal number bearing maces of gold. He was a great patron of poetry, and it was he who used to preside at public exercises of genius, with four basins of gold and silver by him to distribute among the poets who excelled.'—*Richardson's Dissertation, prefixed to his Dictionary*.
- ¹⁰ *The gilt pine-apples*, &c.—'The kubdeh, a large golden knob, generally in the shape of a pine-apple, on the top of the canopy over the litter or palanquin.'—*Scott's Notes on the Bahardanush*.
- ¹¹ *The rose-coloured veils of the Princess's litter*.—In the poem of Zohair, in the Moallakat, there is the following lively description of 'a company of maidens seated on camels':—
- 'They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings and with rose-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson Andem-wood.
- 'When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloths with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety.
- 'Now, when they have reached the brink of yon blue gushing rivulet, they fix the poles of their tents like the Arabs with a settled mansion.'
- Page 82. ¹ *Religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector*.—This hypocritical emperor would have made a worthy associate of certain Holy Leagues. 'He held the cloak of religion,' says Dow, 'between his actions and the vulgar; and impiously thanked the Divinity for a success which he owed to his own wickedness. When he was murdering and persecuting his brothers and their families, he was building a magnificent mosque at Delhi, as an offering to God for His assistance to him in the civil wars. He acted as high priest at the consecration of this temple; and made a practice of attending divine service there, in the humble dress of a fakeer. But when he lifted one hand to the Divinity, he, with the other, signed warrants for the assassination of his relations.'—*History of Hindostan*, vol. iii. p. 235. See also the curious letter of Aurungzebe given in the *Oriental Collections*, vol. i. p. 320.
- ² *The diamond eyes of the idol*, &c.—'The idol at Jaghernaut has two fine diamonds for eyes. No goldsmith is suffered to enter the pagoda; one having stolen one of these eyes, being locked up all night with the idol.'—*Tavernier*.
- ³ *Lake of Pearl*.—'In the neighbourhood is Notte Gill, or the Lake of Pearl, which receives this name from its pellucid water.'—*Pennant's Hindostan*.
- ⁴ *Described by one from the Isles of the West*, &c.—Sir Thomas Roe, ambassador from James I. to Jehanguir.
- ⁵ *Loves of Wamak and Ezra*.—'The Romance Wamakweazra, written in Persian verse, which contains the loves of Wamak and Ezra, two celebrated lovers who lived before the time of Mohammed.'—*Note on the Oriental Tales*.
- ⁶ *Of the fair-haired Zal, and his mistress Rodahver*.—There is much beauty in the passage which describes the slaves of Rodahver sitting on the bank of the river and throwing flowers into the stream in order to draw the attention of the young hero who is encamped on the opposite side.—*Vide Champion's Translation of the Shah Nameh of Ferdousi*.

- Page 82. ⁷ *The combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon.*—Rustam is the Hercules of the Persians. For the particulars of his victory over the Sepeed Deeve, or White Demon, see *Oriental Collections*, vol. ii. p. 45. Near the city of Shiraz is an immense quadrangular monument in commemoration of this combat, called the 'Kelaat-i-Deev Sepeed,' or castle of the White Giant, which Father Angelo, in his *Gaeophylacium Persicum*, p. 127, declares to have been the most memorable monument of antiquity which he had seen in Persia.—*Vide Ouseley's Persian Miscellanies.*
- ⁸ *Their golden anklets.*—'The women of the Idol, or Dancing Girls of the Pagoda, have little golden bells fastened to their feet, the soft, harmonious tinkling of which vibrates in unison with the exquisite melody of their voices.'—*Maurice's Indian Antiquities.*
- ⁹ *The Arabian courtesans, like the Indian women, have little golden bells fastened round their legs, neck, and elbows, to the sound of which they dance before the King. The Arabian princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as well as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known, and they themselves receive in passing the homage due to them.*—*Calmet's Dictionary art. Bells.*
- ¹⁰ *That delicious opium, &c.*—'Abou-Tige, ville de la Thebaïde, où il croit beaucoup de pavot noir, dont se fait le meilleur opium.'—*D'Herbelot.*
- ¹¹ *The Indian Apollo. That idol of women, Crishna.*—'He and the three Râmas are described as youths of perfect beauty; and the Princesses of Hindustân were all passionately in love with Crishna, who continues to this hour the darling god of the Indian women.'—*Sir W. Jones, on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India.*
- ¹² *The Shawl-goats of Tibet.* See *Turner's Embassy* for a description of this animal, 'the most beautiful among the whole tribe of goats.' The material for the shawls (which is carried to Cashmere) is found next the skin.
- ¹³ *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*—For the real History of this Impostor, whose original name was Hakem ben Haschem, and who was called Mocanna, from the veil of silver gauze (or, as others say, golden) which he always wore, *vide D'Herbelot.*
- Page 83. ¹ Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, Province or region of the sun.—*Sir W. Jones.*
- ² *Flowerets and fruits blush over every stream.*—'The fruits of Meru are finer than those of any other place; and one cannot see in any other city such palaces, with groves and streams, and gardens.'—*Ebn Haukal's Geography.*
- ³ One of the royal cities of Khorassan.
- ⁴ *For far less luminous, &c.*—'Ses disciples assuroient qu'il se couvroit le visage, pour ne pas éblouir ceux qui l'approchoit par l'éclat de son visage, comme Moïse.'—*D'Herbelot.*
- ⁵ Moses.
- ⁶ Black was the colour adopted by the caliphs of the House of Abbas in their garments, turbans, and standards. *In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night.*—'Il faut remarquer ici touchant les habits blancs des disciples de Hakem, que la couleur des habits, des coiffures, et des étendards des Khalifes Abassides étant la noire, ce chef de rebelles ne pouvoit pas choisir une qui lui fût plus opposée.'—*D'Herbelot.*
- ⁷ *Javelins of the light Kathaian reed.*—'Our dark javelins, exquisitely wrought of Kathaian reeds, slender and delicate.'—*Poems of Amru.*
- ⁸ Pichula, used anciently for arrows by the Persians.
- Filled with the stems that bloom on Iran's rivers.*—The Persians call this plant Gaz. The celebrated shaft of Isfendiar, one of their ancient heroes, was made of it.—'Nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance of this plant in flower during the rains on the banks of the rivers, where it is usually interwoven with a lovely twining asclepias.'—*Sir W. Jones, Botanical Observations.*
- ⁹ The oriental plane. 'The chenar is a delightful tree; its bole is of a fine white and smooth bark; and its foliage, which grows in a tuft at the summit, is of a bright green.'—*Morier's Travels.*
- Page 84. ¹ The burning fountains of Brahma, near Chittagong, esteemed as holy.—*Turner.*
- ² China.
- ³ *Like tulip-beds, &c.*—'The name of tulip is said to be of Turkish extraction, and given to the flower on account of its resembling a turban.'—*Beckmann's History of Inventions.*
- ⁴ *And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape.*—'The inhabitants of Bucharia wear a round cloth bonnet, shaped much after the Polish fashion, having a large fur border. They tie their kaftans about the middle with a girdle of a kind of silk crape, several times round the body.'—*Independent Tartary, in Pinkerton's Col.*
- ⁵ In the war of the Caliph Mahadi against the Empress Irene, for an account of which *vide Gibbon vol. x.*
- Page 85. ¹ *The flying throne of star-taught Soïman.*—This wonderful throne was called the 'Star of the Genii.' When Solomon travelled, the eastern writers say, 'he had a carpet of green silk on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand upon, the men placing themselves on his right hand and the spirits on his left; and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun.'—*Sale's Koran*, vol. ii. p. 214, note.
- ² The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines.—*D'Herbelot.*
- ³ 'And when he said unto the angels, Worship Adam, they all worshipped him except Eblis (Lucifer), who refused.'—*The Koran*, chap. ii.
- ⁴ *Through many a prophet's breast.*—This is according to D'Herbelot's account of the doctrines of Mokanna:—'Sa doctrine étoit que Dieu avoit pris une forme et figure humaine depuis qu'il eut commandé aux Anges d'adorer Adam, le premier des hommes. Qu'après la mort d'Adam, Dieu étoit apparu sous la figure de plusieurs prophètes, et autres grands hommes, qu'il avoit choisis, jusqu'à ce qu'il prit celle d'Abu Moslem,

Prince de Khorassan, lequel professoit l'erreur de la Tenassukhia, ou Metempsychose; et qu'après la mort de ce Prince, la Divinité étoit passée, et descendue en sa personne.¹

⁵ Jesus.

Page 87. ¹ The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag, or Dark Mountains, and running nearly from east to west, splits into two branches, one of which falls into the Caspian Sea, and the other into the Aral Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.

Page 88. ¹ The nightingale.

Page 92. ¹ The cities of Com (or Koom) and Cashan are full of mosques, mausoleums, and sepulchres of the descendants of Ali, the saints of Persia.—*Chardin*.

² An island in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for its white wine.

³ The miraculous well at Mecca; so called, says Sale, from the murmuring of its waters.

Page 93. ¹ *Whom India serves, the monkey deity*.—‘Apes are in many parts of India highly venerated, out of respect to the god Hannaman, a deity partaking of the form of that race.’—*Pennant's Hindostan*.

See a curious account in ‘Stephen's Persia’ of a solemn embassy from some part of the Indies to Goa, when the Portuguese were there, offering vast treasures for the recovery of a monkey's tooth, which they held in great veneration, and which had been taken away upon the conquest of the kingdom of Jafanapatan.

²—‘proud things of clay,

To whom if Lucifer, as grandams say,

Refused, though at the forfeit of Heaven's light,

To bend in worship, Lucifer was right.’

This resolution of Eblis not to acknowledge the new creature, man, was, according to Mahometan tradition thus adopted:—‘The earth (which God had selected for the materials of his work) was carried into Arabia, to a place between Mecca and Tayef, where, being first kneaded by the angels, it was afterwards fashioned by God himself into a human form, and left to dry for the space of forty days, or, as others say, as many years: the angels, in the meantime, often visiting it, and Eblis (then one of the angels nearest to God's presence, afterwards the devil) among the rest; but he, not contented with looking at it, kicked it with his foot till it rung, and knowing God designed that creature to be his superior, took a secret resolution never to acknowledge him as such.’—*Sale on the Koran*.

³ A kind of lantern formerly used by robbers, called the Hand of Glory, the candle for which was made of the fat of a dead malefactor. This, however, was rather a western than an eastern superstition.

⁴ The material of which images of Gaudma (the Birman deity) is made is held sacred. ‘Birmans may not purchase the marble in mass, but are suffered, and indeed encouraged, to buy figures of the deity ready-made.’—*Symes's Ava*, vol. ii. p. 376.

Page 95. ¹ ‘It is commonly said in Persia, that if a man breathe in the hot south wind, which in June or July passes over that flower (the Kerzereh), it will kill him.’—*Thevenot*.

Page 97. ¹ The ancient story concerning the Trochilus, or humming-bird, entering with impunity into the mouth of the crocodile, is firmly believed in Java.—*Barrow's Cochín China*.

The humming-bird is said to run this risk for the purpose of picking the crocodile's teeth. The same circumstance is related of the lapwing as a fact to which he was witness, by Paul Lucas, Voyage fait en 1714.

² Circum eadem ripas (Nili, viz.) ales est Ibis. Ea serpentium populatur ova, gratissimamque ex his escam nidis suis refert.—*Solinus*.

Page 98. ¹ *Some artists of Yamtcheou having been sent on previously*.—‘The Feast of Lanterns is celebrated at Yamtcheou with more magnificence than anywhere else: and the report goes, that the illuminations there are so splendid, that an Emperor once, not daring openly to leave his court to go thither, committed himself with the Queen and several Princesses of his family into the hands of a magician, who promised to transport them thither in a trice. He made them in the night to ascend magnificent thrones that were borne up by swans, which in a moment arrived at Yamtcheou. The Emperor saw at his leisure all the solemnity, being carried upon a cloud that hovered over the city and descended by degrees; and came back again with the same speed and equipage, nobody at court perceiving his absence.’—*The Present State of China*, p. 156.

² *Artificial sceneries of Bamboo work*.—See a description of the nuptials of Vizier Aleé in the ‘Asiatic Annual Register,’ of 1804.

³ *The origin of these fantastic Chinese Illuminations*.—‘The vulgar ascribe it to an accident that happened in the family of a famous mandarin, whose daughter walking one evening upon the shore of a lake, fell in and was drowned; this afflicted father, with his family, run thither, and, the better to find her, he caused a great company of lanterns to be lighted. All the inhabitants of the place thronged after him with torches. The year ensuing they made fires upon the shores the same day; they continued the ceremony every year; every one lighted his lantern, and by degrees it commenced into a custom.’—*Present State of China*.

Page 99. ¹ ‘Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes.’—*Solomon's Song*.

² ‘They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet with henna, so that they resembled branches of coral.’—*Story of Prince Futtun in Bahardanush*.

³ ‘The women blacken the inside of their eyelids with a powder named the black Kohol.’—*Russel*.

The Kohol's jetty dye.—‘None of these ladies,’ says Shaw, ‘take themselves to be completely dressed till they have tinged the hair and edges of their eyelids with the powder of lead-ore. Now, as this operation is performed

by dipping first into the powder a small wooden bodkin of the thickness of a quill, and then drawing it afterwards through the eyelids over the ball of the eye, we shall have a lively image of what the Prophet (Jer. iv. 30) may be supposed to mean by "rending the eyes with painting." This practice is no doubt of great antiquity; for besides the instance already taken notice of, we find that where Jezebel is said (2 Kings ix. 30) "to have painted her face," the original words are, "she adjusted her eyes with the powder of lead-ore."—*Shaw's Travels*.

⁴ 'The appearance of the blossoms of the gold-coloured Campac on the black hair of the Indian women has supplied the Sanscrit poets with many elegant allusions.'—*Asiatic Researches*, vol. iv.

⁵ A tree famous for its perfumes, and common on the hills of Yemen.—*Niebuhr*.

⁶ Of the genus *Mimosa*, 'which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade.'—*Niebuhr*.

Page 100. ¹ 'Cloves are a principal ingredient in the composition of the perfumed rods, which men of rank keep constantly burning in their presence.'—*Turner's Tibet*.

² 'C'est d'où vient le bois d'aloès, que les Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et celui du sandal, qui s'y trouve en grande quantité.'—*D'Herbelot*.

³ 'Thousands of variegated loories visit the coral trees.'—*Barrow*.

⁴ 'In Mecca there are quantities of blue pigeons, which none will affright or abuse, much less kill.'—*Pitt's Account of the Mahometans*.

⁵ 'The Pagoda thrush is esteemed among the first choristers of India. It sits perched on the sacred pagodas, and from thence delivers its melodious song.'—*Pennant's Hindostan*.

⁶ ———— 'drop

About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food.'

Tavernier adds that, while the Birds of Paradise lie in this intoxicated state, the emmets come and eat off their legs; and that hence it is they are said to have no feet.

⁷ Birds of Paradise, which, at the nutmeg season, come in flights from the southern isles to India, and 'the strength of the nutmeg,' says Tavernier, 'so intoxicates them, they fall dead drunk to the earth.'

⁸ 'That bird which liveth in Arabia, and buildeth its nest with cinnamon.'—*Brown's Vulgar Errors*.

⁹ 'The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in the crops of green birds.'—*Gibbon*, vol. ix. p. 421.

¹⁰ Shedad, who made the delicious gardens of Irim, in imitation of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning the first time he attempted to enter them.

Page 101. ¹ 'My Pandits assure me that the plant before us (the Nilica), is their Sephalica, thus named because the bees are supposed to sleep on its blossoms.'—*Sir W. Jones*.

Page 103. ¹ *But a light, golden chain-work round her hair, &c.*—'One of the head-dresses of the Persian women is composed of a light golden chain-work, set with small pearls, with a thin gold plate pendant, about the bigness of a crown-piece on which is impressed an Arabian prayer, and which hangs upon the cheek below the ear.'—*Hanway's Travels*.

² *Such as the maids of Yezd.*—'Certainly the women of Yezd are the handsomest women in Persia. The proverb is, that to live happy, a man must have a wife of Yezd, eat the bread of Yezdacas, and drink the wine of Shiraz.'—*Tavernier*.

³ Musnuds are cushioned seats, usually reserved for persons of distinction.

⁴ The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes, or perdas, by the names of different countries or cities, as the mode of Isfahan, the mode of Irak, &c.

⁵ A river which flows near the ruins of Chilminar.

Page 104. ¹ 'To the north of us (on the coast of the Caspian, near Badku) was a mountain which sparkled like diamonds, arising from the sea-glass and crystals with which it abounds.'—*Journey of the Russian Ambassador to Persia*, 1746.

² To which will be added, the sound of the bells hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the throne of God as often as the blessed wish for music.—*Salé*.

³ The blue lotos, which grows in Cashmere and in Persia.

⁴ Whose wanton eyes resemble blue water lilies agitated by the breeze.'—*Jayadeva*.

Page 105. ¹ It has been generally supposed that the Mohammedans prohibit all pictures of animals; but Toderini shews that, though the practice is forbidden by the Koran, they are not more averse to painted figures and images than other people. From Mr. Murphy's work, too, we find that the Arabs of Spain had no objection to the introduction of figures into painting.

² *Whose orb when half-retired looks loveliest.*—This is not quite astronomically true. 'Dr. Halley,' says Kell, 'has shewn that Venus is brightest when she is about forty degrees removed from the sun; and that then but only a fourth part of her lucid disk is to be seen from the earth.'

³ For the loves of King Solomon (who was supposed to preside over the whole race of Genii) with Balkis, the Queen of Sheba or Saba, vide *D'Herbelot and the Notes on the Koran*, chap. 2.

⁴ *Zulika*.—'Such was the name of Potiphar's wife, according to the *sura*, or chapter of the Alcoran, which contains the history of Joseph, and which, for elegance of style, surpasses every other of the Prophet's books; some Arabian writers also call her Rail. The passion which this frail beauty of antiquity conceived for her young Hebrew slave has given rise to a much-esteemed poem in the Persian language, entitled 'Yusef vau Zelikha,' by Nouredin Jami; the manuscript copy of which in the Bodleian library at Oxford is supposed to be the finest in the whole world.'—*Note upon Nott's Translation of Hafiz*.

Zuleika's adventure with the patriarch Joseph is the subject of many Oriental poems and romances.

- ² The particulars of Mahomet's amour with Mary, the Coptic girl, in justification of which he added a new chapter to the Koran, may be found in Gagnier's notes upon Abulfeda, p. 151.
- Page 106. ¹ 'Deep blue is their mourning colour.'—*Harway*.
- Page 107. ¹ The sorrowful nyctanthes, which begins to spread its rich odour after sunset.
- Page 108. ¹ 'Concerning the vipers, which Pliny says were frequent among the balsam trees, I made very particular inquiry; several were brought me alive both to Yambo and Jidda.'—*Bruce*.
- Page 110. ¹ *The Apples of Istakhar*.—'In the territory of Istakhar there is a kind of apple, half of which is sweet and half sour.'—*Ebn Haukal*.
- ² *They saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank*.—For an account of this ceremony, vide *Grandpré's Voyage in the Indian Ocean*.
- Page 111. ¹ *The Oton-tala or Sea of Stars*.—'The place where the Whangho, or river of Tibet rises, and where there are more than a hundred springs, which sparkle like stars; whence it is called Hotunnor, that is, the Sea of Stars.'—*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton*.
- ² *This City of War which, in a few short hours, Hath sprung up here*.
- ¹ The Lescar, or Imperial Camp, is divided like a regular town, into squares, alleys, and streets, and, from a rising ground, furnishes one of the most agreeable prospects in the world. Starting up in a few hours in an uninhabited plain, it raises the idea of a city built by enchantment. Even those who leave their houses in cities to follow the prince in his progress are frequently so charmed with the Lescar, when situated in a beautiful and convenient place, that they cannot prevail with themselves to remove. To prevent this inconvenience to the court, the Emperor, after sufficient time is allowed to the tradesmen to follow, orders them to be burnt out of their tents.'—*Dow's Hindostan*.
- Colonel Wilks gives a lively picture of an Eastern encampment:—
- ¹ His camp, like those of most Indian armies, exhibited a motley collection of covers from the scorching sun and dews of the night, variegated according to the taste or means of each individual, by extensive enclosures of coloured calico surrounding superb suites of tents; by ragged cloths or blankets stretched over sticks or branches; palm leaves hastily spread over similar supports; handsome tents and splendid canopies; horses, oxen, elephants, and camels; all intermixed without any exterior mark of order or design, except the flags of the chiefs, which usually mark the centres of a congeries of these masses; the only regular part of the encampment being the streets of shops, each of which is constructed nearly in the manner of a booth at an English fair.'—*Historical Sketches of the South of India*.
- ² The edifices of Chilminar and Balbec are supposed to have been built by the Genii, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam.
- ⁴ 'A superb camel, ornamented with strings and tufts of small shells.'—*Ali Bey*.
- ⁵ A native of Khorassan, and allured southward by means of the water of a fountain between Shiraz and Ispahan, called the Fountain of Birds, of which it is so fond that it will follow wherever that water is carried.
- ⁶ 'Some of the camels have bells about their necks, and some about their legs, like those which our carriers put about their fore-horses' necks.'—*Pitt's Account of the Mohammedans*.
- ⁴ The camel-driver follows the camels singing, and sometimes playing upon his pipe; the louder he sings and pipes, the faster the camels go. Nay, they will stand still when he gives over his music.'—*Tavernier*.
- ⁷ This trumpet is often called in Abyssinia *nesser cano*, which signifies the Note of the Eagle.'—*Note of Bruce's Editor*.
- Page 112. ¹ 'The two black standards borne before the caliphs of the House of Abbas were called allegorically, the Night and the Shadow.'—*Gibbon*.
- ² The Mahometan religion.
- ³ 'The Persians swear by the tomb of Shah Besade, who is buried at Casbin: and when one desires another to asseverate a matter, he will ask him if he dare swear by the Holy Grave.'—*Struy*.
- ⁴ Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold.
- ⁵ Nivem Meccam apportavit, rem ibi aut nunquam aut raro visam.—*Abulfeda*.
- ⁶ The inhabitants of Hejaz, or Arabia Petrea, called by an Eastern writer, 'The People of the Rock.'—*Ebn Haukal*.
- ⁷ 'Those horses, called by the Arabians Kochlani, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for two thousand years. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's steeds.'—*Niebuhr*.
- ⁶ 'Many of the figures on the blades of their swords are wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry with small gems.'—*Asiat. Misc.* vol. i.
- ⁹ Azab or Saba.
- ¹⁰ The chiefs of the Uzbek Tartars wear a plume of white heron's feathers in their turbans.'—*Account of Independent Tartary*.
- Page 113. ¹ 'In the mountains of Nishapour and Tous (in Khorassan) they find turquoises.'—*Ebn Haukal*.
- ² For a description of these stupendous ranges of mountains, vide *Elphinstone's Caubul*.
- ³ The Ghebers, or Guebres, those original natives of Persia, who adhered to their ancient faith, the religion

- of Zoroaster, and who, after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, were either persecuted at home or forced to become wanderers abroad.
- ⁴ 'Yezd, the chief residence of those ancient natives who worship the Sun and the Fire, which latter they have carefully kept lighted, without being once extinguished for a moment, above three thousand years, on a mountain near Yezd, called Ater Quedah, signifying the House or Mansion of the Fire. He is reckoned very unfortunate who dies off that mountain.'—*Stephen's Persia*.
- ⁵ 'When the weather is hazy, the springs of naphtha (on an island near Baku) boil up the higher, and the naphtha often takes fire on the surface of the earth, and runs in a flame into the sea to a distance almost incredible.'—*Hanway on the Everlasting Fire at Baku*.
- ⁶ *Hot as that crimson haze*.—Savary says—'Torrents of burning sand roll before it, the firmament is enveloped in a thick veil, and the sun appears of the colour of blood. Sometimes whole caravans are buried in it.'
- ⁷ In the great victory gained by Mahomed at Beder he was assisted, say the Mussulmans, by three thousand angels, led by Gabriel, mounted on his horse Hiazum.—*The Koran and its Commentators*.
- Page 114. ¹ The Tecbir, or cry of the Arabs. 'Alla Acbar! says Ockley, 'means God is most mighty.'
- Page 115. ¹ The ziraleet is a kind of chorus, which the women of the East sing upon joyful occasions.'—*Russel*.
² The Dead Sea, which contains neither animal nor vegetable life.
³ The ancient Oxus.
⁴ A city of Transoxiana.
- ⁴ 'You never can cast your eye on this tree, but you meet there either blossoms or fruit; and as the blossoms drop underneath on the ground (which is frequently covered with these purple-coloured flowers), others come forth in their stead,' &c., &c.—*Nieuhoff*.
- Page 116. ¹ The demons of the Persian mythology.
² Carrieri mentions the fire-flies in India during the rainy season.—*Vide his Travels*.
³ Sennacherib, called by the Orientals King of Moussal.—*D'Herbelot*.
⁴ Chosroes. For the description of his throne or palace, *vide Gibbon and D'Herbelot*.
The pillar'd throne.—There were said to be under this throne or palace of Khosrou Parviz a hundred vaults filled with 'treasures so immense, that some Mohammedan writers tell us, their Prophet, to encourage his disciples, carried them to a rock, which at his command opened, and gave them a prospect through it of the treasures of Khosrou.'—*Universal History*.
- ⁵ 'The crown of Gerashid is cloudy and tarnished before the heron tuft of thy turban.'—From one of the elegies or songs in praise of Ali, written in characters of gold round the gallery of Abba's tomb.—*Chardin*.
- Page 117. ¹ The beauty of Ali's eyes was so remarkable, that whenever the Persians would describe anything as very lovely, they say it is Ayn Hali, or the Eyes of Ali.—*Chardin*.
² 'Il amusa pendant deux mois le peuple de la ville de Nekhscheb en faisant sortir toutes les nuits du fonds d'un puits un corps lumineux semblable à la Lune, qui portoit sa lumière jusqu'à la distance de plusieurs milles.'—*D'Herbelot*. Hence he was called Sazendéh Mah or the Moon-maker.
- We are not told more of this trick of the Impostor, than that it was 'une machine qu'il disait être la Lune.'
- ³ Shechinah, called Sakinat in the Koran.—*Sale's Note*, chap. ii.
- ⁴ The parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music, as by the rounds of the watchmen with cries and small drums.—*Burder's Oriental Customs*, vol. i. p. 119.
- ⁵ The Surrapurda, high screens of red cloth, stiffened with cane, used to enclose a considerable space round the royal tents.—*Notes on the Bahardanush*.
- ⁶ 'From the grove of orange-trees at Kauzeroon the bees cull a celebrated honey.'—*Morier's Travels*.
- Page 118. ¹ A custom still subsisting at this day seems to me to prove that the Egyptians formerly sacrificed a young virgin to the God of the Nile; for they now make a statue of earth in shape of a girl, to which they give the name of the Betrothed Bride, and throw it into the river.—*Savary*.
- Page 119. ¹ The Greek fire, which was occasionally lent by the emperors to their allies. 'It was,' says Gibbon, 'either launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil.'
- That they knew the secret of the Greek fire among the Mussulmans early in the eleventh century, appears from Dow's 'Account of Mamood I.' 'When he arrived at Moultaun, finding that the country of the Jits was defended by great rivers, he ordered fifteen hundred boats to be built, each of which he armed with six iron spikes, projecting from their prows and sides, to prevent their being boarded by the enemy, who were very expert in that kind of war. When he had launched this fleet, he ordered twenty archers into each boat, and five others with fire-balls, to burn the craft of the Jits, and naphtha to set the whole river on fire.'
- The Agnee Aster, too, in Indian poems, the Instrument of Fire, whose flame cannot be extinguished, is supposed to signify the Greek fire.—*Wilks's South of India*, vol. i. p. 471.
- The mention of gunpowder as in use among the Arabians, long before its supposed discovery in Europe, is introduced by Ebn Fadhl, the Egyptian geographer, who lived in the thirteenth century. 'Bodies,' he says, 'in the form of scorpions, bound round and filled with nitrous powder, glide along, making a gentle noise; then exploding, they lighten, as it were, and burn. But there are others, which, cast into the air, stretch along like a cloud, roaring horribly, as thunder roars, and on all sides vomiting out flames, burst, burn, and reduce to cinders whatever comes in their way.' The historian, Ben Abdalla, in speaking of the sieges of Abulualid, in the year of the

Hegira 712, says, 'A fiery globe, by means of combustible matter, with a mighty noise suddenly emitted, strikes with the force of lightning, and shakes the citadel.'—*Vide the Extracts from Casiri's Biblioth. Arab. Hispan., in the Appendix to Berington's Literary History of the Middle Ages.*

- ² *Discharge, as from a kindled naphtha fount.*—See Hanway's 'Account of the Springs of Naphtha at Baku' (which is called by Lieutenant Pottinger Joala Mookhee, or the Flaming Mouth), taking fire and running into the sea. Dr. Cooke, in his Journal, mentions some wells in Circassia strongly impregnated with this inflammable oil, from which issues boiling water. 'Though the weather,' he adds, 'was now very cold, the warmth of these wells of hot water produced near them the verdure and flowers of spring.'

Major Scott Waring says that naphtha is used by the Persians, as we are told it was in hell for lamps.

————— 'many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky.'

- ³ 'At the great festival of fire, called the Sheb Sezé, they used to set fire to large bunches of dry combustibles, fastened round wild beasts and birds, which being then let loose, the air and earth appeared one great illumination; and as these terrified creatures naturally fled to the wood for shelter, it is easy to conceive the conflagrations they produced.'—*Richardson's Dissertation.*
- Page 120. ¹ 'The righteous shall be given to drink of pure wine, sealed; the seal whereof shall be musk.'—*Koran*, chap. lxxxiii.
- Page 121. ¹ 'The Afghans believe each of the numerous solitudes and deserts of their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon, whom they call the Ghoolee Beeabau, or Spirit of the Waste. They often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered tribe, by saying they are wild as the Demon of the Waste.'—*Elphinstone's Caubul.*
- Page 122. ¹ 'Il donna du poison dans le vin à tous sees gens, et se jetta lui-même ensuite dans une cuve pleine de drogues brûlantes et consumantes, afin qu'il ne restât rien de tous les membres de son corps, et que ceux qui restoient de sa secte puissent croire qu'il étoit monté au ciel, ce qui ne manqua pas d'arriver.'—*D'Herbelot.*
- Page 123. ¹ 'They have all a great reverence for burial-grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical name of Cities of the Silent, and which they people with the ghosts of the departed, who sit each at the head of his own grave, invisible to mortal eyes.'—*Elphinstone.*
- Page 125. ¹ The celebrity of Mazagong is owing to its mangoes, which are certainly the best fruit I ever tasted. The parent-tree, from which all those of this species have been grafted, is honoured during the fruit-season by a guard of sepoy; and, in the reign of Shah Jehan, couriers were stationed between Delhi and the Mahratta coast, to secure an abundant and fresh supply of mangoes for the royal table.'—*Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Residence in India.*
- ² This old porcelain is found in digging, and 'if it is esteemed, it is not because it has acquired any new degree of beauty in the earth, but because it has retained its ancient beauty; and this alone is of great importance in China, where they give large sums for the smallest vessels which were used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang, at which time porcelain began to be used by the Emperors' (about the year 442).—*Dun's Collection of Curious Observations*, &c.; a bad translation of some parts of the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* of the Missionary Jesuits.
- Page 126. ¹ La lecture de ces Fables plaisoit si fort aux Arabes, que, quand Mahomet les entretenoit de l'Histoire de l'Ancien Testament, ils les méprisoient, lui disant que celles que Nasser leur racontaient étoient beaucoup plus belles. Cette préférence attira à Nasser la malediction de Mahomet et de tous ses disciples.'—*D'Herbelot.*
- ² The blacksmith Gao who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the Royal Standard of Persia.
- ³ 'The Huma, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground; it is looked upon as a bird of happy omen; and that every head it overshadows will in time wear a crown.'—*Richardson.*
- In the terms of alliance made by Fuzzel Oola Khan with Hyder in 1760, one of the stipulations was, 'that he should have the distinction of two honorary attendants standing behind him, holding fans composed of the feathers of the huma, according to the practice of his family.'—*Wilks's South of India.* He adds in a note:—'The Huma is a fabulous bird. The head over which its shadow once passes will assuredly be circled with a crown.'
- ⁴ 'To the pilgrims to Mount Sinai we must attribute the inscriptions, figures, &c., on those rocks, which have from thence acquired the name of the Written Mountain.'—*Volney.* M. Gebelin and others have been at much pains to attach some mysterious and important meaning to these inscriptions; but Niebuhr, as well as Volney, thinks that they must have been executed at idle hours by the travellers to Mount Sinai, 'who were satisfied with cutting the unpolished rock with any pointed instrument; adding to their names and the date of their journeys some rude figures, which bespeak the hand of a people but little skilled in the arts.'—*Niebuhr.*
- ⁵ The Story of Sinbad the Sailor.
- Page 127. ¹ *From the dark hyacinth to which Hafes compares his mistress's hair*—*Vide Nott's Hafes*, Ode V.
- ² *To the Cāmalatā, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented.*—'The Cāmalatā (called by Linnæus, Ipomæa) is the most beautiful of its order, both in the colour and form of its leaves and flowers; its elegant blossoms are "celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue," and have justly procured it the name of Cāmalatā or Love's Creeper.'—*Sir W. Jones.*
- ³ Cāmalatā may also mean a mythological plant, by which all desires are granted to such as inhabit the heaven of Indra; and if ever flower was worthy of paradise, it is our charming Ipomæa.'—*Ibid.*

- Page 127, ³ *That flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay.*—Kathay, I ought to have mentioned before, is a name for China.
- ⁴ According to Father Premare in his tract on Chinese Mythology, the mother of Fo-hi was the daughter of heaven, surnamed Flower-loving; and as the nymph was walking alone on the bank of a river, she found herself encircled by a rainbow, after which she became pregnant, and, at the end of twelve years, was delivered of a son radiant as herself.—*Asiat. Res.*
- ⁴ Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chénaur, from the plane-trees upon it.—*Forster.*
- ⁵ The Altan Kol, or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it.—*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.*
- ⁶ *That blue flower which—Brahmins say—Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.*—‘The Brahmins of this province insist that the blue Campac flowers only in Paradise.’—*Sir W. Jones.* It appears, however, from a curious letter of the Sultan of Menangeabow, given by Marsden, that one place on earth may lay claim to the possession of it. ‘This is the Sultan, who keeps the flower Champaka that is blue, and to be found in no other country but his, being yellow elsewhere.’—*Marsden’s Sumatra.*
- Page 128. ¹ ‘The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyrean, or verge of the heavens.’—*Fryer.*
- ² The Forty Pillars; so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace, and the edifices at Baalbec, were built by genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there.—*D’Herbelot, Volney.*
- ³ The Isles of Panchaia.
- ⁴ Diodorus mentions the Isle of Panchaia, to the south of Arabia Felix, where there was a temple of Jupiter. This island, or rather cluster of isles, has disappeared, ‘sunk (says Grandpré) in the abyss made by the fire beneath their foundations.’—*Voyage to the Indian Ocean.*
- ⁵ ‘The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis.’—*Richardson.*
- ⁶ *O’er coral banks and amber beds.*—‘Like the sea of India, whose bottom is rich with pearls and ambergris, whose mountains on the coast are stored with gold and precious stones, whose gulfs breed creatures that yield ivory, and among the plants of whose shores are ebony, red wood, and the wood of Hairzan, aloes, camphor, cloves, sandal-wood, and all other spices and aromatics; where parrots and peacocks are birds of the forest, and musk and civet are collected upon the lands.’—*Travels of Two Mohammedans.*
- Page 129. ¹ *Thy pagods and thy pillar’d shades.*
‘Thy bended twigs take root, and daughters grow,
About the mother-tree, a pillar’d shade.’
Milton.
- ² Mahmood of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the eleventh century.—*Vide his History in Dow and Sir J. Malcolm.*
- ³ ‘It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmood was so magnificent, that he kept four hundred greyhounds and bloodhounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls.’—*Universal History*, vol. iii.
- ⁴ With this immense treasure Mahmood returned to Ghizni, and in the year 400 prepared a magnificent festival, where he displayed to the people his wealth in golden thrones and other ornaments, in a great plain without the city of Ghizni.—*Forishta.*
- ⁴ Objections may be made to my use of the word liberty, in this, and more especially in the story that follows it, as totally inapplicable to any state of things that has ever existed in the East; but though I cannot, of course, mean to employ it in that enlarged and noble sense which is so well understood at the present day, and, I grieve to say, so little acted upon, yet it is no disparagement to the word to apply it to that national independence, that freedom from the interference and dictation of foreigners, without which, indeed, no liberty of any kind can exist, and for which both Hindoos and Persians fought against their Mussulman invaders with, in many cases, a bravery that deserved much better success.
- Page 130. ¹ ‘The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to rise.’—*Bruce.* ‘Sometimes called,’ says Jackson, ‘Jibbel Kumrie, or the White or Lunar-coloured Mountains; so a white horse is called by the Arabians a moon-coloured horse.’
- ² ‘The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abey and Alawy, or the Giant.’—*Asiat. Research*, vol. i. p. 387.
- ³ *Vide Perry’s* ‘View of the Levant,’ for an account of the sepulchres in Upper Thebes, and the numberless grotts, covered all over with hieroglyphics, in the mountains of Upper Egypt.
- ⁴ ‘The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves.’—*Sonnini.*
- ⁵ Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Moeris.
- ⁶ ‘The superb date-tree, whose head languidly reclines like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep.’—*Dafard el Hadad.*
- ⁷ ‘That beautiful bird, with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which, from the stateliness of its port as well as the brilliancy of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana.’—*Sonnini.*

- Page 131. ¹ Jackson, speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbary when he was there, says 'The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyænas, on the contrary, visited the cemeteries,' &c.
- ² Gondar was full of hyænas from the time it turned dark till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcasses, which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial, and who firmly believe that these animals are Falashta from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety.'—*Bruce*.
- Page 133. ¹ 'In the East, they suppose the Phoenix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself.'—*Richardson*.
- ² 'On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal wave.'—*From Chateaubriand's Description of the Mahometan Paradise in his Beauties of Christianity*.
- Page 134. ¹ Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from Suri, a beautiful and delicate species of rose for which that country has been always famous: hence, Suristan, the Land of Roses.
- ² 'The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, amounted to many thousands: the ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined buildings, were covered with them.'—*Bruce*.
- ³ The Syrinx, or Pan's pipe, is still a pastoral instrument in Syria.—*Russel*.
- ⁴ *And woods, so full of nightingales*.—'The river Jordan is on both sides beset with little, thick, and pleasant woods, among which thousands of nightingales warble all together.'—*Thevenot*.
- ⁵ The Temple of the Sun at Baalbec.
- Page 135. ¹ 'You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance and their attire procured for them the name of Damsels.'—*Sonnini*.
- ² *Of a small imaret's rustic fount*.—Imaret 'hospice où on loge et nourrit, gratis, les pèlerins pendant trois jours.'—*Toderini*.
- ³ *The boy has started from the bed*.—'Such Turks as at the common hours of prayer are on the road, or so employed as not to find convenience to attend the mosques, are still obliged to execute that duty; nor are they ever known to fail, whatever business they are then about, but pray immediately when the hour alarms them, in that very place they chance to stand on.'—*Aaron Hill's Travels*.
- Page 136. ¹ The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St. John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.
- Page 137. ¹ The Country of Delight—the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.
- ² The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise in the palace of Mahomet.—*Sale's Prelim. Disc.* 'Tooba,' says D'Herbelot, 'signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.'
- ³ Mahomet is described, in the 53rd chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel 'by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing; near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode.' This tree, say the commentators, stands in the seventh heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God.
- ⁴ 'It is said that the rivers or streams of Basra were reckoned in the time of Pelal ben Abi Bordeh, and amounted to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand streams.'—*Ebn Haukal*.
- ⁵ The name of the javelin with which the Easterns exercise.—*Castellan, Mœurs des Othomans*, tom. iii. p. 161.
- Page 138. ¹ For a description of this Hospital of the Banyans, *vide* 'Parsons' Travels,' p. 262. 'This account excited a desire of visiting the Banyan Hospital, as I had heard much of their benevolence to all kinds of animals that were either sick, lame, or infirm, through age or accident. On my arrival, there were presented to my view many horses, cows, and oxen, in one apartment; in another, dogs, sheep, goats, and monkeys, with clean straw for them to repose on. Above stairs were depositories for seeds of many sorts, and flat, broad dishes for water, for the use of birds and insects.'
- It is said that all animals know the Banyans, that the most timid approach them, and that birds will fly nearer to them than to other people.—*Vide Grandpré*.
- ² *Whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them*.—'A very fragrant grass from the banks of the Ganges, near Heridwar, which in some places covers whole acres, and diffuses when crushed a strong odour.'—*Sir W. Jones on the Spikenard of the Ancients*.
- ³ Near this is a curious hill, called Koh Talism, the Mountain of the Talisman, because, according to the traditions of the country, no person ever succeeded in gaining its summit.'—*Kinneir*.
- ⁴ The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them.—*P. Vanslebe, Relat. d'Egypte*.
- ⁵ *Sale's Koran*, note, vol. ii. p. 484.
- ⁶ *Artisans in Chariots—Oriental Tales*.
- ⁷ Ferishta.
- Waved plates of gold and silver flowers over their heads*.—'Or rather,' says Scott, upon the passage of Ferishta, from which this is taken, 'small coin, stamped with the figure of a flower. They are still used in India to distribute in charity, and, on occasion, thrown by the purse-bearers of the great among the populace.'
- ⁸ The fine road made by the Emperor Jehan-Guire from Agra to Lahore, is planted with trees on each side.

His delectable alley of trees.—This road is 250 leagues in length. It has 'little pyramids or turrets,' says Burnier, 'erected every half league, to mark the ways, and frequent wells to afford drink to passengers, and to water the young trees.'

Page 139. ¹ The Baya, or Indian Cross-Beak.—*Sir W. Jones.*

² *On the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus.*—'Here is a large pagoda by a tank, on the water of which float multitudes of the beautiful red lotus; the flower is larger than that of the white water-lily, and is the most lovely of the nymphæas I have seen.'—*Mrs. Grant's Journal of a Residence in India.*

³ *Who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors.*—'On les voit, persécutés par les Khalifes, se retirer dans les montagnes du Kernan; plusieurs choisirent pour retraite la Tartarie et la Chine; d'autres s'arrêtèrent sur les bords du Gange, à l'est de Delhi.'—*M. Anquetil, Mémoires de l'Académie*, tom. xxxi. p. 346.

⁴ The 'Ager ardens,' described by Kempfer, *Aménitat, Exot.*

⁵ *As a native of Cashmere, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers.*—'Cashmere (says its historians) had its own princes four thousand years before its conquest by Akbar in 1585. Akbar would have found some difficulty to reduce this paradise of the Indies, situated as it is, within such a fortress of mountains, but its monarch, Yusef Khan, was basely betrayed by his Omrahs.'—*Pennant.*

Page 140. ¹ *His story of the Fire-worshippers.*—Voltaire tells us that in his Tragedy 'Les Guèbres,' he was generally supposed to have alluded to the Jansenists; and I should not be surprised if this story of the Fire-worshippers were found capable of a similar doubleness of application.

² The Persian Gulf, sometimes so called, which separates the shores of Persia and Arabia.

³ The present Gombaroon, a town on the Persian side of the Gulf.

⁴ A Moorish instrument of music.

⁵ 'At Gambaroon, and other places in Persia, they have towers for the purpose of catching the wind, and cooling the houses.'—*Le Bruyn.*

⁶ 'Iran is the true general name for the empire of Persia.'—*Asiat. Res. Disc.* 5.

⁷ 'On the blades of their scimitars some verse from the Koran is usually inscribed.'—*Russel.*

Page 141. ¹ 'There is a kind of Rhododendron about Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad.'—*Tournefort.*

² 'Their kings wore plumes of black herons' feathers upon the right side, as a badge of sovereignty.'—*Hanway.*

³ 'The Fountain of Youth, by a Mahometan tradition, is situated in some dark region of the East.'—*Richardson.*

Page 142. ¹ Arabia Felix.

² *Who lul'd in cool kiosk or bower.*—'In the midst of the garden is the chiosk, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and inclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles make a sort of green wall: large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures.'—*Lady M. W. Montagu.*

³ *Before their mirrors count the time.*—The women of the East are never without their looking-glasses. 'In Barbary,' says Shaw, 'they are so fond of their looking-glasses, which they hang upon their breasts, that they will not lay them aside, even when, after the drudgery of the day, they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goat's-skin to fetch water.'—*Travels.*

In other parts of Asia they wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. 'Hence (and from the lotus being considered the emblem of beauty) is the meaning of the following mute intercourse of two lovers before their parents:—

'He with salute of deference due
A lotus to his forehead press'd;
She raised her mirror to his view,
Then turn'd it inward to her breast.'

Asiatic Miscellany, vol. ii.

⁴ They say that if a snake or serpent fix his eyes on the lustre of those stones (emeralds), he immediately becomes blind.'—*Ahmed ben Abdalaziz, Treatise on Jewels.*

Page 143. ¹ At Gombaroon and the Isle of Ormus it is sometimes so hot, that the people are obliged to lie all day in the water.'—*Marco Polo.*

² This mountain is generally supposed to be inaccessible. Struy says, 'I can well assure the reader that their opinion is not true, who suppose this mount to be inaccessible.' He adds that 'the lower part of the mountain is cloudy, misty, and dark, the middlemost part very cold and like clouds of snow, but the upper regions perfectly calm.'—It was on this mountain that the Ark was supposed to have rested after the Deluge, and part of it they say exists there still, which Struy thus gravely accounts for:—'Whereas none can remember that the air on the top of the hill did ever change or was subject either to wind or rain, which is presumed to be the reason that the Ark has endured so long without being rotten.'—*Vide Carreri's Travels*, where the Doctor laughs at this whole account of Mount Ararat.

³ In one of the books of the Shâh Nâmeh, when Zal (a celebrated hero of Persia, remarkable for his white hair) comes to the terrace of his mistress Rodahver at night, she lets down her long tresses to assist him in his ascent; he, however, manages it in a less romantic way—by fixing his crook in a projecting beam.—*Champion's Ferdosi.*

Page 144. ¹ 'On the lofty hills of Arabia Petrea are rock-goats.'—*Niebuhr.*

² 'Canun, espèce de psalterion, avec des cordes de boyaux; les dames en touchent dans le serraïl, avec des décailles armées de pointes de cooc.'—*Toderini, translated by De Courmand.*

- Page 147. ¹ 'They (the Ghebers) lay so much stress on their cushee or girdle, as not to dare to be an instant without it.'—*Grose's Voyage*. 'Le jeune homme nia d'abord la chose; mais, ayant été dépouillé de sa robe, et la large ceinture qu'il portoit comme Ghebre,' &c., &c.—*D'Herbelot, art. Agduani*,
² 'Pour se distinguer des idolâtres de l'Inde, les Guebres se ceignent tous d'un cordon de laine, ou de poil de chameau.'—*Encyclopédie Française*.
D'Herbelot says this belt was generally of leather.
³ They suppose the Throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, and hence their worship of that luminary.—*Hanway*,
⁴ As to fire, the Ghebers place the spring-head of it in that globe of fire, the sun, by them called Mythras, or Mihir, to which they pay the highest reverence, in gratitude for the manifold benefits flowing from its ministerial omniscience. But they are so far from confounding the subordination of the servant with the majesty of its Creator, that they not only attribute no sort of sense or reasoning to the sun or fire in any of its operations, but consider it as a purely passive blind instrument, directed and governed by the immediate impression on it of the will of God; but they do not even give that luminary, all glorious as it is, more than the second rank among his works, reserving the first for that stupendous production of divine power, the mind of man.'—*Grose*. The false charges brought against the religion of these people by their Mussulman tyrants is but one proof among many of the truth of this writer's remark, 'that calumny is often added to oppression, if but for the sake of justifying it.'
- Page 148. ¹ 'The Mameluks that were in the other boat, when it was dark, used to shoot up a sort of fiery arrows into the air, which in some measure resembled lightning or fallen stars.'—*Baumgarten*.
- Page 149. ¹ *That tree which grows over the tomb of Tan-Sein.*—'At Gualior is a small tomb to the memory of Tan-Sein, a musician of incomparable skill, who flourished at the court of Akbar. The tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious notion prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice.'—*Journey from Agra to Ousein, by W. Hunter, Esq.*
² *The awful signal of the bamboo-staff.*—'It is usual to place a small white triangular flag, fixed to a bamboo staff of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has destroyed a man. The sight of these flags imparts a certain melancholy, not perhaps altogether void of apprehension.'—*Oriental Field Sports*, vol. ii.
³ *Beneath the shade some pious hands had erected, &c.*—'The *Ficus indica* is called the Pagod Tree and Tree of Councils; the first from the idols placed under its shade; the second, because meetings were held under its cool branches. In some places it is believed to be the haunt of spectres, as the ancient spreading oaks of Wales have been of fairies; in others are erected beneath the shade pillars of stone, or posts, elegantly carved and ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain to supply the use of mirrors.'—*Fennant*.
⁴ The Persian Gulf.—'To dive for pearls in the Green Sea, or Persian Gulf.'—*Sir W. Jones*.
⁵ Islands in the Gulf.
⁶ Or Seleme, the genuine name of the headland at the entrance of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Musselodm.
⁷ 'The Indians, when they pass the promontory, throw cocoa-nuts, fruits, or flowers into the sea to secure a propitious voyage.'—*Morier*.
⁸ *The nightingale now bends her flight.*—'The nightingale sings from the pomegranate-groves in the daytime, and from the loftiest trees at night.'—*Russel's Aleppo*.
⁹ In speaking of the climate of Shiraz, Franklin says, 'The dew is of such a pure nature, that if the brightest scintillar should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust.'
- Page 150. ¹ The place where the Persians were finally defeated by the Arabs, and their ancient monarchy destroyed.
² Derbend. 'Les Tures appellent cette ville Demir Capi, Porte de Fer; ce sont les Caspiæ Portæ des anciens.'—*D'Herbelot*.
³ The Talpot or Talipot tree. 'This beautiful palm-tree, which grows in the heart of the forests, may be classed among the loftiest trees, and becomes still higher when on the point of bursting forth from its leafy summit. The sheath which then envelops the flower is very large, and when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon.'—*Thunberg*.
- Page 151. ¹ *Before whose sabre's dashing light.*—'When the bright cimeters make the eyes of our heroes wink.'—*The Moallakat's Poems of Amru*.
² Tahmuras, and other ancient kings of Persia; whose adventures in Fairy-Land, among the Peris and Dives, may be found in Richardson's curious Dissertation. The griffin Simoorgh, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Tahmuras, with which he adorned his helmet, and transmitted them afterwards to his descendants.
- Page 152. ¹ This rivulet, says Dandini, is called the Holy River from the 'cedar-saints' among which it rises.
² *Is rendered holy by the ranks.*—In the *Lettres Edifiantes*, there is a different cause assigned for its name of holy. 'In these are deep caverns, which formerly served as so many cells for a great number of recluses, who had chosen these retreats as the only witnesses upon earth of the severity of their penance. The tears of these pious penitents gave the river of which we have just treated the name of the Holy River.'—*Vide Chateaubriand's Beauties of Christianity*.
- Page 153. ¹ This mountain is my own creation, as the 'stupendous chain' of which I suppose it a link does not extend quite so far as the shores of the Persian Gulf. 'This long and lofty range of mountains formerly divided Media from Assyria, and now forms the boundary of the Persian and Turkish empires. It runs parallel with the river Tigris and Persian Gulf, and almost disappearing in the vicinity of Gomeroon (Harmoia) seems once more to rise in the southern districts of Kerman, and following an easterly course through the centre of Meckraun and Balouchistan, is entirely lost in the deserts of Sinde.'—*Kinneir's Persian Empire*.

Page 153. ² These birds sleep in the air. They are most common about the Cape of Good Hope.

³ *That bold were Moslem who would dare,
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.*

There is an extraordinary hill in this neighbourhood, called Kohé Gubr, or the Guebre's Mountain. It rises in the form of a lofty cupola, and on the summit of it, they say, are the remains of an Atush Kudu, or Fire Temple. It is superstitiously held to be the residence of Deeves, or Sprites, and many marvellous stories are recounted of the injury and witchcraft suffered by those who essayed in former days to ascend or explore it.—*Pottinger's Beloochistan.*

⁴ The Ghebers generally built their temples over subterraneous fires.

⁵ *Still did the mighty flame burn on.*—‘At the city of Yezd, in Persia, which is distinguished by the appellation of the Darûb Abadut, or Seat of Religion, the Guebres are permitted to have an Atush Kudu, or Fire Temple (which, they assert, has had the sacred fire in it since the days of Zoroaster), in their own compartment of the city; but for this indulgence they are indebted to the avarice, not the tolerance, of the Persian government, which taxes them at twenty-five rupees each man.’—*Pottinger's Beloochistan.*

Page 154. ¹ Ancient heroes of Persia. ‘Among the Guebres there are some who boast their descent from Rustam.’—*Stephen's Persia.*

² Vide Russel's account of the panthers attacking travellers in the night on the sea-shore about the roots of Lebanon.

Page 155. ¹ ‘Among other ceremonies the Magi used to place upon the tops of high towers various kinds of rich viands, upon which it was supposed the Peris and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled themselves.’—*Richardson.*

² In the ceremonies of the Ghebers round their fire, as described by Lord, ‘the Daroo,’ he says, ‘giveth them water to drink, and a pomegranate leaf to chew in the mouth, to cleanse them from inward uncleanness.’

³ ‘Early in the morning they (the Parsees or Ghebers at Oulam) go in crowds to pay their devotions to the Sun, to whom upon all the altars there are spheres consecrated, made by magic, resembling the circles of the sun, and when the sun rises, these orbs seem to be inflamed, and to turn round with a great noise. They have every one a censor in their hands, and offer incense to the sun.’—*Rabbi Benjamin.*

⁴ . . . ‘while on that altar's fires
They swore.’

‘Nul d'entre eux oseroit se perjurér, quand il a pris à témoin cet élément terrible et vengeur.’—*Encyclopédie Française.*

⁵ *The Persian lily shines and towers.*—‘A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal rains, and the ploughed fields are covered with the Persian lily, of a resplendent yellow colour.’—*Russel's Aleppo.*

Page 157. ¹ ‘It is observed, with respect to the Sea of Herkend, that when it is tossed by tempestuous winds, it sparkles like fire.’—*Travels of Two Mohammedans.*

² A kind of trumpet:—it ‘was that used by Tamerlane, the sound of which is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles.’—*Richardson.*

³ ‘Mohammed had two helmets, an interior and exterior one, the latter of which, called Al Mawashah, the fillet, wreath, or wreathed garland, he wore at the battle of Ohod.’—*Universal History.*

Page 158. ¹ ‘They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but which are all full of ashes.’—*Thevenot.* The same is asserted of the oranges there: Vide *Witman's Travels in Asiatic Turkey.*

² ‘The Asphalt Lake, known by the name of the Dead Sea, is very remarkable on account of the considerable proportion of salt which it contains. In this respect it surpasses every other known water on the surface of the earth. The great proportion of bitter-tasted salts is the reason why neither animal nor plant can live in this water.’—*Klaproth's Chemical Analysis of the Water of the Dead Sea, Annals of Philosophy, January, 1813.*

There are, however, shellfish found in its waters.

Lord Byron has a similar allusion to the fruits of the Dead Sea, in that wonderful display of genius, his third Canto of ‘Childe Harold,’—magnificent beyond anything, perhaps, that even he has ever written.

³ ‘The Suhrab or Water of the Desert is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat: and, which augments the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows, where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it, with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake.’—*Pottinger.*

⁴ As to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto he findeth it to be nothing.’—*Koran*, chap. xxiv.

⁵ *A flower that the Bidmusk had just pass'd over.*—‘A wind which prevails in February, called Bidmusk, from a small and odoriferous flower of that name.’ ‘The wind which blows these flowers commonly lasts till the end of the month.’—*Le Bruyn.*

⁶ *Where the sea-gipsies, who live for ever on the water.*—‘The Biajûs are of two races; the one is settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike and industrious nation, who reckon themselves the original possessors of the island of Borneo. The other is a species of sea-gipsies or itinerant fishermen, who live in small covered boats, and enjoy a perpetual summer on the eastern ocean, shifting leeward from island to island, with the variations of the monsoon. In some of their customs this singular race resemble the natives of the Maldivia islands. The Maldivians annually launch a small bark, loaded with perfumes, gums, flowers, and odoriferous

- wood, and turn it adrift at the mercy of winds and waves, as an offering to the Spirit of the Winds; and sometimes similar offerings are made to the spirit whom they term "the King of the Sea." In like manner the Biajûs perform their offering to the god of evil, launching a small bark, loaded with all the sins and misfortunes of the nation which are imagined to fall on the unhappy crew that may be so unlucky as first to meet with it.'—*Dr. Leyden on the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations.*
- Page 159. ¹ *The violet sherbets.*—'The sweet-scented violet is one of the plants most esteemed, particularly for its great use in Sorbet, which they make of violet sugar.'—*Hasselquist.*
² 'The sherbet they most esteem, and which is drunk by the Grand Signor himself, is made of violets and sugar.'—*Tavernier.*
³ *The pathetic measure of Nava.*—'Last of all she took a guitar, and sung a pathetic air in the measure called Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers.'—*Persian Tales.*
⁴ 'The Easterns used to set out on their longer voyages with music.'—*Harmer.*
⁵ 'The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Babelmandel. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation, and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished; which induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for, all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopic ocean.'—*Richardson.*
⁶ 'I have been told, that whensoever an animal falls down dead, one or more vultures, unseen before, instantly appear.'—*Pennant.*
- Page 160. ¹ 'They fasten some writing to the wings of a Bagdat, or Babylonian pigeon.'—*Travels of certain Englishmen.*
² 'The Empress of Jehan-Guire used to divert herself with feeding tame fish in her canals, some of which were many years afterwards known by fillets of gold, which she caused to be put round them.'—*Harris.*
³ *Her ruby rosary.* 'Le Tespih, qui est un chapelet, composé de 99 petites boules d'agate, de jaspe, d'ambre, de corail, ou d'autre, matière précieuse. J'en ai vu un superbe au Seigneur Jerpos; il étoit de belles et grosses perles parfaites et égales, estimé trente mille piastres.'—*Toderini.*
- Page 162. ¹ 'The meteors that Pliny calls 'faces.'
² 'The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European climates'—*Brown.*
³ *Vide* Wilford's learned Essays on the sacred Isles in the West.
⁴ A precious stone of the Indies, called by the ancients Ceraunium, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen. Tertullian says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it; and the author of the Dissertation in Harris's Voyages supposes it to be the opal.
- Page 163. ¹ *D'Herbelot art. Agdani.*
² 'The Guebres are known by a dark yellow colour, which the men affect in their clothes.'—*Thevenot.*
³ 'The Kolah, or cap, worn by the Persians, is made of the skin of the sheep of Tartary.'—*Waring.*
- Page 166. ¹ A frequent image among the Oriental poets. 'The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rosebud and the rose.'—*Jami.*
- Page 167. ¹ 'Blossoms of the sorrowful Nyctanthe give a durable colour to silk.'—*Remarks on the Husbandry of Bengal,* p. 200. 'Nilica is one of the Indian names of this flower.'—*Sir W. Jones.* 'The Persians call it Gul.'—*Carver.*
- Page 168. ¹ 'In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind they do not touch, but leave them for those who have not any, or for travellers.'—*Ebn Haukal.*
² 'The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir, who are called 'the Searchers of the Grave' in the 'Creed of the Orthodox Mahometans' given by *Ockley*, vol. ii.
³ 'The Arabians call the mandrake "the devil's candle," on account of its shining appearance in the night.'—*Richardson.*
- Page 171. ¹ For an account of Ishmonie, the petrified city in Upper Egypt, where it is said there are many statues of men, women, &c., to be seen to this day, *vide* *Perry's View of the Levant.*
- Page 172. ¹ Jesus.
² The Ghebers say that when Abraham, their great Prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into 'a bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed.'—*Tavernier.*
 Of their other Prophet, Zoroaster, there is a story told in *Dion Pruseus*, Orat. 36, that the love of wisdom and virtue leading him to a solitary life upon a mountain, he found it one day all in a flame, shining with celestial fire, out of which he came without any harm, and instituted certain sacrifices to God, Who, he declared, then appeared to him.'—*Vide* *Patrick on Exodus*, iii. 2.
- Page 174. ¹ 'The shell called Siiankos, common to India, Africa, and the Mediterranean, and still used in many parts as a trumpet for blowing alarms, or giving signals; it sends forth a deep and hollow sound.'—*Pennant.*
² 'The finest ornament for the horses is made of six large flying tassels of long white hair, taken out of the tails of wild oxen, that are to be found in some places of the Indies.'—*Thevenot.*
- Page 175. ¹ 'The angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures.'—*Sale.*
- Page 177. ¹ *Vide* *Hoole* upon the Story of Sinbad.
- Page 179. ¹ 'In this thicket, upon the banks of the Jordan, several sorts of wild beasts are wont to harbour themselves, whose being washed out of the covert by the overflowings of the river, gave occasion to that allusion of Jeremiah, "He shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan."'
²—*Maunderell's Aleppo.*
- Page 182. ¹ 'This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts.'—*Stephen's Persia.*

- Page 183. ¹ 'One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays.'—*Mirza Abu Taleb*.
² For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, *vide Kempfer, Aménitat. Exot.*
³ Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds. *Vide Trevoux, Chambers.*
⁴ 'The bay Kieselarke, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire.'—*Struy*.
⁵ The application of whips and rods.'—*Dubois*.
- Page 184. ¹ Kempfer mentions such an officer among the attendants of the King of Persia, and calls him 'formæ corporis estimator.' His business was, at stated periods, to measure the ladies of the haram, by a sort of regulation-girdle, whose limits it was not thought graceful to exceed. If any of them outgrew this standard of shape, they were reduced by abstinence till they came within its bounds.
² The Attock.
³ The star Soheil or Canopus.
⁴ As the Prophet said of Damascus, 'it was too delicious.'—'As you enter at that Bazaar without the gate at Damascus, you see the Green Mosque, so called because it hath a steeple faced with green glazed bricks, which render it very resplendent; it is covered at the top with a pavilion of the same stuff. The Turks say this Mosque was made in that place because Mohammed, being come so far, would not enter the town, saying it was too delicious.'—*Thevenot*.
⁵ Nourmahal signifies Light of the Haram. She was afterwards called Nourjehan, or the Light of the World.
⁶ Would remind the Princess of that difference, &c.—'Haroun Al Raschid, cinquième Khalife des Abassides, s'étant un jour brouillé avec Maridah, qu'il aimoit cependant jusqu'à l'excès, et cette mesintelligence ayant déjà duré quelque tems commença à s'ennuyer. Giafar Barmaki, son favori, qui s'en appercût, commanda à Abbas ben Ahnaf, excellent poète de ce tems là, de composer quelques vers sur le sujet de cette brouillerie. Ce poète executa l'ordre de Giafar, qui fit chanter ces vers par Moussali en présence du Khalife, et ce Prince fut tellement touché de la tendresse des vers du poète et de la douceur de la voix du musicien, qu'il alla aussitôt trouver Maridah, et fit sa paix avec elle.'—*D'Herbelot*.
- Page 185. ¹ 'The rose of Kashmere, for its brilliancy and delicacy of odour, has long been proverbial in the East.'—*Forster*.
² 'Tied round her waist the zone of bells, that sounded with ravishing melody.'—*Song of Jayadeva*.
³ 'The little isles in the Lake of Cachemire are set with arbours and large-leaved aspen-trees, slender and tall.'—*Bernier*.
⁴ 'The Tuckt Suliman, the name bestowed by the Mahometans on this hill, forms one side of a grand portal to the Lake.'—*Forster*.
⁵ 'The Feast of Roses continues the whole time of their remaining in bloom.'—*Pietro de la Valle*.
⁶ 'Gul sad berk, the Rose of a hundred leaves. I believe a particular species.'—*Ouseley*.
⁷ *Bernier*.
- Page 186. ¹ A place mentioned in the Toozek Jehangerry, or Memoirs of Jehan-Guire, where there is an account of the beds of saffron flowers about Cashmere.
² 'It is the custom among the women to employ the Maazeen to chant from the gallery of the nearest minaret, which on that occasion is illuminated, and the women assembled at the house respond at intervals with a ziralet or joyous chorus.'—*Russel*.
³ Where the silken swing.—'The swing is a favourite pastime in the East, as promoting a circulation of air, extremely refreshing in those sultry climates.'—*Richardson*.
⁴ 'The swings are adorned with festoons. This pastime is accompanied with music of voices and of instruments, hired by the masters of the swings.'—*Thevenot*.
⁵ 'At the keeping of the Feast of Roses we beheld an infinite number of tents pitched, with such a crowd of men, women, boys and girls, with music, dances, &c., &c.'—*Herbert*.
- Page 187. ¹ 'An old commentator of the Chou-King says, the ancients having remarked that a current of water made some of the stones near its banks send forth a sound, they detached some of them, and being charmed with the delightful sound they emitted, constructed King or musical instruments of them.'—*Grosier*.
² Jehan-Guire was the son of the Great Acbar.
³ In the wars of the Dives with the Peris, whenever the former took the latter prisoners, 'they shut them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest tree. Here they were visited by their companions, who brought them the choicest odours.'—*Richardson*.
- Page 188. ¹ In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.
² The capital of Shadukiam.
- Page 189. ¹ See the representation of the Eastern Cupid, pinioned closely round with wreaths of flowers, in *Picart's Cérémonies Religieuses*.
² 'Among the birds of Tonquin is a species of goldfinch, which sings so melodiously that it is called the Celestial Bird. Its wings, when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colours, but when it flies they lose all their splendour.'—*Grosier*.
³ 'As these birds on the Bosphorus are never known to rest, they are called by the French "les ames damnées."'"—*Dalloway*.
⁴ 'You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not, in his constant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose.'—*Jami*.

- Page 190. ¹ 'He is said to have found the great *Mantra*, spell or talisman, through which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all denominations.'—*Wilford*.
² 'The gold jewels of Jinnie, which are called by the Arabs El Herrez, from the supposed charm they contain.'—*Jackson*.
³ 'A demon, supposed to haunt woods, &c., in a human shape.'—*Richardson*.
⁴ The name of Jehan-Guire before his accession to the throne.
- Page 191. ¹ 'Hemasagara, or the Sea of Gold, with flowers of the brightest gold colour.'—*Sir W. Jones*.
² 'This tree (the *Nagacesara*) is one of the most delightful on earth, and the delicious odour of its blossoms justly gives them a place in the quiver of *Camadeva*, or the God of Love.'—*Ibid*.
³ 'The Malaysans style the tuberose (*Polyanthes tuberosa*) *Sandal Malam*, or the Mistress of the Night,'—*Pennant*.
⁴ The people of the *Batta* country in *Sumatra* (of which *Zamara* is one of the ancient names) 'when not engaged in war, lead an idle, inactive life, passing the day in playing on a kind of lute, crowned with garlands of flowers, among which the globe-amaranthus, a native of the country, mostly prevails.'—*Marsden*.
⁵ 'The largest and richest sort (of the *Jambu* or rose-apple) is called *Amrita* or immortal, and the mythologists of Tibet apply the same word to a celestial tree, bearing ambrosial fruit.'—*Sir W. Jones*.
⁶ Sweet basil, called *Rayhan* in Persia, and generally found in churchyards.
⁷ The women in Egypt go, at least two days in the week, to pray and weep at the sepulchres of the dead; and the custom then is to throw upon the tombs a sort of herb, which the Arabs call *rihan*, and which is our sweet basil.'—*Maillet, Lett. 10*.
⁸ 'In the Great Desert are found many stalks of lavender and rosemary.'—*Asiat. Res.*
- Page 192. ¹ The almond-tree, with white flowers, blossoms on the bare branches.'—*Hasselquist*.
² An herb on Mount Libanus, which is said to communicate a yellow golden hue to the teeth of the goats and other animals that graze upon it.
Niebuhr thinks this may be the herb which the Eastern alchymists look to as a means of making gold. 'Most of those alchymical enthusiasts think themselves sure of success if they could but find out the herb, which gilds the teeth and gives a yellow colour to the flesh of the sheep that eat it.'
Father Jerome Dandini, however, asserts that the teeth of the goats at Mount Libanus are of a *silver* colour; and adds, 'this confirms that which I observed in Candia; to wit, that the animals that live on Mount Ida eat a certain herb, which renders their teeth of a golden colour; which, according to my judgment, cannot otherwise proceed than from the mines which are under ground.'—*Dandini, Voyage to Mount Libanus*.
³ The myrrh country.
⁴ 'This idea (of deities living in shells) was not unknown to the Greeks, who represent the young *Nerites*, one of the *Cupids*, as living in shells on the shores of the Red Sea.'—*Wilford*.
- Page 193. ¹ 'A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing.'—*Richardson*.
² 'The Pompadour pigeon is the species, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree.'—*Brown's Illustr.* tab. 19.
³ 'Whenever our pleasure arises from a succession of sounds, it is a perception of complicated nature, made up of a sensation of the present sound or note, and an idea or remembrance of the foregoing, while their mixture and concurrence produce such a mysterious delight as neither could have produced alone. And it is often heightened by an anticipation of the succeeding notes. Thus sense, memory, and imagination are conjunctively employed.'—*Gerard on Taste*.
Madame de Staël accounts upon the same principle for the gratification we derive from *rhyme*:—'Elle est l'image de l'espérance et du souvenir. Un son nous fait désirer celui qui doit lui répondre, et quand le second retentit, il nous rappelle celui que vient de nous échapper.'
- Page 194: ¹ 'Tis dawn—at least that earlier dawn,
Whose glimpses are again withdrawn.
'The Persians have two mornings, the *Soobhi Kazim* and the *Soobhi Sadig*, the false and the real daybreak. They account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say that as the sun rises from behind the *Kohi Qaf* (Mount Caucasus), it passes a hole perforated through that mountain, and that darting its rays through it, it is the cause of the *Soobhi Kazim*, or this temporary appearance of daybreak. As it ascends, the earth is again veiled in darkness, until the sun rises above the mountain and brings with it the *Soobhi Sadig*, or real morning.'—*Scott Waring*. He thinks Milton may allude to this, when he says,
'Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
The nice morn on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep.'
² ————held a feast
In his magnificent *Shalimar*.
³ In the centre of the plain, as it approaches the lake, one of the Delhi Emperors, I believe *Shah Jehan*, constructed a spacious garden called the *Shalimar*, which is abundantly stored with fruit-trees and flowering shrubs. Some of the rivulets which intersect the plain are led into a canal at the back of the garden, and, flowing through its centre, or occasionally thrown into a variety of water-works, compose the chief beauty of *Shalimar*. To decorate this spot the Mogul Princes of India have displayed an equal magnificence and taste: especially *Jehan*

Gheer, who, with the enchanting Noor Mahl, made Kashmire his usual residence during the summer months. On arches thrown over the canal are erected, at equal distances, four or five suites of apartments, each consisting of a saloon, with four rooms at the angles, where the followers of the court attend, and the servants prepare sherbets, coffee, and the hookah. The frame of the doors of the principal saloon is composed of pieces of a stone of a black colour, streaked with yellow lines, and of a closer grain and higher polish than porphyry. They were taken, it is said, from a Hindoo temple, by one of the Mogul Princes, and are esteemed of great value.'—*Forster*.

- ² 'The waters of Cachemir are the more renowned from its being supposed that the Cachemirians are indebted for their beauty to them.'—*Ali Yezdi*.
- ⁴ 'From him I received the following Gazzel or Love-song, the notes of which he committed to paper from the voice of one of those singing girls of Cashmere, who wander from that delightful valley over the various parts of India.'—*Persian Miscellanies*.
- ⁵ 'The roses of the Jinan Nile or Garden of the Nile (attached to the Emperor of Morocco's palace), are unequalled, and mattresses are made of their leaves for the men of rank to recline upon.'—*Jackson*.
- Page 195. ¹ 'On the side of a mountain near Paphos there is a cavern which produces the most beautiful rock crystal. On account of its brilliancy it has been called the Paphian diamond.'—*Marila*.
- ² 'There is a part of Candahar called Persia, or Fairy-land.'—*Thevenot*. In some of those countries to the north of India, vegetable gold is supposed to be produced.
- ³ 'These are the butterflies, which are called in the Chinese language, Flying Leaves. Some of them have such shining colours, and are so variegated, that they may be called Flying Flowers; and indeed they are always produced in the finest flower gardens.'—*Dunn*.
- ⁴ 'The Arabian women wear black masks with little clasps, prettily ordered.'—*Carreri*. Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in conversation.
- ⁵ 'The golden grapes of Casbin.'—*Description of Persia*.
- ⁶ 'The fruits exported from Caubul are apples, pears, pomegranates, &c.'—*Elphinstone*.
- ⁷ 'We sat down under a tree, listened to the birds, and talked with the son of our Mehmaundar about our country and Caubul, of which he gave an enchanting account: that city and its 100,000 gardens, &c.'—*Id.*
- ⁸ 'The Mangusteen, the most delicate fruit in the world; the pride of the Malay islands.'—*Marsden*.
- ⁹ 'A delicious kind of apricot, called by the Persians tokm-ek-shems, signifying sun's weed.'—*Description of Persia*.
- ¹⁰ 'Sweetmeats in a crystal cup, consisting of rose-leaves in conserve, with lemon or Visna cherry, orange flowers, &c.'—*Russel*.
- ¹¹ 'Antelopes cropping the fresh berries of Erac.'—*The Moallakat, Poem of Tarafa*.
- ¹² 'Mauri-ga-Sima, an island near Formosa, supposed to have been sunk in the sea for the crimes of its inhabitants. The vessels which the fishermen and divers bring up from it are sold at an immense price in China and Japan.'—*Kempfer*.
- Page 196. ¹ Persian Tales.
- ² The white wine of Kishma.
- ³ 'The King of Zeilan is said to have the very finest ruby that was ever seen. Kublai-Khan sent and offered the value of a city for it; but the King answered he would not give it for the treasure of the world.'—*Marco Polo*.
- ⁴ The Indians feign that Cupid was first seen floating down the Ganges on the Nymphæa Nelumbo.'—*Pennant*.
- ⁵ Teflis is celebrated for its natural warm baths.—*Ebn Haukal*.
- ⁶ 'The Indian syrinda or guitar.'—*Symes*.
- ⁷ 'Delightful are the flowers of the Amra trees on the mountain-tops, while the murmuring bees pursue their voluptuous toil.'—*Song of Jayadeva*.
- ⁸ 'The Nisan or drops of spring rain which they believe to produce pearls if they fall into shells.'—*Richardson*.
- Page 197. ¹ For an account of the share which wine had in the fall of the angels, *vide Mariti*.
- ² 'And oh! if there be, &c.'—'Around the exterior of the Dewan Khass (a building of Shah Allum's) in the cornice are the following lines in letters of gold upon a ground of white marble—"If there be a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this."—*Franklin*.
- ³ The Angel of Music.
- Page 198. ¹ The Hudhud, or Lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under ground.
- Page 199. ¹ Like that painted porcelain.—'The Chinese had formerly the art of painting on the sides of porcelain vessels, fish and other animals, which were only perceptible when the vessel was full of some liquor. They called this species Kia-tsin, that is, 'azure is put in press,' on account of the manner in which the azure 'is laid on.'—'They are every now and then trying to recover the art of this magical painting, but to no purpose.'—*Dunn*.
- Page 200. ¹ More perfect than the divinest images in the House of Azor.—An eminent carver of idols, said in the Koran to be father to Abraham. 'I have such a lovely idol as is not to be met with in the house of Azor.'—*Hafiz*.
- ² The grottoes, hermitages, and miraculous fountains.—'The pardonable superstition of the sequestered inhabitants has multiplied the places of worship of Mahadeo, of Bescham, and of Brama. All Cashmere is holy land, and miraculous fountains abound.'—*Major Rennell's Memoirs of a Map of Hindostan*.
- Jehan-Guire mentions 'a fountain in Cashmire called Tirnagh, which signifies a snake; probably because some large snake had formerly been seen there.'—'During the lifetime of my father, I went twice to this fountain, which is about twenty coss from the city of Cashmeer. The vestiges of places of worship and sanctity are

to be traced without number amongst the ruins and the caves, which are interspersed in its neighbourhood.'—*Toosek Jehangeery. Vide Asiat. Misc.*, vol. ii

There is another account of Cashmere by Abul-Fazil, the author of the *Ayin-Acbaree*, 'Who,' says Major Rennell, 'appears to have caught some of the enthusiasm of the Valley, by his descriptions of the holy places in it.'

³ *Whose houses, roofed with flowers.*—'On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the building from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautifully-chequered parterre.'—*Forster*.

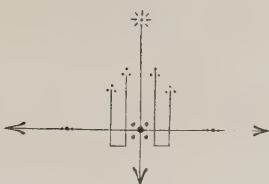
⁴ *Lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu.*—'Two hundred slaves there are, who have no other office than to hunt the woods and marshes for triple-coloured tortoises, for the King's Vivary. Of the shells of these also lanterns are made.'—*Vincent le Blanc's Travels*.

⁵ *The meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters.*—For a description of the Aurora Borealis as it appears to these hunters, *vide* *Encyclopædia*.

⁶ *The cold, odoriferous wind.*—This wind, which is to blow from Syria Damascena, is, according to the Mahometans, one of the signs of the Last Day's approach.

Another of the signs is, 'Great distress in the world, so that a man when he passes by another's grave shall say, "Would to God I were in his place!"'—*Sale's Preliminary Discourse*.

Page 201. ¹ *The cerulean throne of Koolburga.*—'On Mohammed Shaw's return to Koolburga (the capital of Dekkan), he made a great festival, and mounted this throne with much pomp and magnificence, calling it Firozeh or Cerulean. I have heard some old persons, who saw the throne Firozeh in the reign of Sultan Mamood Bhamenee, describe it. They say that it was in length nine feet, and three in breadth; made of ebony, covered with plates of pure gold, and set with precious stones of immense value. Every prince of the house of Bhamenee, who possessed this throne, made a point of adding to it some rich stones, so that when in the reign of Sultan Mamood it was taken to pieces, to remove some of the jewels to be set in vases and cups, the jewellers valued it at one corore of oons (nearly four millions sterling). I learned also that it was called Firozeh from being partly enamelled of a sky-blue colour, which was in time totally concealed by the number of jewels.'—*Ferishia*.



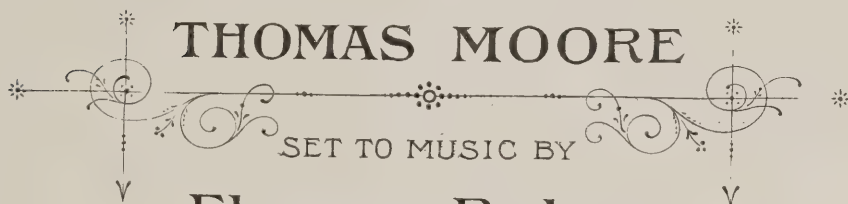
SONGS

FROM

LALLA ROOKH

BY

THOMAS MOORE



SET TO MUSIC BY

Florence Parbury

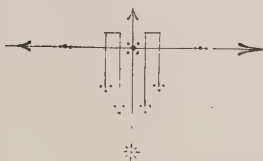
AND

Guido Zuccoli



ALSO

FOUR INDIAN MELODIES



.. CONTENTS. ..

PART 1.

FOUR INDIAN MELODIES GLEANED BY FLORENCE PARBURY

- 1 "Zuk-Men-dil" (Within my Heart)—an Indian March-past
 - 2 "Nanhī Bābā Nanhī" (Sleep Baby, Sleep)
 - 3 "Talī Bajā'o Bābā" (Clap Hands, Baby)
 - 4 "Tāzah-ba-Tāzah-Nau-be-Nau"
- } Two Ayahs' Songs (very old)

Persian Words by *Diwan-i-Hafiz*

Melody attributed to *Nurmahal*

PART 2.

SONGS FROM "LALLA ROOKH"

Words by *Thomas Moore*

- | | | | | | | |
|-----|---|------|------|------|------|-------------------------|
| (a) | "Love Song of Nurmahal" | | | | | <i>Florence Parbury</i> |
| (b) | "The Vale of Cashmere" | | | | | <i>Florence Parbury</i> |
| (a) | "Go, wing thy Flight from Star to Star" | | | | | <i>Guido Zuccoli</i> |
| (b) | "If there be an Elysium on Earth, it is this, it is this" | | | | | <i>Florence Parbury</i> |

THREE SONGS OF FATE

- | | | | | | | |
|-----|------------------------------------|------|------|------|------|-------------------------|
| (a) | "Hinda's Lament" | | | | | <i>Guido Zuccoli</i> |
| (b) | "Oh! had we never met" | | | | | <i>Florence Parbury</i> |
| (c) | "O, Grief beyond all other Grieks" | | | | | <i>Guido Zuccoli</i> |
| (a) | "The Lake of Cashmere" | | | | | <i>Guido Zuccoli</i> |
| (b) | "The Vale of Cashmere" | | | | | <i>Guido Zuccoli</i> |

Zuk-men-dil.

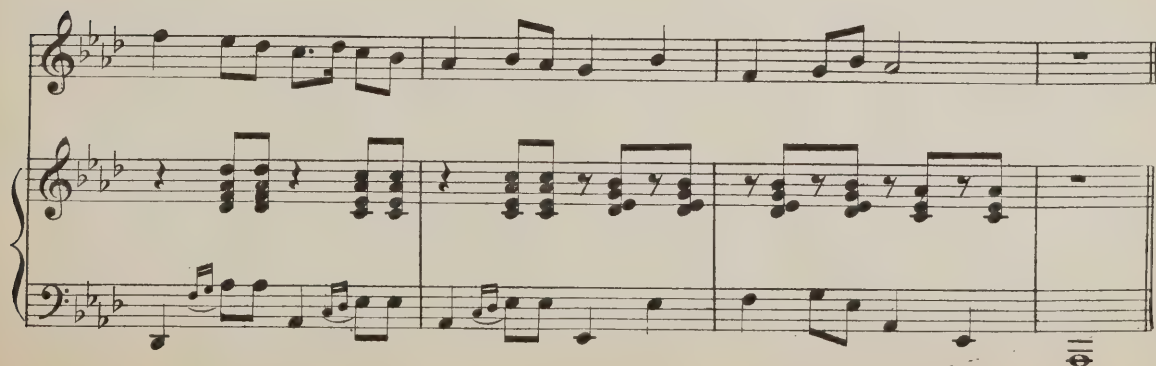
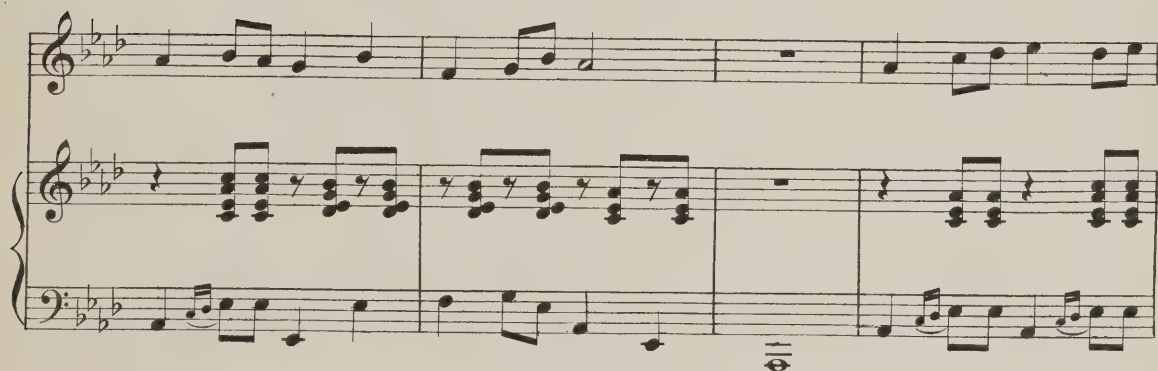
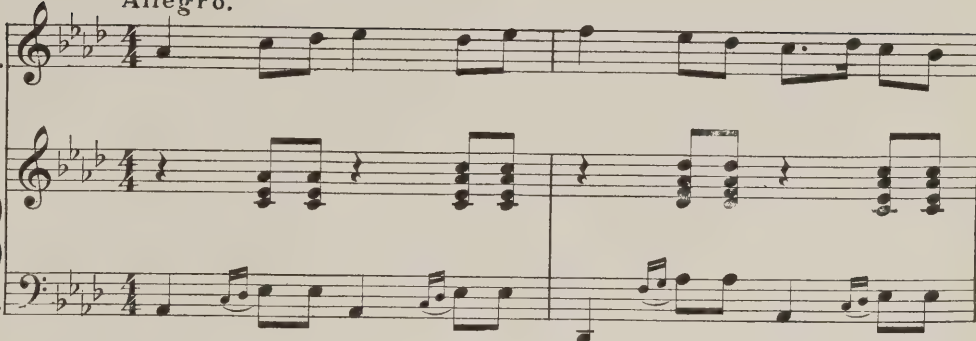
WITHIN MY HEART.

An Indian March Past.

AIR
to be whistled.

Allegro.

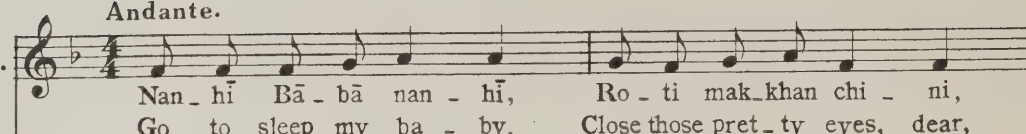
PIANO.

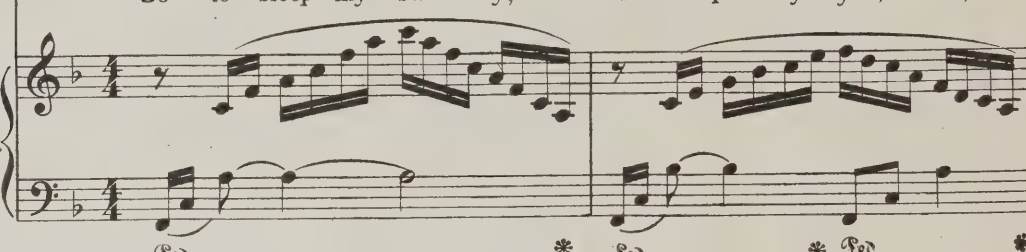


Nanhi Baba Nanhi.

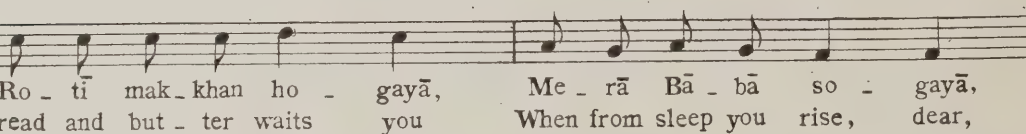
SLEEP, BABY SLEEP.


Andante.

VOICE. 

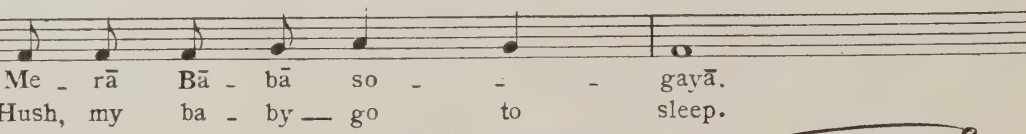
PIANO. 


Red * *Red* * *Red* *





Red * *Red* * *Red* * *Red* * *Red* *





Red * *Red* * *Red* *

Talī Bajā'ō Bābā.

CLAP HANDS BABY.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

Ta - lī ba - jā'ō bā - bā ta - lī ba - jā'ō
Clap, clap your hands child, 'tis time to a - wake,

PIANO.

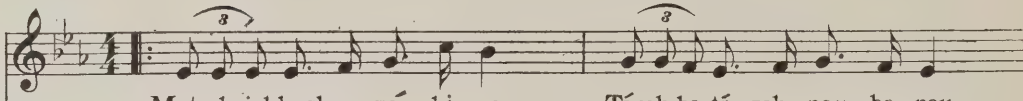
Ro - tī mak - khan jal - dī pa - kā'ō. Jal - dī pa - kā'ō, bā - bā,
Bread and but - ter well quickly make, Hur - ry up, ba - by, 'tis

Jal - di pa - kā'ō, Ro - tī mak - khan jal - dī pa - kā'ō.
time to take, Bread and but - ter and some cake.

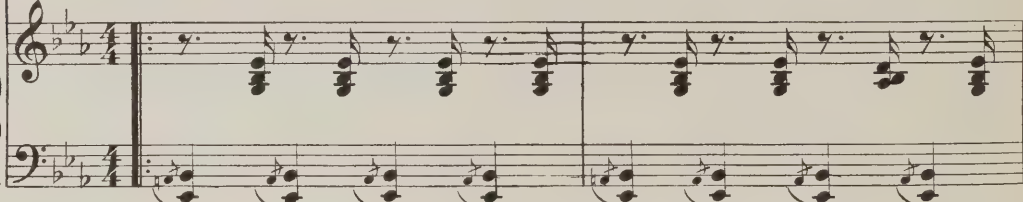
“Tázah-ba-Tázah - Nau-ba-Nau.”


Persian words by
DIWAN-I-HAFIZ.

Melody attributed to
NURMAHAL.

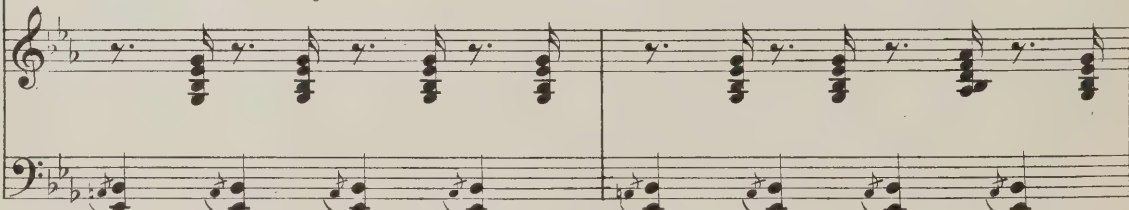
VOICE. 

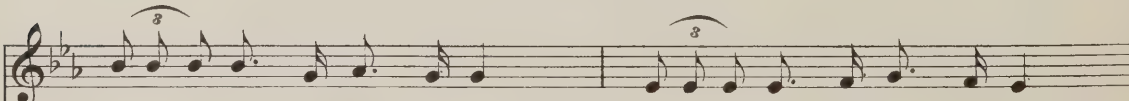
Mutrab-i-khush na-wá - bi-go. Tázah-ba-tá-zah nau - ba-nau.
Barzi-hayát kai - khuri gar-na madám ma - i khu

PIANO. 




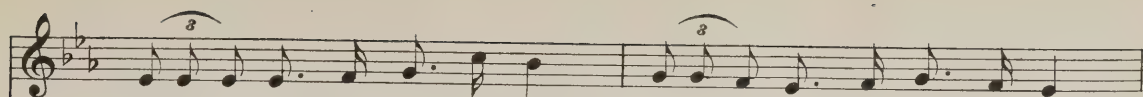
Bádah-i - dil kus-há - bi-go Táz-ah-ba-táz - ah-nau - ba-nau. Bá -
Bádah bikhur bay-ád - i - o Táz-ah-ba-táz - ah-nau - ba-nau





sunume - che la - a - bu-te Khush bi-ni-shin ba - kil - wa - te
Shah-íd - i - dibwbá - i - man mi-kunad - az - ba - ri - i - man.



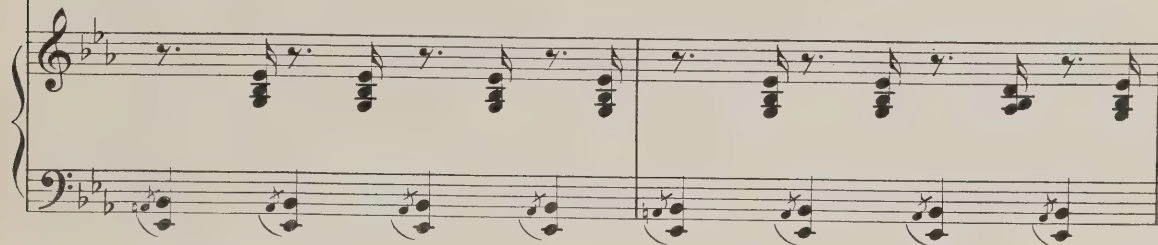


Bosah - sit - an - ba - ká - ma - zo

Táz - ah - ba - táz - ah - nau - ba - nau.

Naqsh - o nig - ár o - rung - o - bū

Táz - ah - ba - táz - ah - nau - ba - nau.



Sa - qi - i sim - - saq - i - man - nest - mai - yam - bi - yar - - pesh.

Ba - di scha - cho bug - zu - ri - bar - sur - i - kù - i - an - pa - ri



Zud - ki - pur - kun - am - sa - bu

Táz - ah - ba - táz - ah - nau - ba - nau.

Kiss - ai Ha - fiz ásh bi - go

Táz - ah - ba - táz - ah - nau - ba - nau.



“Love Song of Nurmahal.”

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Music by
FLORENCE PARBURY.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Come, if the love — thou

hast for me — Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,

Fresh as the foun - - tain un - der - ground, — When

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4 and Bb4, then a quarter note C5, and a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with a series of chords and a left hand with a steady eighth-note bass line. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is present at the start of the piano part.

first 'tis by the lap - wing found,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a quarter note D5, followed by a half note C5, and a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support.

But if for me thou dost for sake — Some other maid, and rude-ly

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a quarter note D5, followed by eighth notes E5 and F5, then a quarter note G5, and a half note F5. The piano accompaniment includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking in the left hand.

break, Her worshipp'd im - age from its base, To

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a quarter note G5, followed by a half note F5, and a quarter note E5. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support.

give me the ru - ined place. Ah

dim. Ah Then

rall. fare thee well — Id ra - ther make — my
colla voce.

bower up - on some i - cy lake, When

L.H. L.H.

thaw-ing suns be-gin to shine—Than trust to love so

f

9

false as thine. Ah

rall.

a tempo.

Ah

rall.

rall.

molto rall.

p

The Vale of Cashmere.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Music by
FLORENCE PARBURY

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cash-mere With its

sempre *Ed* *

ros-es the bright-est that earth ev-er gave, Its

tem - ples, and grot - tos, and fountains as clear As the love - lighted eyes — that

hang o'er their wave, ——— o'er their wave.

poco rall.

a tempo.

Oh. to see it at sun - set, when warm o'er the Lake, Its

rall. *a tempo.*

splendour at part ing ——— a sum - mer eve throws Like a

bride full of blush - es when ling - 'ring to take A

last look at her mir - ror — at night ere she goes. —

Ah. —

* This ending may be used if preferred.

Ah. Ah. —

Go, Wing Thy Flight from Star to Star.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE

Music by
GUIDO ZUCCOLI

CANTO *Andante*

come un mormorio.

ARPA *pp*

Go, wing thy flight from star to

star, _____ From _____

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in B-flat major (three flats) and 4/4 time. It begins with a whole note G4, followed by a half note A4, and then a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand, with some chords and rests.

world to lu - mi - nous _____

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note C5, followed by a half note D5, and then a half note E5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

world, _____ as far as the

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note F5, followed by a half note G5, and then a half note A5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

u - - - ni - verse _____

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note Bb5, followed by a half note C6, and then a half note D6. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

spreads its fla - ming

wall, its fla - - - ming

wall.

dolcemente.
Take all the

plea - - sures of all the

The first system of the musical score is in B-flat major (three flats). The vocal line (treble clef) contains the lyrics "plea - - sures of all the". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a descending eighth-note pattern in the right hand, with a "6" (octave) marking, and a simple bass line in the left hand.

spheres and _____

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics "spheres and _____". The piano accompaniment maintains the same descending eighth-note pattern in the right hand and simple bass line in the left hand.

mul - - ti - - ply

The third system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics "mul - - ti - - ply". The piano accompaniment maintains the same descending eighth-note pattern in the right hand and simple bass line in the left hand.

each through end - less

The fourth system concludes the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics "each through end - less". The piano accompaniment maintains the same descending eighth-note pattern in the right hand and simple bass line in the left hand.

years one

stringendo un poco.

mi - - - nute of

hea - - ven is worth them

f allargando.

all one mi - nute of

cres a poco a poco.

heaven is worth them

rall. all, *oppure.* is worth them

all.

dim.

If there be an Elysium on Earth It is this. It is this.

19

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Music by
FLORENCE PARBURY

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

There's a bliss beyond

p

sempre.

rall. or *min - strel has*

all that the min - strel has told, When

colla voce

rall.

a tempo.

two that are link'd in one hea ven ly tie, With heart nev_er chang_ing and

brow nev_er cold, Love on thro' all ills_and love on till they die. One

rall.

piu agitato.

hour of a pas_sion so sacred is worth Whole a_ges of heart_less and

wand - 'ring bliss And oh if there be an E - ly - sium on earth, And

oh if there be an - E - ly - sium on earth, And oh if there be an E -

- ly - sium on earth it is this, it is this. _____

ff stringendo *fff* *molto rall.*

Hinda's Lament.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE

Music by
GUIDO ZUCCOLI.

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.

fff

stringendo.

meno f. p piu piano.
rall a poco a poco.

pp

p triste.

We part, for ev - er part — to night.

pp

I knew — I knew it

The first system of the musical score is in B-flat major (two flats). The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with a series of eighth-note chords and a left hand with a single bass note Bb3.

could not last, 'Twas bright, — 'twas hea_ ven_ ly

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note G4, a half note A4, and a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with sixteenth-note chords and a left hand with eighth-note chords.

but 'tis — past. —

rall. *p*

The third system includes performance markings. The vocal line has a half note G4, a half note A4, and a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment has a right hand with a half note G4 and a half note A4, and a left hand with a half note Bb3. The marking *rall.* is placed over the first measure, and *p* is placed over the second measure.

Oh — ev_er

pp rall. *p*

The fourth system concludes the page. The vocal line has a half note G4, a half note A4, and a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment has a right hand with a half note G4 and a half note A4, and a left hand with a half note Bb3. The marking *pp rall.* is placed over the first measure, and *p* is placed over the second measure.

thus, — from child_hood's hour — I've seen my fond_est hopes de_cay,

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked with a 'z' (zestoso). The lyrics are: 'thus, — from child_hood's hour — I've seen my fond_est hopes de_cay,'.

I nev_ér lov_ed a tree or flow_ — er But, 'twas the first to fade a_

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'I nev_ér lov_ed a tree or flow_ — er But, 'twas the first to fade a_'. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) in the bass staff.

way. I ne_ver nursed a dear ga_zelle

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'way. I ne_ver nursed a dear ga_zelle'. The piano accompaniment features triplets in the treble staff.

To glad me with its soft black eye, But when it

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'To glad me with its soft black eye, But when it'. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *cres e string.* (crescendo e stringa) in the bass staff.

rall

came to know me well and love me it was sure to

pp

poco piu.

die. Now too the joy most like di

- vine. Of all I ev-er dreamt or

knew To see thee to

string e cres.

hear thee, to call thee mine, To

see thee, hear thee, call thee mine, Oh mi - se - ry, Oh

f tempo.

mi - se - ry, must I lose that too must I lose that

rall molto.

ff rall molto.

too.

fff sempre

pesanti.

Oh! Had We Never Met!

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Music by
FLORENCE PARBURY.

Moderato.

VOICE. *p* Oh

PIANO. *ff*

had we nev - er, nev - er met, _____ Or could this

p

heart _____ een now for - get How

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Moderato.' The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The voice part starts with a rest followed by the word 'Oh' on a high note. The piano accompaniment begins with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the bass and chords in the treble. The lyrics 'had we nev - er, nev - er met, _____ Or could this' are set to a melody that rises and then falls. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. The lyrics 'heart _____ een now for - get How' are set to a melody that rises and then falls. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.

poco rall. *a tempo.* *f*

link'd, how bless'd, we might have been, Had fate not

poco rall. *a tempo.*

frown'd so dark be - tween, Had fate not

frown'd so dark be - tween, be - tween

O Grief beyond all other Griefs.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE

Music by
GUIDO ZUCCOLI

Andantino.

VOICE

PIANO

arpeggiato

p

ben arpeggiato

rall a tempo. *atempo.*

O grief, be - yond all other griefs,

When fate first leaves the young heart lone and de - so - late

In the wide world without that on - ly tie For which it loved to live

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Andantino.' The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The voice part starts with a whole rest for the first two measures, then enters with a half note 'O' in the third measure, followed by a half note 'grief,' in the fourth, and a half note 'be - yond' in the fifth. The piano accompaniment starts with a half rest in the first measure, then enters with a half note 'F#' in the second, followed by a half note 'A' in the third, and a half note 'C' in the fourth. The piano part features arpeggiated chords and triplets. The tempo changes to 'rall a tempo.' and then 'atempo.' for the final section. The lyrics are: 'O grief, be - yond all other griefs, When fate first leaves the young heart lone and de - so - late In the wide world without that on - ly tie For which it loved to live'.

doloroso e triste.

feared to die ——— Lorn as the hung up lute ——— that ne'er hath spo - ken —

— Lorn as the hung up lute — that ne'er hath spo - ken — Since the sad day —

its ma - ster chord was bro - ken, its master chord was

bro - ken.

The Lake of Cashmere.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Music by
GUIDO ZUCCOLI.

Andantino.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Oh best of de -

- lights as - i ev - ry where - is

rall.

to be near the loved one the loved

p

rall.

a tempo.

one.

a tempo.

What a rap_ture is his

rall.

p a tempo.

Who in moon - light and mu - sic

2

thus sweet - ly may glide

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are "thus sweet - ly may glide".

O'er the Lake of Cash - mere, O'er the

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "O'er the Lake of Cash - mere, O'er the". The piano accompaniment continues with a flowing arpeggiated pattern.

Lake of Cash - mere with that one by his

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Lake of Cash - mere with that one by his". The piano accompaniment continues with the same arpeggiated pattern.

side.

rall.

rall molto.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line ends with the word "side." and has a long rest. The piano accompaniment continues with the arpeggiated pattern, marked with "rall." and "rall molto." in the right hand.

If wo - man can make the — worst

wil - der - ness dear Think, what a hea - ven,

rall.
Think, what a heaven she must make of Cash -

a tempo.
- mere.

For use only when
"Vale of Cashmere" is
sung

The Vale of Cashmere

35

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Music by
GUIDO ZUCCOLI.

Andantino mosso.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andantino mosso.' The piano part starts with a *p* (piano) dynamic, followed by a *pp* (pianissimo) section. The voice part enters with the lyrics 'Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere With its roses the brightest that earth ever'. The piano accompaniment features intricate arpeggiated figures and triplets. Dynamics include *p*, *pp*, and *f* (forte). The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano line.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p *pp*

oppure

Who has not heard of the

Vale of Cashmere With its roses the brightest that earth ev - er

gave, Its tem-ple, and grot-tos, and fountains as clear

As the love-lighted eyes that hang o-ver their wave.

Oh. to see it at

sun-set when warm o'er the Lake, Its

splendour at part - ing a sum-mer eve - throws Like a

bride _____ full of blush - es when ling-'ring to take A

last look at her mir - ror at night _____ 'ere she

pp rall molto.

goes. _____

rall. pp ancora. ancora rall. pp

